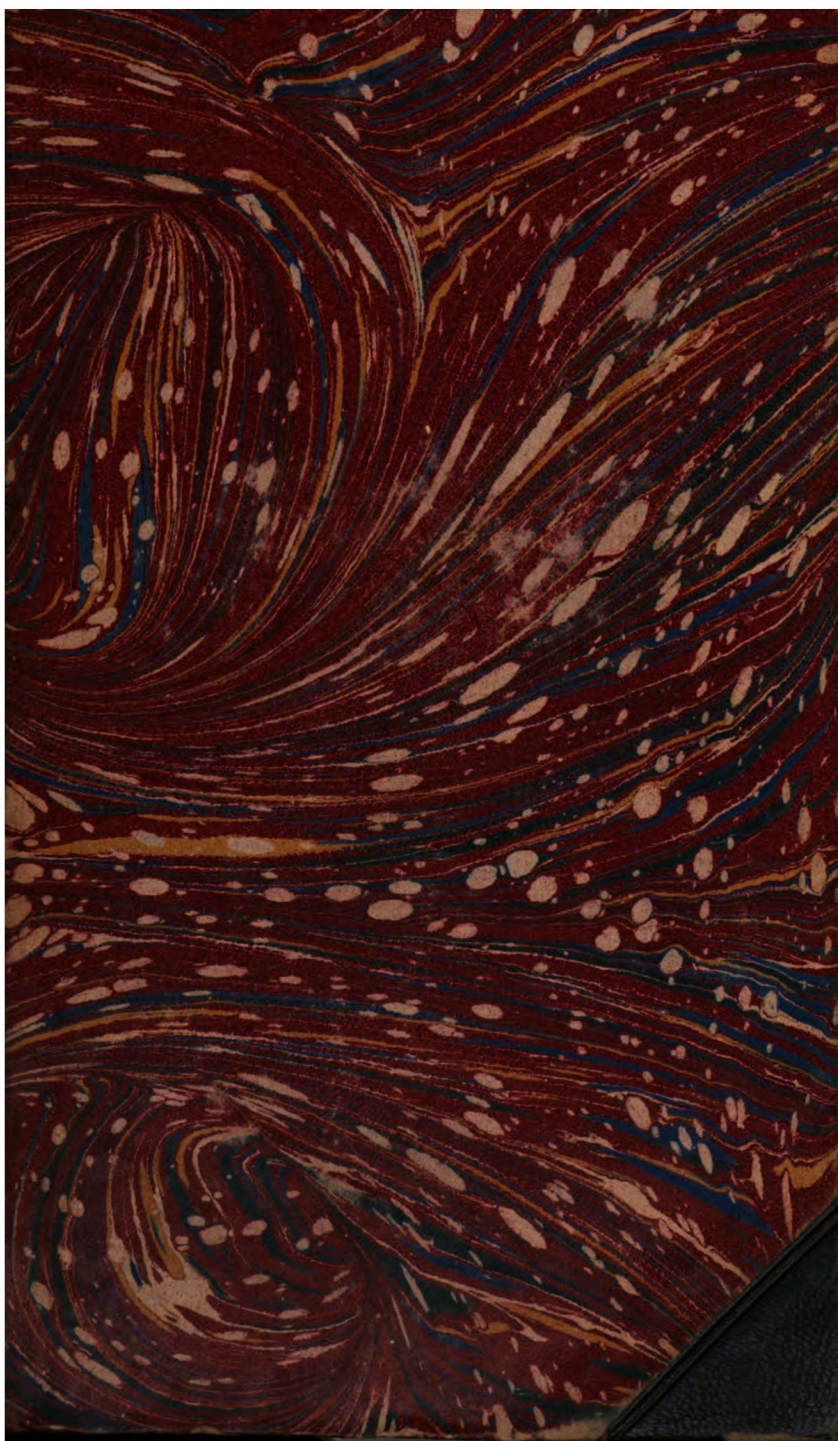

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THE
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THE PORT FOLIO.

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Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1819.

No. I.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MOONSHINE.

BY THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY.

Κυβιστοι κυβιστοι κυβιστοι 'ντι κυσ'ιδι πιν'ι,

No. 1.—By the Man in the Moon.

Among the many relics of Egyptian learning, which were brought to Europe by the members of the National Institute of France, was a roll of Papyrus found in the small pyramid of Gizeh. To defend it from the air, it was neatly wrapped up in waxed linen, and the whole inclosed in a case of metal, which was, at first, supposed to be gold, but on being examined by citizens Fourcroy and Chaptal, it was found to be a peculiar substance, which possessed none of the properties of gold except its lustre.

On unfolding this precious scroll, this most ancient depositary of human wisdom, it was found to contain hieroglyphics of a similar kind to those that are sculptured upon the ceiling of the innermost recess of the temple of Luxor. It was, therefore, evident, that it contained matters not intended to be exposed to the profane eye of the vulgar; but reserved solely for the initiated in

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the greater mysteries. At the top of it was drawn a beautiful representation of Isis, with a crescent on her forehead, and around the border ran a *treillage* of lotus intermingled with the plant that is known by the denomination of *goose grass*. The whole was ornamented by the use of inks of the most brilliant colours, which gave it somewhat of the appearance of an illuminated manuscript of the times antecedent to the discovery of the art of printing. The breadth of this roll was precisely twelve inches, and its length, when carefully unfolded, was found to be five hundred and forty-two feet, seven inches and three lines, Paris measure. It was this circumstance alone, that prevented an engraved fac simile of it, from being inserted by citizen Denon, in his account of his travels.

But, however gratified the literati of France might be by this invaluable acquisition, their satisfaction was much diminished by the tantalizing reflection, that all the knowledge contained in it, was, perhaps, for ever locked up from them, by their ignorance of the character and the language; and that they must be content with gazing at it without fruition, like a Spanish lover contemplating the tip end of his mistress's finger, through the lattice of a third story window. Six years did they employ in their researches, and six years did they sigh in fruitless expectation. Time, at length, procured them what no foresight could have promised. Among the many learned Hebrews, who, on the invitation of the emperor Napoleon, repaired to Paris to attend the Grand Sanhedrim, was Rabbi Salomon Azulai ben Salomon, of the tribe of Benjamin. He was perfectly versed in the meaning of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and could explain all their hidden allegories, having received from his father, all the traditionary knowledge that had been preserved in the family, as it was handed down from their great progenitor, Joseph, who, when prime minister to Pharoah, had been hierophant in the greater mysteries. By the aid of Rabbi Salomon, the long wished for translation was furnished.

The roll was found to be an extract from the proceedings of the Philosophical Society of Memphis, containing a debate upon one of the most interesting subjects that ever occupied the attention of a learned body. The professors of the college of Philoe,

had proposed as a prize question, "What is the most proper substance to make blind bridles for geese?"—and the important results that were expected from its discussion, assembled the *afavans* from every part of the valley of the Nile. Various were the opinions, that in their turn, seemed to preponderate in this learned body. Some were for managing them by chains of gold, while others proposed to control them by the force of iron. An eminent philosopher from the Thebais, proposed to throw dust in their eyes; but to this it was objected, that although it might answer the purpose of blinding them, it could not by any means, be so managed, as to lead them. At last, a sage who had spent forty years in meditation and solitude among the deserts of mount Mokattam, arose and informed the society, that from a long series of experiments, he was convinced that nothing would answer the purpose so effectually as MOONSHINE. This annunciation was followed by arguments so convincing, that it was unanimously agreed, to obtain from the venerable discoverer the method of preparing it, and recommend it to the world. The small pyramid was built for the purpose of preserving the record of their proceedings, while the larger one was erected as a depositary for the precious secret itself.

Such is the substance of the translation of Rabbi Salomon, from which it appears, that the chamber in the great pyramid, which has puzzled so many wise heads to find out what it was intended for, was made for no less a purpose than to contain the account of the mode of making MOONSHINE, and it is probable, that the stone chest found in that apartment was once filled with this wonderful substance.

But long has the world had to deplore the ravages of the Saracen conquerors; nor, until now, did they know the extent of their depredations. The name of Amru-ebn-el-As, has long been infamous, on account of his having been the destroyer of the Alexandrian library; but we could have forgiven him even this, if he had not extended his devastations to the pyramids. In the hopes of finding gold or silver, those barbarians broke open the monuments of MOONSHINE, but not finding the objects of their researches, they neglected the more precious deposite; the secret record

of the sage Ozymandias, was trampled under foot and destroyed, and the art of making MOONSHINE was near being lost for ever.

Luckily for the world, in the worst of situations there is room for consolation. Had not the Egyptian method been lost, the faculties of the society under whose auspices these pages are ushered into light, would never have been called forth. One of this body then at Paris, having formerly had occasion to render services to the prince of Benevento, while in America, received from him, as a special favour, a copy of Rabbi Salomen's translation, which he immediately hastened to place in safety, by sending it off to America, lest some change of temper in the minister or his master the emperor, might cause an order for redemanding it. By the Lunarians the book was received with enthusiasm, and the wits of the society were all set to work to discover, if possible, the way of manufacturing it. As yet we have not succeeded exactly as our first wishes induced us to hope; but we have brought to light a truth of much greater importance, namely, that MOONSHINE already exists in the world in such quantities, that there is no need of pointing out any other way of procuring it, than showing where it is to be found.

So much was I pleased with the labours of these worthy associates, that I resolved to become myself a member of their Institution; I therefore took my seat in a meteor that was coming down to earth, and was received by the learned Lunarians at PLANDOME, with open arms, and created their perpetual president. Let not the incredulous reader startle when I tell him that I am the MAN IN THE MOON who write this. Although I do not come like Simon Snout, with my lantern, my dog, and my thorn bush, yet I shall in my future visitations produce such irrefragable proofs of my identity, that every one who weighs them will be fully persuaded that my pretensions are just. So far from coming in a questionable shape, I hope soon to be welcomed by the inhabitants of this city, as a valuable acquaintance. My aim shall be to supply them with a sufficient quantity of Moonshine, which may in some measure compensate for the want of lamp-light, as long as the minor luminaries that furnish this latter are disposed at such distances as to dazzle the passengers, without giving them any assistance in finding their way. Not that we

pretend to be able to prevent young ladies from spoiling their stockings by walking through puddles in their way to a tea-party, (for these occurrences, together with the fate of empires, the formation of love matches, and the prices of stocks, are under the peculiar direction of the stars) but we hope that we shall console them by such gifts of MOONSHINE of the first quality, as shall make them forget all these inevitable calamities of human life. To produce such a degree of philosophy among all the beauteous Peripateticks that are to be seen in Chestnut-street on a May morning, will give no small lustre to our names, and we beseech our fair pupils to give us full credit for our intentions. To them shall a large portion of our time be devoted, and whether they be employed in milliners' shops, in the contemplation of new ribbons, or listen at a tea party to the stolen whispers of a lover; whether they *melt* at a tragedy, or stray on the banks of the Schuylkill, we shall be always on the watch to see that on every occasion a sufficient quantity of MOONSHINE be provided for their entertainment. Cheered by its reviving influence, their hours shall pass pleasantly, every scene shall be dressed in gayer colours, nor shall the want of ice-creams in August affect the young, or the suspension of tea parties at Christmas bring ennui upon the old, while the meteor coruscations of MOONSHINE play in their eyes. Blessed discovery! from which spring such important advantages! by which nothingness and inanity receive a lustre superior to that of the most eminent virtues! by which the tongue of flippancy can overpower the knotty force of argument! which revealest the secret object of many of our most eager pursuits, and the much envied reward of our long continued toils! long shall the grateful world continue to venerate thy author, the great Osymandyas, and his disciples and followers, the members of the Lunarian society.

But although the ladies consume so great a proportion of the article we deal in, let it not be supposed that they are to be our only customers. Many and various are the benefits which every class of society receives from the use of our great panacea. Does a man wish to get forward in business? let him use a little Moonshine and he is sure to succeed. Is a charitable institution to be promoted, a road to be laid out, a canal to be dug, or a bank to be

proposed to the public? the projectors will find that nothing can further their views so much as scattering abroad a little MOONSHINE. At the theatre the use of this article is well understood under the names of stage effect, puffing, &c. and we have known a play bill full of Moonshine, procure a more numerous audience at a benefit, than could have been obtained even by a pantomime full of thunder and lightning. It is curious to observe what different modes these heroes of the sock and buskin employ to exhibit their MOONSHINE, when they sport it *in propria persona*. One thinks it has the best effect in love scenes, and on those occasions turns up the whites of his eyes, and wrings his hands like a washerwoman; another hangs his share round his neck in the form of an eye-glass, from which the spectators may infer that he is either very short sighted, or very fashionable. Another works up his MOONSHINE into all the grades of stamping and staring, and clenching of fists; while a fourth converts his modicum of it into a couple of watches, one in each fob; indeed I once saw an ingenious tragedian, who improved upon this idea, and in the character of Pierre, in *Venice Preserved*, contrived (by wearing a short cloak) to display *four watches*, disposed at equal distances round his waist, with all their paraphernalia of seals, rings, and other appendages, which, in consequence of the various starts and bursts of passion, with appropriate gestures, exhibited by that conspirator, gave a full elucidation of the theorems of philosophers upon centrifugal motions, and the oscillations of pendulums.

In our courts of judicature we may often see the subject of our discussions used with great advantage. When twelve honest men are shut up together in a box to decide upon right and wrong, a little MOONSHINE properly managed, will give a barrister such a command over them that they will have no eyes or ears to perceive any thing except what he thinks fit. Witnesses may testify, and adversaries may remonstrate, but when he once has the reins in his hand, he can direct them according to his pleasure, while his clients stand gazing with open mouthed admiration. This happy class of men, the clients, are among the few who have no occasion to spend their trouble in seeking for MOONSHINE. They frequently receive it when little expected, and it is but just

they should, for it is very often all that they can get for their money. The societies for the promotion of domestic manufactures would find it greatly to their advantage to deal with us; provided with so powerful an auxiliary as we can furnish, they may be able to persuade the good people of these United States to use our own produce; and we may thus become the humble means of bringing about the time which was predicted by *str Thomas Brown*—

When *America* should no more send out her treasure,
But spend it at home in *American* pleasure.

The services rendered to the learned faculty of physic by the inventors of MOONSHINE, are not less than those received by the honourable faculty of the law. When a young lady chooses to be sick because she has nothing else to do, the prescription of a box at the theatre, or a dose of MOONSHINE, has a wonderful effect in removing the complaint. After a long consultation, when contending doctors cannot convince each other of the justness of their respective opinions, all difficulties may be compromised by prescribing a little MOONSHINE until they shall have time to find out that there is no difference between them.

To those gentlemen who have debts to pay which it is not convenient to discharge in Spanish milled dollars, nor yet in bank notes, we recommend the use of MOONSHINE. It is a coin that is current in all countries without being liable to a discount, and he must be a Cerberus of a creditor indeed, whom a sop of this kind would not mollify. When applied by a shake of the hand it will often avert a pressing demand; but when disguised in an invitation to dinner, it is frequently equivalent to a receipt in full.

But there is another class of men to whom our commodity is still more necessary—the quid nuncs, or newsmongers. To them it is the life, and soul, and essence of their existence. With what avidity does one of these devour a newspaper filled with MOONSHINE in all its varieties. First they fall to upon an account of a new battle in Spanish America, then refresh themselves with a salt mountain in Louisiana, and by way of dessert, talk over the feats of Miss Caraboo, or, by a desperate effort, swallow a sea-monster which had in its turn swallowed a vessel at Cape Cod.

Gentle souls! although yours is not the precise kind of **MOONSHINE** that we deal in, we wish you an ample supply of it. For your sakes may plagues, and wars, and murders, and earthquakes, and robberies, spread terror over the surface of the newspapers! May these vehicles of intelligence convey daily to your delighted eyes accounts of houses burnt down, and ships cast away, and revolutions in Cochin China, and intimations of something important from the court of Tombuctoo, and civil wars among the Osages or the Knistineaux—provided that not one single syllable of all this be true! For truth or falsehood are alike of little importance to a newsmonger—give him but a plenty of **MOONSHINE** and he is contented.

For the constituted authorities of the country we have too much respect to presume to offer them our advice. Leaving them to the exercise of their better judgment, we do not think it proper to recommend to them the use of **MOONSHINE**, nor would we by any means be understood to insinuate that they ever make use of it. Our respect for the higher powers is such, that we extend a share of it even to those who have no other claim to that appellation than a desire to be ranked among them; we shall therefore observe the same deference for candidates that we do for men in office, and shall not suggest to them that they might reap some benefit from our specific, for they are doubtless the best judges of what should be done.

Nor shall we presume to intrude with the offer of our commodity upon the mysterious association of freemasons, for it is shrewdly suspected that that society has been in possession of the Egyptian secret from time immemorial; and has preserved it in a state of much greater purity than that in which it was exhibited to the world by count Cagliostro. To them we tender the homage of our respect, but shall not trouble them with unnecessary advice. *Ne in pytuam ligna feris*, or, to speak English, we carry no coals to Newcastle.

We shall conclude by detailing to our readers the plan of our operations. Our future numbers shall be devoted to the purpose of furnishing them with an ample supply of **MOONSHINE**. Sometimes we shall point out to them the sources from which they may procure it ready formed and moulded to their use, and

sometimes we shall exhibit to their inspection specimens of its utility and ornamental elegance, and endeavour, by the production of living examples, to rouse the slumbering world to imitation; but our chief employment shall be to present to them sundry pieces of MOONSHINE of our own weaving, according to the newest fashions. Our present assortment of that article we flatter ourselves is complete, and will be found on trial to please all tastes. For those who are fond of comparing their own excellencies with the deficiencies of other poor devils around them, we have in store a budget of satire, of which we shall leave the distribution to themselves. For those of merrier frame, we shall work hard to manufacture a few easy jokes; for dull dogs we shall sometimes even condescend to be dull; and for the ladies we shall cull from among the inditings of our younger days many a tender ode and dying ditty. For the supply of these articles we have in our society a number of workmen of the first eminence, and we feel confident that we shall be able to furnish the world with as much MOONSHINE as ever was produced by any other *society for the promotion of useful knowledge*.

In the course of our succeeding numbers, the other members of the Lunarian society will introduce themselves to the public. In the mean time, all who wish to ask our advice, or to give us their own (which is the more probable occurrence of the two), may direct their letters "TO THE MAN IN THE MOON," Plandome, and send them to the Port Folio office. D

SECRECY.

SECRETS are so seldom kept, that it may be with some reason doubted, whether the quality of retention be so generally bestowed; and whether a secret has not some subtle volatility by which it escapes, imperceptibly at the smallest vent, or some power of fermentation, by which it expands itself, so as to burst the heart that will not give it way.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LYCEE; ou Cours de Littérature, Ancienne et Moderne—A Course of Lectures on Ancient and Modern Literature, by J. F. La Harpe. 12 vols. 18mo. Paris. 1800.

THE object of these lectures is, a critical and philosophical review of all the branches of literature which are addressed to the imagination and taste. This, according to our author, includes every kind of literary production, excepting only physical philosophy, and the abstract sciences. The view which this author has taken of the subject, is altogether new. There is no work of the kind, either in ancient or modern language. We have books which investigate the nature of the different species of composition—poetry, history, oratory: and deliver the rules for composing in each, with many excellent criticisms on the different productions of each kind, which have appeared. The plan of La Harpe is different. He supposes the general rules of criticism, and the nature of the different species of composition, to be already known. His purpose is to take the general principles and rules of judgment which have been established by philosophy and taste, and apply these to all the works of literature which are the objects of taste, from the time of Homer to our own. His book, therefore, is, to use his own language, “a digested history of all the arts of fancy and imagination.” He ought, however, to have added something which restricted this expression to works of literature. For he does not treat of painting, or music, though these certainly are works of fancy and imagination.

This view is a mode of treating this extensive and important subject calculated to afford at once the greatest instruction and amusement; and, when we add, that the plan has been executed by a very enlightened man, who joins solidity of judgment, and delicacy of taste, to a most accurate knowledge of the rules of art, and a mind, in many respects truly philosophical; we certainly promise not a little both of profit and pleasure to those who shall peruse this work.

It is evident from what we have stated already, that the book is not intended for the young student. It is not an elementary work;

but supposes the general rules of composition and criticism to be already known. To the student of polite literature, however, who has advanced beyond this elementary part, and whose judgment is mature enough to begin to exert itself, perhaps no book has yet been published more fit to serve as a guide, better calculated to exercise the judgment, to increase both the quickness and profundity of the discernment and inure to habits of just and refined decision. We speak thus highly on the strength of the old maxim, that example teacheth much better than precept. From this we conclude that a book which examines, with the greatest minuteness of detail, every considerable work of taste from the earliest times to the present, and whose criticisms are generally not only very just, but very delicate and profound, cannot fail to be highly instructive—for it is nothing else than a great collection of examples of correct judgments in matters of taste.

The author divides what we would call his critical history of polite literature into three parts. The first contains the ancient literature of Greece and Rome. The second the literature of the age of Louis XIV. And the third, the literature of the eighteenth century. The method which he follows in treating of each of these periods is, 1st. To examine the poetry of that period; 2d. The eloquence, properly so called; and 3d. The history, philosophy and miscellaneous literature.

Our comments will not extend beyond the three first volumes, which comprize all that he says of the literature of Greece and Rome. In the two last divisions of the work, which are comprehended in fourteen volumes, we shall abandon this able guide, for he considers only the literature of France—and our time would be much better occupied in ranging over the ample field of English literature during those periods.

To the whole is prefixed an introductory discourse, in which he delivers some general observations on the art of composition, proves that it really is an art, the subject of precept, as much as any other art; that philosophy instead of hurting the productions of taste, is that, without the aid of which, they cannot be brought to their perfection. Here too he thinks proper to settle the meaning of the words genius and taste; the vagueness of which often occasions disputes; and gives a curious account of the variations

of meaning which these two words have undergone in the French language; being first, terms of general import, and at last, abstract and general terms. He then treats of general literature in the following manner: before he enters upon the subject of poetry, he gives three chapters, one containing an abstract of the poetics of Aristotle, accompanied with observations of the author's own, which show him accurately to have studied and understood the critical writings of that great father of the critical art. In the second of these three chapters is, a not less sensible analysis of the treatise of Longinus *on the Sublime*. And in the third, a comparison of the French language with the Greek and Roman. In examining the poetry of the ancients, he takes the epic first. To his criticism of the ancient epic poems, he prefixes some observations which are rather more of the nature of general and elementary writing than he usually indulges in. He then gives a detailed and minute account of each of the epic poets by name, the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid, and Lucan's Pharsalia.

We think he judges too unfavourably to the Odyssey, which though not equal in fire to the Iliad, possesses much poetical beauty, and is richly fraught with instruction concerning human life. He points out the beauties and faults of the Æneid with great judgment and taste; and his observations on this poem appear to us a very fine piece of criticism. He seems likewise to have appreciated Lucan very justly. An appendix follows concerning Hesiod, Ovid, Lucretius, and Manilius; concerning whom his judgment is not less correct than it is in most other cases.

The drama, which appears to be his favourite subject, is the topic to which he next proceeds. What he has given us here certainly forms the fullest and most perfect criticism upon the ancient drama with which we have yet been presented. Not only does he fully detail the circumstances which rendered the object of dramatic representation considerably different among the ancients from what it is among us, but he enters with the most minute particularity into the merits of each of their dramatic poets, specifies their peculiar excellencies and defects, and compares them with one another, and with the modern French writers; singles out the productions of each author one after another, details its fable, follows minutely the conduct of the piece,

examines the characters, the incidents, the tenor of the fable, the language, the sentiments, in short every thing which is the subject of criticism in a play; and illustrates the whole by very apt quotations. Such is the manner in which he examines the works of Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. His review of the ancient comedy is a good deal more cursory. He prosecutes the subject of ancient poetry by separate chapters on their lyric poetry, their pastoral poetry, and fable; their satirical poetry, and their elegiac poetry and erotic poetry, as he denominates what we would, perhaps, rather call by a plain name, love poetry. Each of these chapters contains a full and excellent criticism on every considerable production of each kind, whether among the Greeks or Romans.

On the second part of the subject—the eloquence of the ancients, he is equally minute and equally instructive. A very full abstract is given of the institutes of Quintilian, and the rhetorical writings of Cicero, accompanied with many just and enlightened observations. He shortly notices the orators who succeeded Demosthenes. He describes the character of that great man's eloquence; examines the nature of oratorical reasoning, as exemplified in the harangues of Demosthenes; and illustrates the principles here laid down, by an application to one of the Philippics and the two celebrated orations of Eschynes and Demosthenes, for the crown; all of which he analyzes minutely. In the same manner he proceeds with the Romans. A short account is given of the orators who preceded Cicero. A comparison is instituted of the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, and some very ingenious observations made on the conformity of the eloquence of each, to the people to whom it was addressed. He then analyzes minutely, and criticises with great judgment and taste, most of all the leading orations of Cicero: those against Verres; those against Cataline; that for Murena, for Milo, for Archias, for Marcellus and several more. He includes under this head, too, his criticism on the two Plinys.

His criticism on the history, philosophy, and miscellaneous literature of each of the three periods, into which he divides his history, is much more short and cursory than that on the two other subjects. He treats of the Greek and Roman historians

under two classes: in the first he ranks Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, and Quintus Curtius. He gives a detailed account of the defects and merits of each; in which, if he has fallen into any error, it is with regard to Thucydides, to whom he greatly prefers Sallust, and almost every historian in the class. Thucydides, among the ancients, was looked upon as a perfect model of historical wisdom and dignity. We think he has made several very just observations in defence of the speeches in the ancient historians, which he has employed a whole section to vindicate. His account of the historians in the second class, though short, is sufficient to give a very distinct idea of the character of each, and a pretty accurate notion of their merits and defects. In almost every instance his judgment is enlightened, and may be trusted. He professes to give but a superficial view of philosophy, which he could not expect, he says, to render equally interesting to his auditors with his other subjects. He examines the philosophy of Plato; but we think he has erred further from his plan in this case, than in any other part of his book. Instead of examining the writings of Plato as the subject of taste, he gives a detailed account of his abstract notions and metaphysical conjectures; in which much was certainly not to be found the object of praise. Had he considered Plato, as we think it was the nature of his plan to have done, he would have been more interesting as well as more instructive. It is rather wonderful that it did not occur to so enlightened a writer, that here was a proper place to deliver a criticism on dialogue-writing; a species of composition, the nature of which has been less developed than any other. It would certainly have been very much to his purpose to have explained that exquisite art with which Plato conducts his argument, and which, not less than the charms of his style, renders him the most bewitching of authors. He next examines at considerable length, the philosophical writings of Plutarch, which he warmly recommends, and the beauties of which he very justly details. Cicero, of all the philosophers of antiquity, is the writer whose works he most esteems; and he certainly points out their excellencies with great skill, and shows a very complete acquaintance with their contents, and a strong feeling of their merits. As to Seneca, with whom he closes his

account of the ancient philosophy, we rather think he has been led, from opposition to Diderot, who affected to set Seneca above all writers, to undervalue that celebrated author, who, though he had some defects of style, which have been enlarged upon, certainly possesses the most dazzling eloquence, and has a power of warning his readers upon moral subjects, beyond almost any author with whom we are acquainted.

GLORVINA'S WARNING.

SIR CHARLES—GLORVINA.

SIR C. GLORVINA! Glorvina, beware of the day,
 When the Quarterly meets thee in battle array!
 For thy volumes all damned, rush unread on my sight,
 Glorvina! Glorvina, ah! think ere you write!
 See! see, where the witty and wise about town
 Are struggling, who foremost shall trample thee down!
 Proud GIFFORD before hath insulted the slain!
 And CROKER, in spleen, may pursue thee again!

GLOR. Go preach to thy patients, thou death-telling seer,
 Or if Gifford and Croker so dreadful appear,
 Go, crouch from the war, like a recreant knight,
 Or, draw my silk shawl o'er thy organs of sight!

SIR C. Ha! laughest thou, old lady, thy husband to scorn?
 White bird of the common, thy plume shall be torn!
 Shall the goose on the wing of the eagle go forth?
 Let her dread the fierce spoilers who watch in the north!
 Let her fly from the anger of Jeffrey's sure eye,
 Ah! home let her speed—for the havoc is nigh!—
 But lonely and wild is my lady's abode!
 And curs'd by a spell that will force her abroad!—
 Ah, why, when her mansion is desert and cold,
 Is Dublin too hot this fair lady to hold?

GLORVINA'S WARNING.

While carriages roll through the streets of Kildare,
 Due south to the GREEN, and due north to the SQUARE;
 Will none check their steeds, as in triumph they prance,
 At the door of the travelling lady from France?—
 Wo! lady! *had ever* is followed by *worse*,
 And the demon was with thee, whose blessing is curse!
 For evil hath Scandal been arming thy tongue;
 Glorvina! the dirge of thy glory is sung!
 Ah! Fashion beholds thee—to scoff and to spurn!
 Return to thy dwelling—all lonely return!—

GLOR. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
 Their pens are a thousand—their genius is one!
 They mock thy prescriptions! they laugh at thy breath!
 Go! preach to thy patients of danger and death!
 Then welcome be Croker—his smile or his frown,
 And welcome be Crawley—we'll trample them down!
 Their colour shall vary from yellow to blue,
 Like the cover of Constable's famous Review!
 When my heroes impassioned for victory strain,
 Sir Richard the learned! and Ensor the vain!
 All active, all armed, in their author's array!—

SIR C. Glorvina, Glorvina, beware of the day!
 'Twas my studies in youth gave me mystical lore,
 And the womb of the FUTURE in fear I explore!
 TIME trembles in pain, as his pulses I feel,
 But Fate must be known tho' I may not reveal!
 I tell thee, that LONDON with laughter will sing,
 When the bloodhounds of MURRAY at Fleance shall spring!
 Ho COLBURN! arouse thee, arouse thee with speed,
 And arm thy gazette—'tis a moment of need!
 Ho MAGA! green MAGA!—awaken each sprite!
 Raise, raise your oak-crutches to cover her flight!
 Oh! wouldst that thy book went to sleep of itself,
 Like pamphlets unbound on a dust-covered shelf!
 But mourn! for a darker departure is near—
 And she, that fair lady whose home is the LAKE,
 With sworded SIR ARTHUR, thy doom shall partake,

In vain shall she combat for MORGAN LE FAY.

GLOR. Down, frothless insulter, I scorn what you say!

What ages of rapture roll fair to my sight!

What glories to come swim before me in light!

Behold, through the curtains of fate as I look,

O'DONNELL!—and flirting with young LALLA ROOKH!

With BERTRAM is waltzing GLORVINA the fair!

And IDA is wrestling with LADY CLENOARE!

Near apostate HEMEYA see IMOGEN's face!

Oh never a ball such a galliard did grace!

In the beauty of fame they return to my sight!

Be they saved—be they damned—I will write—I will write!



Advice on the Study and Practice of the Law; with Directions for the Choice of Books. Addressed to Attorney's Clerks. By William Wright. 8vo. pp. 180. London. 1815. [From the Eclectic Review.]

CONSIDERING that there is scarcely a family in the metropolis, among the middle classes of society, but has a relative, more or less immediate, connected with some branch of the profession of the law, and considering too the anxiety which parents very naturally and laudably feel, that those whom they have fondly selected as candidates for professional success, should possess all the advantages which can be derived from the perceptive information of the skilful and the experienced, a publication like that before us, can hardly be ranked among those which the inquisitive eye of literary curiosity passes over on the counter of the bookseller, as a matter of exclusive interest to the professional practitioner. This is not a period when the inquisitiveness of the human mind is limited to its own immediate concerns. Society at large very justly recognises its own interests as implicated in the general character of the learned professions; and the zeal and fidelity of the pulpit, the advancement of medical science, and the integrity and proficiency of lawyers, are all subjects on which the thinking part of mankind feel that they are more than speculatively concerned.

Devotedness to the legal profession may, from the most obvious causes, be stated as daily on the increase. Naval and military prospects cut off by a period of profound peace; reductions in every branch of the civil department, rendering official desks in the pay of government less accessible; mercantile establishments paralysed and retrenching; and church preferment, which has long ceased to hold out encouragement to *unconnected* talent to incur the burden of university education, becoming more and more the subject of pecuniary barter, as the demands upon pecuniary resources become more widely extended by the increasing scale of modern expenditure: these and many more features of the present period, have united to point the attention of parents and relatives to 'the profession,' as one of the few remaining resources on which affectionate anxiety can place any thing like reliance. In a great measure, probably, has it been lost sight of, that the very circumstances which have occurred to point out this department as a preferable path for youthful hopes, are those identical circumstances which have rendered success in it considerably more equivocal. Taken in the aggregate, the scale of professional profit is most assuredly the scale of national prosperity. Its elevations and depressions are consequential. It is the general affluence attendant on national prosperity, that makes men bold and venturous in the pursuit of dubious rights, and vindictive in the resentment of real or supposed injuries. In the transfer of property, decidedly the most lucrative branch of the legal profession, the quantum of business is as distinctly governed by the national affluence, as the quantum of the taxes, or the profits of trade. But we are far from intending to imply that parents have judged altogether wrong; in electing the law as the foundation for that competence which, as society is constituted, is, it is useless to deny, an essential ingredient of domestic happiness, or even domestic existence. Limited profits are better than a probability of starvation; and are better even than the temporary profuseness and sudden ruin which we so often behold in the mercantile world. But it would be folly to expect, that those causes which have straitened the avenues to wealth in every direction, have not had their due influence on professional incomes.

There was a time, we can almost recollect it, when the great mass of society had no other idea of an attorney, than as a creature whose business it was to set people together by the ears, and to make the most he could of them in the mean time; rob them, if he could do it with impunity; and to fleece them at all events. The quaint ‘Characters’ which were so favourite a species of literary composition, about the reign of Charles I. afford some curious specimens of the real or ascribed *indiciæ* of this order of men. An attorney is thus portrayed by the well-known bishop Earle. ‘His ancient beginning was a blue coat, since a livery, and his hatching under a lawyer; whence, though but pen-feathered, he hath now nested for himself; and with his hoarded pence purchased an office. Two desks and a quire of paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all comers. We can call him no great author, yet he *writes* very much, and with the infamy of the court is maintained in his *libels*. He has some smatch of a scholar, and yet uses Latin very hardly; and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out. He is, contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor country clients, that worship him more than their landlord, and be they never such churls, he looks for their courtesy. He first racks them soundly himself, and then delivers them to the lawyer for execution. His looks are very solicitous, importing much haste and despatch; he is never without his hands full of business, that is of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as his parchment, and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks statutes as fiercely as if he had “mooted” seven years in the Inns of Court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or in his office window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a country village, he makes all his neighbours good subjects, for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His business gives him not leave to think of his conscience, and when the time or “term” of his life is going out, for doomsday he is secure; for he hopes he has a trick to “reverse judgment.”’* The ideas which dictated this

* *Microcosmography*, or a Piece of the World discovered: first published in 1628.

character, were tenaciously preserved, through successive generations, by the assistance of the stage. That powerful delineator of character has, from time immemorial, been distinguished by peculiar courtesy to the profession of the law; and the same spirit which dictated ‘*Ignoramus*,’ is still to be found in modern comedy. A lawyer seems to have been universally considered as fair prize, by the writers for the stage, wherever he was found; and we can scarcely recall to our memory an instance where an ill-favoured *gutz*, in rusty black, with a great wig on his head, and a bundle of papers tied up in red tape in his hand, has been introduced on the stage, that he was not brought there to raise the laugh of the audience at blundering and absurd technicalities,* or to claim their abhorrence for the grossest *scoundrelism*.

* It is remarkable, in an age when sciolism is, in so high a degree, the characteristic of polished society, that such gross ignorance should prevail of the proper signification of the most common legal words of art. We do not recollect an instance, in modern light reading, of an attempt at playfulness with the language of lawyers, that is not perfectly contemptible. What would be thought, in any refined society, of a person who should talk of the clavicles of the shin, or the patella of the brain; and yet much about as correct is the application of legal terms, that we generally meet with in works of invention. Our great dramatist knew better than to meddle with tools, before he had acquired the art of handling them. We believe it has escaped the observation of the ingenious author of the ‘*Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*,’ that the bard had certainly read ‘*Coke upon Littleton*,’ or ‘*Perkins’s Profitable Book on Conveyancing*.’ Proofs of this occur at every step. Learned reader take a few.

Parolles. Sir, for a cardcue he will sell the *fee-simple* of his salvation, the *inheritance* of it, and cut th’ *intail* from all remainders, and *perpetual succession* for it perpetually.

All’s Well, &c. Act IV.

Petruchio. And for that dowry, I’ll assure her of
Her widowhood, (be it that she survive me,)
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let *specialties* be therefore drawn between us,
That *covenants* may be kept on either hand.

Taming of the Shrew. Act II.

The reign of the stage, however, as to matters of fact, is now nearly at an end. The increasing avocations of men, have brought the mass of society into more immediate contact with professional practitioners; and it has been discovered that that which was attributed as the *generic* character, was only the character of a *species*. That this species has long been rapidly on the decline, is, we are happy to admit, an undisputed fact; and we regard it as matter of serious interest to our higher feelings, because the existence of that species is disgraceful to human nature; and its reduction is, we rejoice to think, not merely the result of a revenue law, which excludes the necessitous from making an attorney's desk the field of their depredations, but of the general dissemination, through all the ranks of society, of a higher scale of moral feeling, of enlightened sentiment, and cultivated understanding. And they have made but little progress in the science of human nature, who imagine that great or general reformation can be effected by positive enactments, without the assistance of more powerful engines. We have long since learned by experience, the inefficacy of sumptuary laws to check the progress of luxury; let us now learn that that system only is effective of radical reform,

S. Dromes. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by *Fine and Recovery*?

Comedy of Errors. Act II.

York. If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's right,
Call in his *letters patents*, that he hath,

By his attorneys general to sue

His livery.

King Richard II. Act II.

Even Shakspeare, however, is sometimes caught tripping.

Shylock. ————— Seal me there,
Your *single* bond, and in a merry sport
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the *condition*, &c.

If the bond was *single*, there could be no *condition* annexed to it.

which is founded on the rectification of the habits of thought, and the principles of conduct.

But there is still one branch of the profession, which it is impossible to contemplate without indignation. The existence of 'jail solicitors,' is a matter of necessity, so long as there shall exist a criminal police; because it is fitting—it is just—in the fallibility of human judgment, that the accused should have the assistance of that knowledge of the nature and rules of evidence, which shall enable him to put the accuser to the strictest and most conclusive proof. But it is a scandal to decency, it is a scandal to public order, that a race of men should be deriving a lucrative existence, in the face of day, from the open and habitual practice of defeating the machinery of justice. It is a well known fact, that the hardened beings who have arrived at a certain degree of proficiency in the vicissitudes of lawless life, are in the habit of treating a commitment as an event of little greater importance, than as involving the loss of some pounds for the solicitor's bill. A novice who should display much dejection on the occasion, would not fail to be cheered by his better informed associates, with such language as, 'Never fear, lad, Jem —— will *get you off*.' At a random calculation, it can hardly be much beside the truth, to say that three-fifths of the criminals who are committed for capital offences in this country, escape upon technical objections to forms, or minute subtleties on the artificial rules of evidence. If our criminal code is so behind-hand with the spirit of the age, as to make it necessary for the judges themselves to be astute in discovering loop-holes for the escape of the offender, why do we not shake off the trammels of barbarousness, now that we have learned to disown its spirit? Why do we leave that to be effected by low chicanery and interested cunning, which ought to emanate from the enlightened mind of the nation? But we had almost forgotten that it is of lawyers, and not of law, that we purposed to speak.

One of the multitude of circumstances that distinguish the present age from those which have preceded it, is the accelerated progress of our arrival at manhood. The youths, who, had they lived two centuries ago, must have been content to contemplate, at an obscure distance, the period which should set them in mo-

tion on the vortex of the world, are now found active and important at the post of business. As if the span of life was incessantly contracting as the world travels onward down the tide of ages, we grow more and more impatient of the slow pace of time. It might be a curious speculation to trace this fact to its origin. Is it simply the result of an increased intelligence, of an accelerated motion in the machinery of education, and of the advanced state of human knowledge, diminishing the labour of acquirement? Or has it not been, in a greater degree, the consequence of the existing state of political economy, and the extended operations of national wealth and activity; rendering the demand for human labour, in all its modifications, almost before-hand with the supply? Is it not too, in some measure, attributable to the enormously increased expense of education, and of supplying the demands of human existence, which, under the influence of national wealth, and the consequent carelessness of expenditure, have multiplied to an extent far beyond the capacity of the bulk of parents to supply for any long duration? We shall, however, leave the solution to the inquisitive: of the fact itself there can be no question. All our ancient academic institutions have been compelled to reform their regulations, to keep pace with the increasing *gallop* of life. Look at the universities. Look, as more nearly connected with our present subject at the Inns of Court. Two centuries ago, barristers were chosen out of those who had studied *eight years* as Mootemen after leaving the university. Now, our young graduates are plunged at once into the mysteries of practice in the chambers of the special pleader or the equity draftsman, and in two years, at most three, they are candidates for public confidence. One evil, however, has been generated by the forcing system of modern times, and that is a contempt for the severe and patient habits of study, which alone can produce profound attainments. From seeing, every day, men of superficial learning and indolent habits, making their way with success through the world, the impression of the indispensableness of great application, has become fainter and fainter, till the character of a student for the learned professions has become almost blended down with that of the thoughtless multitude, whose only concern is to scamper through the few set hours of business, and then enjoy

themselves, for the rest of the day, in any mode of killing time that happens to suggest itself. We fear that Mr. Wright's well-intentioned *Advice on the Study of the Law*, has much to struggle against from this reigning evil; more perhaps than from any actual impracticability of pursuing the plan which he proposes. The course of reading which he lays down for the leisure hours of the young attorney, is such as is accomplished by few young barristers during the time of their noviciate. A dashing articulated clerk, who knows the run of the offices, is *au fait* at all the mysteries of sham pleas and special originals, and has gone through his stages in bankruptcy, chancery, and conveyancing, would laugh at the idea of arriving at 'Tidd's Practice,' by the laborious route of 'The Law of Nature,' 'The Law of Nations,' 'The Feudal Law,' 'The Civil Law,' 'The Constitution,' &c. So far, however, from derogating from the propriety of Mr. Wright's recommendations on this account, we think this the very reason that an attempt to infuse a more liberal and extended idea of professional proficiency, deserves the thanks of the public. 'Ignorant and illiberal practitioners,' Mr. Wright asserts very justly, 'there will be, so long as there are men who spend their youth in idleness or trifling amusements, instead of industriously studying those books from which alone a knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence can be obtained.' At the same time, we must confess that a youth who really possesses resolution or ardor sufficient to devote himself to severe study, finds himself unsupported by the habit of the age; the order of the day is against him. He gains little credit for what is accounted a work of supererogation. Thus at least it is among the mass. Some young men of studious propensities, may be fortunate enough to be connected with persons whose superior appreciation of the value of time, and of the necessity of intense application, will give a sanction and a stimulus to their aspiring resolutions; and great is the influence of judicious and respected friends, in enabling a young man to set at naught the ridicule of the blandishments of the world. But generally speaking, the pleasure seeking habit of the age, and the immediate calls of social life, are too powerful to withstand the distant and speculative prospects of hard-earned erudition. The student is attacked too, on delicate grounds. The

arguments of his gayer friends have a plausibility about them, which it requires no ordinary address to combat. He is attacked on the score of health: as if a hundred constitutions were not ruined by dissipation, where one is enfeebled by study. He is attacked on the score of friendship; his personal regard for his tempters is ingeniously held out as awaiting its test in the compliance with their solicitations. He is attacked on the score of gallantry: and who will venture to incur the odium of preferring the company of musty books to the witcheries of female society? Besides, there is a seductive species of personal importance attached to an extensive intermixture with society, which is but too strikingly contrasted with the humble, undisplaying seclusion of the closet, where the solitary breast of the individual is alone the witness of its own importance, its own activity, and its own emotions. The man who writes for public applause, who secludes himself from social intercourse, to revel in the creation of his own mind, feels not this; because he possesses a consciousness that the hours of retirement carry their recognition with them, and that it is only a different, a more permanent and extensive mode of intercourse with congenial souls. But the poor candidate for distant and contingent reputation, has none of this support: he feels that he is undervalued by the world; that they and he have no communion of fellowship; and a chilling feeling it is to the heart of a sensitive and ardent youth.

There is scarcely any article of conduct, in which a young man covetous of intellectual growth, and thirsty after knowledge, finds, in general, so much difficulty, as in regulating the degree of his intercourse with society. Opposite incitements are perpetually levying war on each other. On the one hand, a love of study, a deep sense of the magnitude of the object which is to be accomplished, and a full conviction of the impossibility of succeeding, but by resolute and habitual application, dictate to him the imperious necessity of persisting, even at the expense of much that he would not wantonly sacrifice, in no small degree of seclusion from those scenes, where society, in its more vivid and bewitching forms, at once unnerves the mind for the patient and laborious exercise of intellectual discipline, and fills it with images which are but too apt to intrude uncalled upon the hours of soli-

tary study. On the other hand, besides the natural difficulty attending the pursuit of any course of conduct which deviates from the habits of the world, he cannot but feel that he has other requisitions to answer, besides the high call of intellectual cultivation; that all his attainments will avail him little in the main object for which he pursues them—success in life, unaided by ‘connexion,’ by friends who will take a personal interest in his welfare, that this friendship is often held by a precarious tenure, and that it can hardly exist in any great abundance, where, to use a phrase which our political readers will recognize, ‘the reciprocity is all on one side.’ He feels he has interests to consult in various ways; and that those interests, though discordant in their own nature, are of concurring importance to his prospects in life. We believe, however, that, as might be expected from the tendencies of our nature, the error is very rarely made on the side of seclusion. The positive degree of acquisition which might be made in the small number of hours which will be subtracted from study, by compliance with the *single* enticement of the day, is to be problematic, too trifling, to be set in formal array against the *distinct*, the *defined* object or gratification which is to be obtained by yielding; and it does not enter into the calculation, that the whole aggregate of sacrificed time, is the result of these identical *single* acts of compliance. Mr. Wright shall here apply these remarks, into which we have been almost involuntarily led away, to the subject immediately before us.

“This book may be read by parents desirous of bringing up a child to the profession of the law; and it will be their duty to consider whether he is industrious, and whether his health will permit him assiduously to employ his time, and cultivate his talents. If, from his former habits of life, there is any probability of his not doing so, they will act unwisely to place him at the desk of an attorney. It is not without great caution that the public entrust their professional concerns to any persons; and daily experience evinces, that the respectable and opulent part of society will not commit them to an attorney who is known to be deficient in information, or to be inattentive or dilatory in transacting his business.”

The general impression, that the law, as a practical study, is barren and unproductive, we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be false; provided those qualities do not attach to the mind of the student. We assert with confidence, because numerous proofs

of it have come within our own circle of observation, that even in its more artificial and technical parts, it is a field which, under the view of an active and enlarged intellect, presents many subjects of deep and important consideration; and perhaps the most important of them all, is that which must be most obvious to every practitioner, namely, the *impossibility* of securing obedience, even to legislative enactments, which are inimical to the general necessities, or the general convenience of society at large. Such enactments may prevail for a season, but a way *will* be found out, because it *must* be found out, to evade them. The most striking instances that immediately occur to our minds of this, are, the attempt which was made in a former period to perpetuate estates in families by curtailing the power of alienation, and that which has been made in more recent times, to dictate to mankind the value of money, by putting a maximum upon the rate of legal interest. The famed statute *De Donis Conditionalibus*, has long been a dead letter for any other purpose than that of putting fees into the pockets of certain officers, and augmenting the aggregate of litigation by raising recondite questions upon titles; and they who know so little of business as to be ignorant of the fact, will be surprised to be told, that the *market price* of money loans, for several years past, (though now falling) has been from eight to ten, and even twelve per cent.; and that this price has been demanded and taken, not by the professed usurers, the Jews, the men who have 'no money of their own,' who know 'a friend who might perhaps be prevailed upon to lend some,' but who must 'sell out stock to do it;' but by men of character, of reputation, of honour, merely and simply in the routine of general business.

But though we are inclined to think that they have made a mistaken estimate, who represent the law as a science wholly barren and unproductive of intellectual food, yet it is impossible not to admit that the chaff bears a most enormous disproportion to the grain. Hence it is, that it never has, and we may safely venture to predict, never will, become a part of polite education; notwithstanding the institution of academic professorships, and the ingenious attempt of the first of those professors, to render it a popular study. Whether the success of that attempt would have been in any degree beneficial to society, we must be permitted to en-

certain very serious doubts. There is, perhaps, no tampering to be so much deprecated, as tampering with law. The mischief which would be produced by men's being taught to believe that they understand a system after a few weeks' reading, in which the most experienced practitioners, at the end of a life of hard labour, are obliged to confess that they are but half informed, is incalculable. We have already experienced the effects of medical empiricism in our constitutions; the prevalence of legal quackery, would surely involve still more inevitable danger to our property. Against this, however, we have the best possible security in the nature of the thing. It is hardly possible to contemplate men's sitting down to the study of the law of England, *con amore*. If the very strongest stimulants which nature has implanted in our breasts; if the desire for worldly competence, for worldly reputation, for worldly importance, are so often insufficient to reconcile us to the elaborate task, shall we expect, in the absence of all those impulses, to find men filling up the blank spaces of social life, by musing upon the pages of the *Institutes*? We are sufficiently astonished at those instances that have occurred, in which lawyers have retained their devotion to the pursuit, after all the stimulants have ceased to operate, and when this world, and this world's charm, were no longer held out to them, as objects either of attachment or of hope. It is a fact not to be overlooked in the history of the human mind, that there have been men whose intellectual elasticity has remained unaltered amid desolation, and who, in a blank of existence, without object and without hope, have assiduously pursued studies the most artificial, and the most attenuated. We should have thought, looking at human nature in the absence of contrary facts, that the faculties of the *imagination* were those which could exclusively have retained their activity in such a state; and that where nothing was to be obtained by those intellectual exercises which are only produced by the goad, the exertion would have ceased with the impulse. We doubted not that human beings *had* existed,

‘ Proud even in desolation—who could find,
A life within itself; to breathe without mankind;’

but we should have attributed it exclusively to the influence of that order of sensation which is described as producing it in the

half-imaginary being to whom the lines which we have quoted are applied. The facts, however, are otherwise. The instance of judge Jenkins will immediately occur to the recollection of professional readers, unless the passage which takes one so by surprise at the end of the preface to his 'Eight Centuries of Reports,' has escaped observation. In a state of existence which asks the pen of a Byron to exhibit, but which he has himself, as it were accidentally, alluded to in that passage, with a degree of unostentatious simplicity that is, perhaps, almost equally affecting, he compiled his 'Eight Centuries,' an 'Abridgment,' and a series of observations upon the 'Year Books,' 'Perkins,' 'Saint-Germain,' 'Broke,' 'The Old Tenures,' the old and new 'Natura Brevium,' 'Finch,' 'The Law Lexicon,' and 'Dyer.' After a preface of moderate length, upon the administration and study of the law, he suddenly concludes: 'Amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, surrounded with an odious multitude of barbarians, broken down with old age and confinement in prisons, where my fellow subjects grown wild with rage, detained me for fifteen years together, I bestowed many watchful hours upon this performance.'

We recommend this unaffected statement to the consideration of those young students, who, with every thing at stake upon future proficiency, and with all the ardour and activity of youthful vigour, find it so difficult a task to subtract a few extra hours from the dominion of ease.

If space had allowed it, we were inclined to take a rapid and general view of the profession of the law, considered as a distinct class of men, and with reference to its moral and intellectual character. Such an inquiry we cannot think to be devoid of interest, because a body of that extent must necessarily form a feature in the moral and intellectual history of a country, not merely as a component part of the great aggregate, but in respect of the influence on society at large, which must necessarily belong to a class of the community comprising so large a portion of the talent, the rank, and the power of the nation. In this point of view, we should consider the tone of sentiment and the habits of opinion prevailing among the higher branches of that profession, as a matter of no trifling import. But we feel that to pursue this idea

to its extent, would necessarily involve us in the retrospect, to a degree incompatible with our present purpose. One or two observations that more immediately strike us, the reader may perhaps anticipate us in making.

To the lawyers, literature is certainly very considerably indebted. They have been our most profound, indeed, our best antiquaries. To a pursuit like that of antiquarian learning, it is impossible to calculate upon the importance of the habits of close thinking and strict investigation, which are produced by professional life. If any one question the preference we have given to lawyers, among our English antiquaries, we refer them for conviction, to the works of Prynne, of Selden, of Madox, of Spelman, of Petyt, of Barrington, and of Hargrave. In many instances, indeed, an intimate acquaintance with our municipal law is indispensable to the pursuit of antiquarian studies; particularly in the documentary department; for as Coke triumphantly exclaims, after commenting upon an ancient record presented to him by 'Master Joseph Holland, of the Inner Temple, a good antiquary and a lover of learning:—'Good reader, I dare confidently affirm unto thee, that never any abbot, monk or churchman, that wrote any of *our annals*, could have understood this excellent and well indicted concord.'

With the lawyers, however, we have one quarrel, and that a very serious one. A blind reverence for antiquity, and precedent, and narrow habits of thinking, have made them, generation after generation, the avowed, the shameless enemies of the cause of freedom, civil and religious. The spirit of bigotry and intolerance, which has disgraced the episcopal, has scarcely less figured on the judicial bench. These are they who have set their faces against rational investigation and discussion of the principles of society; these are they who have sacrificed truth and justice, to uphold the prerogative of the crown, and who have maintained the absurd doctrine of the divine right of kings, and other similar tenets, of which generations not far distant will hardly credit the existence in ages calling themselves enlightened. Among lawyers, as a body, the progress of enlightened opinion has probably been slower than among any other class of literate men; and the spirit of lord Coke has threatened to be almost as immortal in

Westminster Hall, as his 'Commentaries.' It is next to ludicrous, to see the pains that the lawyers of the old school take, to prove that the whole beauty of our judicial code is derived from its unviolated antiquity, and that each of the successive alterations which the increasing wants or intelligence of society have forced upon our civil jurisprudence, are so many departures from the symmetry and immaculacy of the whole. O! the shameless presumption of pretending to be wiser than our ancestors:—'*plus sages que les sages!*' The poor burgher elder, who had the boldness to assert a few years since, in the associate synod of Scotland, that the use we ought to make of our forefathers is to stand on their shoulders, and try how much further we can see, was surely the greatest heretic that ever lived.

It is astonishing what an effect is produced upon the minds of men, by the constant habit of determining matters of right by matters of precedent. Sir James Mackintosh, in his Answer to Burke, exclaims with becoming indignation, 'A pleader at the Old Bailey who would attempt to aggravate the guilt of a robber or a murderer, by proving that king John or king Alfred punished robbery and murder, would only provoke derision.' 'A man who should pretend, that the reason that we have a right to property, is because our ancestors enjoyed the right four hundred years ago, would be justly contemned. Yet so little is plain sense heard in the mysterious nonsense which is the cloak of political fraud, that the Cokes, the Blackstones, and the Burkes, speak as if our right to freedom depended on its possession by our ancestors. It is not because we *have* been free, but because we have a right to be free, that we ought to demand freedom. Justice and liberty have neither birth nor race, youth nor age. It would be the same absurdity to assert that we have a right to freedom because the Englishmen of Alfred's reign were free, as that three and three make six, because they were so in the camp of Genghis Khan.' This passion for genealogy has been carried to the most ludicrous extent by some of the old lawyers. In the preface to one of the volumes of his 'Reports,' lord Coke gravely tells us, that the 'first reporter of law' was Moses. These good gentry indeed were not contented with claiming professional descent from Moses, but they must needs indentify their law with his.

'Our law is founded upon the law of God,' said the justices in 34 H. c. 4. Nay more: 'The law of God and the law of the land are all one.' *Keyleway*, 191. Is it to be expected that men of this way of thinking should cast a very benign eye on the schismatic conceits of those who should venture to impeach a legal code of such paramount authority, upon the vague and indefinite principles of *moral right*, or *fitness*, or *expediency*? Coke's display of scholarship in another place upon the subject of Innovation in Laws, is so truly amusing, that we do not hesitate to transcribe it. Citing the words of an old statute, '*Omnes Comites et Barones una voce responderunt, nolumus leges Angliæ mutare que hactenus usitate sunt, et approbate*;' he adds, 'As if they had said we will not change the laws of England, for that they have been anciently used and approved from time to time by men of most singular wisdom, understanding, and experience. I will not recite the sharp law of the Locrenses, in Magna Græcia, concerning those that sought innovation in preferring any new law to be made; you may read it in the gloss to the first book of Justinian's Institutes, because it is too sharp and tart for this age; but take we the reason of that law, *quia leges figendi et refigendi consuetudo est perniciosa*. But Plato's law I will recite touching this matter which you may read in his 6th book *De Legibus*; if any citizen do invent any thing new which never before was read or heard of, the inventor thereof shall practise the same for the space of ten years in his own house before it is brought into the commonwealth or published to the people, to the end that if the invention be good, it shall be profitable to the inventor thereof, and if it were naught, he himself and not the commonwealth might taste the prejudice. And I like well the edict reported by Suetonius, *que præter consuetudinem et morem majorum fuit, neque placent, neque recta videntur*. And I would the commandment of Honorius and Arcadius were of us Englishmen observed, *mos fidelissima vetustatis retinendus est*; and I agree and conclude this point with the apophthegm of Periander of Corinth, that old laws and new meats are fittest for us.'

The dress in which the great luminary of the law has transmitted his sentiments, is of itself so sufficiently ridiculous, that we believe we may husband our remarks. We would that we

could persuade ourselves that similar absurdity or irrationality was never to be heard at this day from the lips of men whose means of intelligence ought to have taught them better. Society is, however, every day becoming more thoroughly shaken together, and the progress of rationality, and the extermination of bigotry and prejudice so inevitably follow in the present advanced state of public intelligence, that we are convinced that circumstances of more deep-rooted despotism over the mind, must be connected with professional character, than those which are attendant on the profession of *the law*, to retard a speedy emancipation from any remaining shackles of so illiberal and degrading a nature.

BRUTUS, or the Fall of Tarquin; an Historical Tragedy, in five Acts. By John Howard Payne. 8vo. pp. 58. 1818. [From the British Critic.]

WE cannot say that we see much to admire in this play; the language of it is very indifferent; the action is managed without any skill or the slightest regard to any canon of dramatic criticism; the sentiments are for the most part common place, and the characters partake, as might be expected, of the same nature; but it is full of life and bustle; the scene shifters have never a moment's rest; the reader is kept travelling backwards and forwards from Rome to Ardea, and from Ardea to Rome, and from Rome to Collatia, and from Collatia to Rome, with so much rapidity as hardly leaves the mind leisure for an inquiry into the reason and necessity of so much locomotion. All we are made to know is, that a conspiracy is in the wind; that the framers of it are prodigiously active, and that in three minutes or less, if we can only run fast enough and not lose our breath, Rome will be free! It is the *hurry-scurry* in which the author manages to keep the imagination of his readers, that forms, we think, the peculiar merit of this play, so far as depends upon his genius; the remainder of its merit is circumstantial, and consists in the story, which is, we think, extremely well calculated for the drama.

The first scene is in Rome; and two senators are introduced informing each other of the facts, which it is necessary for the au-

dience to be prepared with,—the enormities of Tarquin—his incestuous marriage with Tullia—the idiotcy of Lucius Junius—and finally a hint at what is to follow—

—— “ great things may yet be done,
If we are men, and faithful to our country.”

In the next scene, we are taken to the camp before Ardea, and introduced to Lucius Junius Brutus, suffering under the jibes and geers of Aruns and Claudius, two of Tarquin's sons. They depart, and Brutus is left alone to soliloquize on the indignities which he is made to suffer, and which he would long since have revenged, for as he says “ my own life *I had not valued as a rush*”—but that he was waiting for an opportunity to free his country. We are next brought back to Rome, in order to be introduced to Tullia, by whom we are informed of dreams and oracles, all foretelling the emancipation of Rome, and that the liberator of his country from the tyranny of Tarquin and his family was to be a “ fool.” The scene is then cleared of all but Brutus and his son Titus, who desires his father to speak to him:—

“ What is it that annoys thee? tell thy friend—
How can I serve thee? what dost lack?”

It does not appear that Brutus was at all “ annoyed,” as he reasonably might have been, by this pert way of being addressed by his son, but begins to impart the secret designs which are brooding in his mind. The passage is spirited, and we quote it as by much the best written in the play.

“ *Br.* Lend me thine ear: I'll tell a secret to thee
Worth a whole city's ransom. This it is;
Nay, ponder it, and lock it in thy heart—
There are more fools, my son, in this wise world
Than the gods ever made.

Ti. Say'st thou, my father?
Expound this riddle. If thy mind doth harbour
Aught that imports a son like me to know,
Or knowing, to achieve, declare it.

Br. Now, my son,
Should the great gods, who made me what thou see'st,
Repent, and in their vengeance cast upon me
The burden of my senses back again—
What would'st thou say?

Ti. Oh, my lamented father,
Would the kind gods restore thee to thy reason—
Br. Then, Titus, then I should be mad with reason.
Had I the sense to know myself a Roman,
This hand should tear this heart from out my ribs
Ere it should own allegiance to a tyrant.
If, therefore, thou dost love me, pray the gods
To keep me what I am. Where all are slaves,
None but the fool is happy.

Ti. We are Romans—
Not slaves—
Br. Not slaves? Why, what art thou?

Ti. Thy son.
Dost thou not know me?
Br. You abuse my folly.
I know thee not—Wert thou my son, ye gods!
Thou would'st tear off this sycophantic robe,
Tuck up thy tunic, trim these curled locks
To the short warrior-cut, vault on thy steed;
Then scouring through the city, call to arms,
And shout for liberty—

Ti. (*starts*) Defend me, gods!
Br. Hah! does it stagger thee?
Ti. For liberty?
Said'st thou for liberty?—It cannot be.
Br. Indeed!—'tis well—no more.
Ti. What would my father?
Br. Begone, you trouble me.

Ti. Nay, do not scorn me.
Br. Said I for liberty? I said it not:
The awful word breath'd in a coward's ear,
Were sacrilege to utter. Hence, begone!
Said I, you were my son?—'Tis false: I'm foolish:
My brain is weak and wanders; you abuse it.
Ti. Ah, do not leave me; not in anger leave me.
Br. Anger, what's that? I am content with folly.
Anger is madness, and above my aim. (*Music heard*)
Hark! here is music for thee—food for love,
And beauty to serve in the rich repast.
Tarquinia comes. Go worship the bright sun,
And let poor Brutus wither in the shade. [*Exit Brutus.*] p. 8.

Brutus goes off the stage and Tarquinia succeeds, and the act ends with the latter confessing her love and plighting her faith to Titus.

In the second act we are again taken to the camp before Ardea. Sextus, Aruns, and Claudius are introduced, laughing at

the uxoriousness of Collatinus, who defends himself with considerable *spirit*.

"Perish the man, nay, may he doubly perish,
Who can sit still and hear with *skulking coolness*
The least abuse or shadow of a slight
Cast on the woman whom he loves."

The scene concludes with a sudden resolution of saddling their horses and riding to Rome, in order to see how their respective wives are employed. But while they are riding to Rome, the audience is supposed to be there already; and not only so, *but to have been at Rome all the while that it was at Ardea*; for in the next scene we meet Titus fresh from the love scene at the end of the first act, and which he has just finished relating to his father, when Sextus and the party from Ardea, arrive; upon which we are called away to the house of Collatinus, where we find Lucretia, employed like Andromache, among her maidens—happy to see her husband, and instead of "*squeezing out a quaint apology*" at the surprise by which she is taken, welcoming his friends with so much elegance and cordiality, as inspires Sextus with the first conception of the horrid deed, which he afterwards perpetrates. In the interval of the second and third acts, Sextus having violated Lucretia, she sends messengers to her husband and all her kinsmen, desiring their instant presence at Collatia. In the meanwhile a tremendous thunder-storm is going on; the equestrian statue of Tarquin, at the capitol, by *particular request*, is thrown down by lightning; as Brutus is thanking the gods—"I thank you gods, I thank you!"—for this instance of their attention to his invocations, Valerius Poplicola enters, and immediately afterwards, one of Lucretia's messengers, desiring his immediate attendance. Brutus and Valerius have just time to form a conspiracy, when the latter sets off to obey his summons, and Sextus enters, "wrapped in a mantle," to show he was a murderer; and immediately, from the mere force of a communicative disposition, and without any further preface, proceeds in a minute manner to inform Brutus, whom he supposes to be an idiot, of the deed he had just perpetrated. The horror with which the recital inspired Brutus, at once convinced Sextus that he had mistaken his man.

" *Sextus*.—This is not madness. Ha! my dagger lost!
Wretch! thou shalt not escape me!—Ho! a guard!
The rack shall punish thee! Ho! a guard, I say!"
[*Exit* SEXTUS.]

From the capitol we are taken to Collatia, and there we learn all the particulars of Lucretia's injuries and subsequent death; and a resolution is passed of proceeding instantly to Rome, raising the people, and expelling the Tarquins. Accordingly we are driven back to Rome, and taken to the palace of Tullia, where we are informed that the people of Rome are in a tumult, and that Brutus is restored to his senses, and haranguing the people from the forum; the audience are immediately hurried away from the palace to the forum, and come in just as Brutus is making the peroration of the speech, which we had before heard of at the palace.

" Thus, thus, my friends! far as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story."

He then comments upon the particulars of the " story" for the remainder of the scene; when the mob depart and prepare themselves for the fourth act, which opens with a scene in the palace.

Tullia enters, lamenting her hard fate: *ὡς φάσι δ' ὀλεσθαι*—to "fall amidst her legions" would have been glorious; but "to perish by the vile scum of Rome"—she cannot endure the thought; and requests her attendants to throw her into the flames, that she may "with the wreck of empire mix her ashes." However, as this favour was refused her, she resolves to starve herself to death in the prison allotted to her; in order, as she philosophically expresses it, that "hungry madness, with blank oblivion entering, may confound and cancel all perception." Then comes a scene between Brutus, Titus, and Tarquinia, in which Brutus disclaims his son, if he does not renounce Tarquinia, and Tarquinia expresses her scorn for Titus if he does: so he resolves not. A scene intervenes, in which the partizans of each party successively deliver their sentiments, when we are ushered into the temple of Rhea, in order to see Tullia suddenly expire at the sight of a "monumental figure" of her father, after which the fourth act ends.

During all this act, the reader is suffered to remain at Rome. Tarquinia and Titus are intercepted in their flight; and the busi-

ness now to be performed is the trial, judgment, and execution of Titus. Every reader knows the story: we shall give the last scene, as a favourable specimen of our author's knowledge of stage effect.

SCENE THE LAST.

Exterior of the temple of Mars. Senators, Citizens, Collatinus, Lucretius, discovered. At the left of the stage a tribunal, with a consular chair upon it. Brutus enters, followed by Valerius—he bows as he passes, and ascends the tribunal.

Br. Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains—But to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,—
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat,—is a deed so black,
That my foil'd tongue refuses it a name. [A pause.
There is one criminal still left for judgment.
Let him approach.

Titus is brought in by the Lictors, with their axes turned edgewise towards him.

Pris—on—er—

*The voice of Brutus falters and is choaked,
and he exclaims with violent emotion,*

Romans! forgive this agony of grief—
My heart is bursting—Nature must have way—
I will perform all that a Roman should—
I cannot feel less than a father ought!

*He becomes more calm. Gives a signal to the
Lictors to fall back, and advances from the
judgment-seat to the front of the stage, on a
line with his son.*

Well, Titus, speak—how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepar'd to die?

Ti. Father, I call the powers of heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed.
The gods will have it so.

Br. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n, nor earth, can have it otherwise.
The violated genius of thy country
Rears its sad head and passes sentence on thee!
It seems as if thy fate were pre-ordain'd
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,

And settle the loose liberty of Rome.

'Tis fix'd;—oh, therefore, let not fancy cheat thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of mortal man to save thee from the axe.

Ti. The axe!—O heaven!—Then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish like a common felon?

Br. How else do traitors suffer?—Nay, Titus, more—
I must myself ascend yon sad tribunal,
And there behold thee meet this shame of death,—
With all thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,—
See thy head taken by the common axe,—
All,—if the gods can hold me to my purpose,—
Without a groan, without one pitying tear.

Ti. Die like a felon?—Ha! a common felon!—
But I deserve it all:—Yet here I fail:—
This ignominy quite unmans me!
Oh, Brutus, Brutus! Must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness,
No sign of mercy? Not even leave to fall
As noble Romans fall, by my own sword?
Father, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Br. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that strain the very strings of life,—
Let these convince you that no other cause
Could force a father thus to wrong his nature.

Ti. Oh, hold, thou violated majesty!
I now submit with calmness to my fate.
Come forth, ye executioners of justice—
Come, take my life,—and give it to my country!

Br. Embrace thy wretched father. May the gods
Arm thee with patience in this awful hour.
The sov'reign magistrate of injur'd Rome
Bound by his high authority, condemns
A crime, thy father's bleeding heart forgives.
Go—meet thy death with a more manly courage
Than grief now suffers me to show in parting,
And, while she punishes, let Rome admire thee!
No more. Farewell! Eternally farewell!

Ti. Oh, Brutus! Oh, my father!—

Br. What would'st thou say, my son?

Ti. Wilt thou forgive me?—Don't forget Tarquinia
When I shall be no more.

Br. Leave her to my care.

Ti. Farewell for ever!

Br. For ever. [*Brutus reascends the tribunal.*
Lictors, attend!—conduct your prisoner forth!

Val. (rapidly and anxiously) Whither!

All the characters bend forward in great anxiety.

Br. To death;—(*All start.*) When you do reach the spot
 My hand shall wave, your signal for the act,
 Then let the trumpet's sound proclaim it done!

*Titus is conducted out by the Lictors. A dead
 march,—which gradually dies away as it be-
 comes more distant. Brutus remains seated
 in a melancholy posture on the tribunal.*

Poor youth! Thy pilgrimage is at an end!
 A few sad steps have brought thee to the brink
 Of that tremendous precipice, whose depth
 No thought of man can fathom. Justice, now
 Demands her victim! A little moment
 And I am childless.—One effort and 'tis past!—

*He rises and waves his hand, convulsed with agi-
 tation, then drops on his seat and shrouds his
 face with his toga. Three sounds of the trum-
 pet are heard instantly. All the characters as-
 sume attitudes of deep misery. Brutus starts
 up wildly, descends to the front in extreme agi-
 tation, looks out on the side by which Titus de-
 parted, for an instant, then, with an hysterical
 burst, exclaims,*

Justice is satisfy'd and Rome is free!

[*Brutus falls. The characters group around him.* P. 50.

This is tragical indeed! "*all the characters in attitudes of deep
 misery!!!*" After all, there is nothing like pantomime!

SCEPTICISM.

THERE are some men of narrow views and grovelling concep-
 tions, who without the instigation of personal malice, treat every
 new attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every endeav-
 our to depart from the beaten track, as the rash effort of a warm
 imagination, or the glittering speculation of an exalted mind, that
 may please and dazzle for a time, but can produce no real or last-
 ing advantage.

**The Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems. By Thomas Pringle.
Edinburgh. 1819.**

THE greater, though by no means the most beautiful part, of the largest poem in this little volume, has already been published in a work edited by Mr. James Hogg, entitled, "The Poetic Mirror."

It appeared there as an imitation of the style of Mr. Scott. But the author, in his preface to the present volume, informs us, that the resemblance was altogether accidental; and, for our own parts, we do not think it by any means striking.

Though the Excursion has certainly more affinity to certain parts of Mr. Scott's works (such for example, as the introductions to the different cantos of *Marmion*), than to those of any living poet we are acquainted with; yet the truth is, that the resemblance arises chiefly, if not altogether, from the associations and emotions of a peculiar and local character, which the subjects of these authors, in those parts where the resemblance is strongest, are irresistibly calculated to excite;—Mr. Pringle, as well as Mr. Scott, having chosen for his theme, those regions of chivalry and song, which have been rendered so familiar to all readers, by the publication of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. And this resemblance has, we think, been increased by both authors having very successfully overcome what lord Byron calls "the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse."

It would be dangerous to compare any author we know with Mr. Scott, especially upon the ground which he has chosen for himself. But we do not hesitate to say, that there are passages in the poem before us of which that master of the lyre would have no cause to be ashamed. It is true, we do not find in it the force and the fire, and the fine glow of chivalrous and romantic feeling, which kindles up in our bosoms all the enthusiasm of youth, and which sparkles through every page of the *Northern Ariosto*; but there is a delicacy of feeling, an elegance of thought, and a felicity of expression—in short, a purity of taste, of which any author might be proud.

It is not very easy to give our readers an accurate account of this little poem, as it has no pretension to any sort of story. In its

plan (if it can be said to have one), it bears a closer resemblance to Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy," than to any poem that we at present recollect. It consists of a series of glowing pictures of the author's early enjoyments, and the bright anticipations of an ardent and youthful mind, blended with some of the finest and most tender recollections of a feeling heart. There are also several beautiful descriptions of the pastoral and poetic regions, to which the author owes his birth. These descriptions are given by the pencil of a genuine worshipper of nature. It is quite apparent that the author has imbibed this love of nature through no second hand channel,—he has knelt at her mountain altars, and worshipped her with all the fervour of a mild enthusiast, and with a heart keenly alive to her very finest impressions. Accordingly, whatever is descriptive in the volume is a fresh and vivid picture of nature in one of her sweetest and mildest aspects. There is nothing exaggerated, nothing vulgar and nothing tame; all is smooth and harmonious, and calculated in an eminent degree to excite (which by the way is one of the excellencies of poetry) emotions similar to those which the author has experienced in contemplating the objects which he describes.

It is but fair, however, that we should allow our readers to judge for themselves. The poem, as we have already said, has no pretensions to any sort of story, and it is therefore immaterial in what order we select the passages which we mean to quote.

The mention of the mountain-stream whose banks had been the scene of many a youthful enterprize, recalls to the author's mind a delightful picture of the past,—which is given in the most beautiful colouring. We quote the whole of the passage.

“Cayla! like voice of years gone by,
 I hear thy mountain melody!—
 It comes with long-forgotten dreams,
 Once cherish'd by thy wizard streams;
 And sings of school-boy rambles free,
 And heart-felt young hilarity!
 I see the mouldering turrets hoar,
 Dim gleaming on thy woodland shore,
 Where oft, afar from vulgar eye,
 I lov'd at summer tide to lie,
 Abandon'd to the witching sway
 Of some old bard's heroic lay,

Or posing o'er the immortal story,
 Of Roman and of Grecian glory.
 But aye one minstrel charmed me more,
 Than all I learned of classic lore,
 Or war and beauty gayly blent,
 In pomp of knightly tournament;
 Even he in rustic verse who told,
 Of Scotland's champion—Wallace bold,—
 Of Scotland's ancient "luve and lee,"
 And Southron's coward treachery.
 And oft I conn'd that harper's page,
 With old hereditary rage,
 Till I have wept in bitter mood,
 That now no more, in English blood,
 My country's falchion might atone
 The warrior's fall and widow's moan."—p. 15.

The author's feelings seem all finely tuned to domestic enjoyment, and we have accordingly many beautiful descriptions of that pastoral simplicity, yet elegant enjoyment, which characterised the inmates of the mansions of the "olden time." They remind us of better days, of breasts more gentle, and manners more simple and natural, than we fear are now to be met with.

The following is a picture of a winter evening in an upland farmer's house.

"But when Day's hasty steps retire,
 Still sweeter by the blazing fire,
 In that low parlour's narrow bound,
 To draw the social circle round;
 Where no unwelcome step intrudes,
 To check gay humour's cheerful moods:
 Round flows the merry jest—the tale
 Of maiden cloister in the dale;
 Of weeping Spirit of the Glen,
 Or monster snake of Wormeden;
 Of ladies doom'd by Rome's command,
 To sift the church-yard mound of sand;
 By penance drear to wash away
 Foul murder's dire anathema.
 Or graver history's glowing page,
 Or travellers' venturous toils engage,
 Or poet's lay the bosom warms
 With virtue's praise and nature's charms,
 And faithful loves and feats of arms."—p. 27.

This description recalls the memory of an early friend, on whom it would appear death had untimely set his seal, and who is thus beautifully commemorated:

“ And midst that friendly circle now,
I mark a youth with open brow,
And thoughtful blue eyes beaming mild,
And temples wreath'd with clusters wild
Of light brown hair. The pensive grace
Upon his features, seems the trace
Of thought more tender and refin'd
Than dawns upon the vulgar mind.
But oft across his blooming cheek
Flushes a quick and hectic streak,
Like that which in an Indian sky,
Though cloudless, tells of danger nigh!
Ah me! it comes with quivering start,
Like the dim shadow of the dart,
Foredoom'd to strike from life and fame
The latest of a gentle name.”—p. 28.

The following passage would satisfy our scruples, had we any doubt of the author's poetical talents.

“ Remember'st thou, my friend, the hour,
When chance—perhaps a holier power—
Once led from far our wandering feet,
At L——n's honour'd mound to meet?
Where slopes the green sward to the west,
We sat upon the tomb where rest
My kindred's bones—conversing late
Of man's mysterious mortal state.
'Twas summer eve, serene and still,
The broad moon rose behind the hill,
Blending her soft and soothing ray
With the last gleam of closing day.
Silence, who hates the sound of mirth,
With flescy footstep paced the earth;
Amid the circling woods alone,
Was heard the cushat's plaintive moan;
And streamlet's murmur gliding by,
All else was calm in earth and sky.
The scene was such as fancy paints,
For visit of departed saints—
And sure if that unknown control,
Which soothes and elevates the soul—
That 'still small voice,' whose accents melt
In seraph strains, not heard but felt—

If tears of joy for grief,—may prove
The ministry of sainted love—
Our hearts in that blest hour might dare
To own some heavenly presence there!" p. 29-31.

We do not know any thing more beautiful or more tender than the following lines:—

" Ah, while amid the world's wild strife,
We yet may trace that sweeter life,
Now fading like a lovely dream,
Why cannot Fancy's power redeem
The glowing hopes, the thought sublime,
The feelings of our early prime!
Can haughty Science ever pour
Such blissful visions from her bower,
As when that mother's warblings wild,
Had soothed to rest her sickly child,
And o'er my couch I dream'd there hung
Ethereal forms with seraph tongue,
Who told of purer, happier spheres,
Exempt from pain, unstain'd with tears!
And when I woke at midnight deep,
And thought how heaven its watch doth keep,
The moonbeam through the lattice shed,
Fell on my soul with holy dread;
It seem'd as God's eternal EYE
Look'd down to bless us from on high!
And when that gentlest human friend,
No more her anxious eye could bend,
On one by young affliction prest
More close to her maternal breast,
I deem'd she still beheld afar,
My sorrows from some peaceful star,—
In slumber heard her faintly speak,
And felt her kiss upon my cheek.
And oft, when through the solemn wood
My steps the schoolboy's path pursued,
I paused beneath its quiet shade,
To view the spot where she was laid;
And pray like hers my life might be,
From all ungentle passions free;
Like hers, in pain or sorrow's hour,
My hope and stay that Holy Power,
To whom, even 'mid delirium wild,
Her pray'r consign'd her weeping child." p. 32-34.

Besides the poem, which we have been tempted to quote so liberally to our readers, there are a number of smaller poems in

the volume. Of these, some are indeed very beautiful; but there are others, which we could have wished the author had not laid before the public: such, for example, as the "Verses to a Lady, inclosing some MS. Poems."—But in all that this author writes, there seems to be so much earnestness and so little of fiction, every thing being apparently connected with some particular feeling or event, that we can well believe they have a value to him which the public cannot appreciate, and for which indeed they are not disposed to make much allowance.

The following verses, however, which we take from one of the smaller poems, entitled "Elegiac Stanzas," would redeem fifty such failures as we have alluded to.

" Silent and sad, I go to meet
 What life may bring of wo or bliss;
 No other joy can be so sweet,
 No sorrow e'er so sad as this.

The world's vain strife without an aim,
 To me seems dull and joyless now;
 I only sought the wreaths of fame,
 To bind them round my gentle brow.

I wake—as 'midst wild Ocean's roar,
 When round some bark the breakers rave;
 And now no beacon marks the shore,
 No guiding star illumines the wave."—p. 73.

We must now take leave of Mr. Pringle, and we do so with much respect for his poetical talents.

SORROW.

THE sharpest and most melting sorrow is that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness. But friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must sometimes mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor, one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Paxton's Annual Philadelphia Directory and Register, for the year
1818. 12mo. 150 cts.

THAT those who labour for the public good, deserve to be publicly rewarded, is a truth which will scarcely be denied, even in these disputatious times. Hence it is, that we esteem it our duty to call the attention of our fellow-citizens to the very useful volume on the table before us, which the indefatigable author has compiled with a degree of minuteness not surpassed by the best chroniclers of English story. If the wandering Greek deserved to be sung as the man who had different climes and various men surveyed, our author, though confined to a smaller sphere, has had not less ample field for speculation. Whether he groped his way through Blackberry alley or lounged in Chestnut street, he found abundant causes for reflection on that most painful, yet most agreeable of all human studies, the science of man. In one section of our metropolis he might have seen, in full operation, the selfish maxims of Epicurus, of Hume, and Helvetius; while in another, the patriarch of the Pennsylvania hospital could have exemplified the more benevolent principles of the followers of Zeno and his amiable disciples. He might, in short, have beheld every caprice of the imagination and every affection of the heart. If it be to the poet a delightful task to catch the living manners as they rise, how much more useful is it to watch unsteady man in his annual *movings* from street to street. For man must be found in order to be observed. Before we can decide on the diversity of human character, the springs of our actions must be ascertained, and all those modifications to which men are liable, must be developed. Why more broils and more filth may be found in Southwark than in the Northern Liberties; and why more negroes reside at the lower than at the upper end of Fifth street, are questions which are not stirred in this volume, because the author did not undertake to investigate the faculties of man. His "name and occupation" are the main points with Mr. Paxton. And what would we not give for an accurate Directory of Rome at any period during the reign of Augustus? We should then be at no loss in following the

steps of our favourite Horace, when he invites the noble *Ælius* Lama to eat pig with him, allures the wanton Lydé with a song, or beats at the fastened windows of the deserted Lydia. We might ascertain whether the weeping Asterié was a neighbour, and behold the very domicil of the insinuating Enipeus.

In this respect alone, if there were no other, we have a proof of the great advantages which the moderns possess over the ancients.

But it is time to pay more particular attention to the work before us. We are sorry to observe a few mistakes which are the more unpardonable because it was so easy to avoid such errors. Thus it is stated that Mr. Chief Justice Tilghman is the president, and Mr. Robert Patterson, vice president, of the American Philosophical Society;—a direct perversion of the intention of the members duly declared at the last election. So, too, without having the privilege of a single vote, as far as we know, the author undertakes to dub a certain very worthy gentleman, vice president of the Athenæum. It is mortifying to our pride to behold so much ignorance concerning these celebrated literary institutions. If they do not blazon themselves in every newspaper and in printed circulars, like some other societies, it is no reason why they should be neglected or misrepresented.

But we dislike the odious office of seeking for blemishes when beauties are scattered before us. The author of a Directory, like a historian, has a task far more difficult than that of the orator or the poet. He cannot draw upon fancy to supply the deficiencies of genius, but must make the most of a train of facts well established. On the other hand he participates in one of the honours of the historian, whose pages have always been acknowledged to be the most instructive, because they are stamped with the seal of truth. A fiction may please for the moment, but the impression is soon effaced; whereas the guest who has been guided to the mansion where a plentiful dinner awaits him, by "the careful study" of Mr. Paxton, deduces a moral, the effects of which may appear in the subscription to his next year's directory. Some details often become prolix from the dulness of the writer, as we find in the "*History of the United States*" before the Revolution, by *Ezekiel Sanford*; but there is a concise energy about Paxton

which arrests the eye and satisfies the understanding, by a single dash of the pen.

A parallel between these two writers, who have occupied so much of the public attention, may not be without some use. Lucian requires of the historian "to be of no state and to speak the truth," &c. by which he means, that things should be seen in their true light, in his pages. The important should not be lessened, nor should the insignificant be exalted. It must be admitted that *Paxton* is as perfectly disinterested throughout his work, as the Boston journalist, to whom we were indebted, some years ago, for "an *impartial* account of the late hail-storm;" but a comparison between the articles Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Boston with those relating to Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, (see index to Sanford) will not exhibit our historian's mind like a faithful mirror reflecting what actually exists in due proportions. As one of the principal actors in the Revolution, the name of Patrick Henry, for instance, scarcely occurs in *Sanford's* History, and no one would suppose, from a perusal of the same work that William Penn was a law-giver who deserves to be ranked among the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. This shows that Mr. S. has not attained that fairness of decision which acts independently of personal connexion and local attachment. He could not view with equal indifference the onion-bed of New England, and the mint-patch of Virginia. The mere scent of the former would excite in his mind those emotions which are so feelingly described by Catullus on seeing his native shores.

In the many thousand names which are enumerated by Mr. Paxton, we do not find any thing to warrant a suspicion that personal prejudices exercised any influence over his mind. If he does trespass beyond the immediate purpose of his book, it is to impart some useful intelligence. Thus, after the name of HARRISON HALL, he adds "*bookseller and publisher of the Port Folio.*" Now if he had been one of those unfortunate persons who gratify resentment at the expense of judgment, who love revenge better than truth, or who would rather cast a barb than infuse a balm, he might have concluded, in the *ipse dixit* of impertinent criticism, "a stupid journal." If he had expressed such an opinion we should now have a problem to resolve for the amusement of

our readers, whether the judgment in question proceeded from that weakness which solicits pity, or that insolence which is to be treated with disdain

On the philosophy of evidence, although much has been written, the subject is still involved in doubt. In former times it was required that the person accused should touch hot iron or eat accursed bread. Under the enlightened jurisprudence of Great Britain a man who is vehemently suspected of the most atrocious crimes, may escape punishment by fighting his accuser from sunrise to sunset, but if he should perish in the encounter, or be unable to sustain it, throughout the prescribed period, he is to be considered as guilty and punished accordingly. This sagacious mode of trial is somewhat akin to the ancient manner of trying witches in New England, and therefore Mr. Sanford recommends its adoption in cases of historical doubts; so we infer at least from the following instance. Our readers have not forgotten the communication from general Dearborn (published last year in the *Port Folio*) in which severe animadversions were made upon the character of general Putnam. These strictures were answered in a following Number, and the question was at rest, we believe, long before Mr. Sanford dreamt of compiling this book. He thought proper, however, to revive the subject, in the following very extraordinary manner: "*It has recently been discovered, that 'old Put' was a coward. So stupid a calumny could only have found place in the pages of a stupid journal,*" &c. and the courteous historian concludes what he calls "a short review of that soldier's life," with a curious test, which he requires from any man who would venture to support such a charge as that which general Dearborn has preferred:—"until a man has voluntarily descended to fight a wolf in her own den, let him never think himself entitled to call the hero of Pomfret a coward." Mr. Paxton makes no very rash assertions, and therefore he need not undergo any severe purgation. He satisfies himself with a simple reference, and leaves it to the reader to make all needful inquiries. Thus he tells us that *Ezekiel Sanford* is "a gentleman;" but as if distrustful of his own judgment, or trembling at the idea of the wolf's den, he adds, "*see Sandiford.*" This latter person, we find, is a "coach-maker, 13th above Race street," at the end of whose name we are

referred back to the same "Ezekiel Sanford, gentleman." Each therefore, we presume, is to vouch for the character and qualifications of the other. To conclude our parallel between these performances, we must say that though the historian possesses more ~~fire~~ he has also more froth. What the Directory wants in fancy is compensated by fact. It shines in no borrowed lustre, and by confining it to Philadelphia in *the present year*, the absurdity of describing the United States *before* the Revolution is avoided. While the author of the Directory is quietly demanding, at the front door, "your name and occupation," the historian pops his head out of the chimney to "glance at the summits of affairs."* The Directory never condescends to use nicknames, whereas the historian indulges in the same vulgar familiarity which might be expected from the sooty tribe when they also have reached those giddy "summits" to which they are obliged to ascend.



GOOD HUMOUR.

SURELY nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness and good humour. He that regards the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his favours; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted.

* "His object has not been to give the details, but to glance at the summits of affairs; *sequare fastigia rerum*." Adv. to Sanford's Hist. p. iv.

**NEW METHOD FOR PRESERVING FRUITS WITHOUT SUGAR.—FROM
TRANSACTIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, &c.**

THE bottles I chiefly use for small fruit, such as gooseberries, currants, cherries, and raspberries, are selected from the widest necked of those used for wine, or porter, as they are procured at a much cheaper rate than what are generally called gooseberry bottles. Having got them properly cleaned, and the fruit ready picked, (which should not be too ripe,) fill such of them as you intend doing at one time, as full as they will hold, so as to admit the cork going in, frequently shaking the fruit down whilst filling. When done, fit the corks to each bottle, and stick them lightly in, so as to be easily taken out when the fruit is sufficiently scalded, which may be done either in a copper, or large kettle, or saucepan over the fire, first putting a coarse cloth of any sort at the bottom, to prevent the heat of the fire from cracking the bottles: then fill the copper, or kettle, with cold water sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly up to the top in it: put them in sideways to expel the air contained in the cavity under the bottom of the bottle; then light the fire if the copper is used, taking care that the bottles do not touch the bottom, or sides, which will endanger their bursting; and increase the heat gradually until it comes to about one hundred and sixty, or one hundred and seventy degrees, by a brewing thermometer, which generally requires about three quarters of an hour. For want of such an instrument it may be very well managed by judging of the degree of heat by the finger, which may be known by the water feeling very hot, but not so as to scald it. If the water should be too hot, a little cold may be added to keep it of a proper temperature, or the fire may be slackened. When it arrives at a sufficient degree of heat, it must be kept at the same for about half an hour longer, which will at all times be quite enough, as a longer time, or greater heat, will crack the fruit.

During the time the bottles are increasing in heat, a tea kettle full of water must be got ready to boil as soon as the fruit is sufficiently done. If one fire only is used, the kettle containing the bottles must be removed half off the fire, when it is at the full heat required, to make room for boiling the water in the tea kettle. As soon as the fruit is properly scalded, and the water boiling, take the bottles out of the water one at a time, and fill them with an inch of the cork with the boiling water out of the tea kettle. Cork them down immediately, doing it gently, but very tight, by squeezing the cork in, but you must not shake them by driving the cork, as that will endanger the bursting of the bottles with the hot water; when they are corked, lay them down on their side, as by this means the cork keeps swelled, and prevents the air escaping out: let them lie until cold, when they may be removed

to any convenient place of keeping, always observing to let them lie on their side until wanted for use. During the first month or two after they are bottled, it will be necessary to turn the bottles a little round, once or twice a week, to prevent the fermentation that will arise on some fruits from forming into a crust, by which proper attention, the fruit will be kept moist with the water, and no mould will ever take place. It will also be proper to turn the bottles a little round once or twice in a month afterwards.

Having laid down the method of preserving fruit without sugar, in as clear and concise a manner as possible, I will recapitulate the whole in a few words, which may be easily remembered by any person. Fill the bottles quite full with fruit. Put the corks in loosely. Set them in a copper, or kettle of water. Increase the heat to scalding for about three quarters of an hour; when of a proper degree, keep at the same half an hour longer. Fill up with boiling water. Cork down tight. Lay them on their side until wanted for use.

It may be said as an additional reason, as well as cheapness, for using wine, or porter bottles, instead of gooseberry, that there is a difficulty of obtaining them, even at any price, in some parts of the country; and indeed they are equally useful for small fruit, and answer the purpose quite as well, excepting the little inconvenience of getting the fruit out when wanted for use, which may be easily done by first pouring all the liquor out into a bason, or any other vessel, and then with a bit of bent wire, or small iron meat skewer, the fruit may be raked out. Some of the liquor first poured off serves to put into the pies, tarts, or puddings, instead of water, as it is strongly impregnated with the virtues of the fruit, and the remainder may be boiled up with a little sugar, which makes a very rich and agreeable syrup.

In confirmation of the foregoing assertions, I now produce twenty-four bottles as samples, containing twelve different sorts of fruit, viz. apricots, rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, plumbs, Orlean plumbs, egg plumbs, damsons, Siberian crabs, and green gages—which have all been preserved in the manner above described.

In order to diversify the degree of heat, and time of continuance over the fire, I have done some in one hundred and ninety degrees, and continued them in it for three quarters of an hour: from which experiments it is evident, that the heat is too powerful, and the time long, as the fruit by this degree and continuance is rendered nearly to a pulp.

In the summer of 1807 I preserved ninety-five bottles of fruit, the expense of which, exclusive of bottles and corks, was 1*l.* 9*s.* 5½*d.*; but having some fruit left, it will not be right to judge them at a higher rate than 1*l.* 9*s.*; and allowing 5*s.* for the extra coals consumed in consequence of my not having a conveniency of doing more than seven or eight at a time, and this being done at fourteen

different times, it will amount to 1*l*. 14*s*. the average cost of which is nearly 4*d*. per bottle, exclusive of the trouble of attending them. But if we estimate their value in the winter season at 1*s*. the bottle, this being in general as low or lower than the market price, they will produce 4*l*. 15*s*.; but losing one bottle by accident, it reduces it to 4*l*. 14*s*., leaving a net profit of 3*l*. on ninety-four bottles, being a clear gain of nearly two hundred per cent.

Another great advantage resulting from this statement will appear by making it an article of store for shipping, or exportation; and I shall submit a few ideas tending to promote such a beneficial object, by doing it in large quantities; for which purpose sufficiently extensive premises must be fitted up, with a proper number of shelves, one above another, at a distance of about five inches.

The vessel for scalding the fruit in should be a long wooden trough of six, eight, or ten feet in length, two or three in breadth, and one in depth, fitted with laths across to keep the bottles upright, and from falling one against another; this trough of water to have the heat communicated to it by steam, through a pipe from a closed boiler at a little distance. The boiling water, wanted to fill the bottles with, may be conveyed through a pipe and cock over the trough, by which arrangement, many hundreds of bottles might be done in a short time. It may be prudent to observe, that this idea is only speculative, not having been actually practised, but at the same time seems to carry with it a great probability of success, and worthy the experiment.

REPORT MADE TO THE PHYSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL CLASS OF THE FRENCH INSTITUTE, ON A BURNING MIRROR, PRESENTED TO THE CLASS BY M. PEYARD. *Translated from the French.*

M. PEYARD, who has just published an elegant translation of the Works of Archimedes, was naturally led to reflect on the means, which that great geometrician is said to have employed, to burn the fleet of Marcellus before Syracuse. Both the ancients and the authors of the middle age relate, that he used a burning mirror; but none of them enter into the particulars sufficiently, to give us an accurate idea of his process. Anthemius, who built the church of saint Sophia at Constantinople in the sixteenth century, and appears to have been a very intelligent architect, invented an assemblage of plane mirrors, to produce the same effect as that of Archimedes. Since that time Kircher, who perhaps was unacquainted with the works of Archimedes, thought of something similar. Lastly, count de Buffon constructed a burning mirror, composed of a hundred and sixty-eight plane glasses: and the ex-

periments, in which he employed it, are well known. These three processes, which come to the same thing, are attended with serious inconveniences.

For a mirror to reflect to one and the same point the rays of the sun, considered as parallel to each other, the reflecting surface must make part of that of a paraboloid of revolution, the axis of which is parallel to the rays of light, and its focus their point of union. If this mirror were composed of a number of plane mirrors of moderate size, the plane of each must be parallel to a tangent of the paraboloid at the point where it is cut by the corresponding radius vector. Now in consequence of the motion of the sun, the position of the axis of the paraboloid changes with some rapidity. If the form of the mirror therefore be unchangeable, the whole must turn round the focus with the sun, which appears to be impracticable: and if the parts that compose it be moveable, independent of each other, each of these parts must turn so as to be constantly perpendicular to the right line, that bisects the angle formed by the solar ray and the corresponding radius vector.

It appears difficult to give the component mirrors the movement in question by means of a machine, less perhaps because the change in the sun's declination would render this machine complex, than because the expansion of the metallic rods, used for imparting the motion, would change in a perceptible and unforeseen manner the direction of the component mirrors; and because the action of the machinery would impart to each mirror a vibratory motion, that would keep the image in perpetual agitation.

There remains no other reasonable way, therefore, of composing a burning mirror of several plane mirrors, but by entrusting each of the latter to an individual, charged with keeping it in the proper position for reflecting the image of the sun to a determinate point, varying the position agreeably to the motion of the sun. But M. Peyard justly observes, that this method is attended with an inconvenience which must prevent its success. It is easy indeed for a single person, attentive and conveniently placed, to direct to a point the image of the sun reflected from a mirror of moderate size, and to keep it there, notwithstanding the motion of the luminary. The difficulty would not be very great for three or four persons to do this at the same time. But if fifty, a hundred, or two hundred persons were employed to form a burning focus in this manner, as none of them could distinguish the image he sent from that sent by another, if one of the images alone should deviate from the focus, each of the co-operators would try whether it were his, and hence would arise an agitation and disorder, that would prevent the focus from being formed. This inconvenience M. Peyard purposes to remove in a very ingenious way, by furnishing each of his mirrors with an apparatus not very complex, which we shall proceed to describe.

A small telescope supported on a stand, and furnished with two wires crossing each other in the focus of the glasses, may

easily be directed to the point to which the image is to be conveyed. In this direction it is fixed by two screws. This telescope, without changing its direction, is moveable on its axis between two collars, and can be kept in any position round this axis by another screw. On this telescope is fixed the mirror, which it carries with it when it turns round its axis, and which, independent of this motion, is capable of turning round another axis, perpendicular to that of the telescope. The telescope is to be turned on its axis, till the axis of the mirror is perpendicular to the plane formed by the incident and reflected rays, and in this position it is to be fixed by a screw. Lastly, the mirror is to be turned on its axis, till the reflected rays are parallel to the axis of the telescope; and then the image of the sun must strike the object at which the telescope points.

The two movements here mentioned are executed one after the other, and are capable of considerable precision. With respect to the first, when the axis of the mirror is perpendicular to the plane of the incident and reflected rays, the edge of the frame, which is perpendicular to the axis of the mirror, throws its shadow in a plane parallel to the incident and reflected rays, and consequently, parallel to the axis of the telescope. This shadow, therefore, or the boundary of the light reflected from the mirror, will cut an index projecting from the telescope in a right line at the same distance from the axis of the telescope, as the edge of the frame is.

Accordingly, this right line being traced on the face of the index, for executing the first motion, it is sufficient to turn the telescope on its axis, till the shadow of the frame coincides with the right line on the index, which may be done with considerable precision.

For the second movement, it is clear, that, when the mirror is so placed as to have its reflected rays parallel to the axis of the telescope, if in the axis of the mirror, and close to the edges of the frame, a little line of the silvering be removed, the want of silvering will produce a shadow that will fall on the middle of the right line of the index. This middle point being previously marked on the index, to execute the second movement it suffices to turn the mirror on its own axis, till the shadow of the unsilvered stroke falls on this point: which may be done with the same precision as the former movement.

Thus we see, that every person employed, however great the number, may direct the image he produces to the point assigned for the focus, without troubling himself about what is done by the others, and without being disturbed by their operations. It may be observed too, that the motion of the sun in its diurnal axis, is not so rapid, but that one person might attend to ten mirrors near each other, and keep them in the right position, which would greatly diminish the trouble and expense of the process.

We are of opinion, therefore, that M. Peyard has carried the construction of burning mirrors, composed of several plane mirrors, to a degree of perfection that it had not before acquired, and appears to us to merit the approbation of the class.

Done at the Palace of the Arts, 3d of August, 1807.

CHARLES,
ROCHON,
MONGE, Reporters.

The class approves this report, and adopts its conclusions.

DELAMBRE, Perpetual Sec.

Paris, 4th August, 1807.

A Tour through some parts of France, Switzerland, Savoy, Germany, and Belgium, during the Summer and Autumn of 1814. By the Honourable Richard Boyle Bernard, M. P. 8vo .pp. 358. 1815. [From the Monthly Review.]

This tour was commenced in July 1814. The author proceeded straight by Calais to Paris; from Paris he travelled across the Jura mountains to Geneva, made a tour along the course of the Aar, and returned northwards by Berne, Schaffhausen, Mannheim, Cologne, and the Netherlands.

Passing over the observations on the well-known route from Calais to Paris, and on the various attractions of the French metropolis, we shall make our first extracts from a chapter descriptive of Mr. Bernard's Alpine peregrinations. Having set out from Geneva in a carriage somewhat like an English sociable, and travelled above twenty miles into the territory of Savoy, he arrived at an hotel, or inn, beautifully situated about a quarter of a league from the little town of Salenche.

' The windows of our hotel commanded a most astonishing extent of mountain-scenery diversified by the windings of the Arve through a well cultivated valley. The hotel was sufficiently comfortable, but the bill was extravagant beyond any precedent in the annals of extortion. We had occasion to remonstrate with our host on the subject, and our French companion exerted himself so much on the occasion, that at last we succeeded in persuading the landlord to make a considerable reduction in his charges, which were out of all reason, making every allowance that his house was so situated, as not to be accessible during the whole year. We were afterwards told that he would have considered himself amply paid by receiving the half of his first demand, and

I found it is often the practice to ask of the English at least double of what is charged to travellers of any other nation. Appearances were so much against our landlord, that one might say to him in the words of the epigram, "*If thou art honest, thou'rt a wondrous cheat.*"

'The carriage-road ends at Salenche; and we, therefore, made the necessary arrangements to proceed on mules, and sent back our carriage to Geneva. It was the first time I had travelled in a country only *accessible on foot or by mules*, and I cannot but add my testimony to that of all those who have ever made excursions into these mountains, respecting the very extraordinary and almost incredible safety with which the mule conveys his rider over tracks, which were any one to see suddenly, coming out of a civilized country, he would think it the height of folly to attempt to pass even on foot. There are however places where it is expedient to climb for one's self, but as long as one remains on the back of the mule, it is advisable not to attempt to direct his course, but to submit one's reason for the time to the instinct of the animal. Our guides assured me that they had never known a single instance of any one's having had reason to regret having placed this confidence in them; and, indeed, it is by having the command of his head that the mule is enabled to carry his rider in safety over passes, which one is often afraid to recall to one's memory.'

Mr. B. then describes the vale of Chamouni, and the beautiful prospect from the summit of Mont Anvert, with its *mèr de glace* extending before the traveller, and presenting as solid a mass of ice in August as in December. Proceeding by the romantic villages of Valorsine and Trient, he reached the town of Martigny, situated in a valley on the banks of the Rhône.

'We were here amused with an account of two English gentlemen, who attempted to ascend Mont Blanc, notwithstanding the assurances they received of the impracticability of the attempt under present circumstances, as a chasm had lately been made by the thaw on one side of the mountain; but they were not to be intimidated either by the advice of the inhabitants, or by the accounts of the hardships suffered by M. de Saussure, and judging with Hannibal,

"Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum,"

"Think nothing gained while aught remains,"

they set out on this difficult enterprise, attended by eighteen guides, but at length were obliged to desist, after running many hazards, and after having expended at least fifty pounds. If they failed in accomplishing their undertaking, they had at least the satisfaction of exciting much wonder amongst the surrounding peasants, at

the curiosity and rashness of the English. Our party were more easily satisfied; and having seen as much as could be accomplished without very great difficulty, we were contented to judge of the rest from the ample descriptions that have been published respecting them.

‘I could have wished, however, that time and the consent of the majority of the party, would have permitted my ascending to the convent on the great St. Bernard; but being left in the minority, I did not feel disposed to make the excursion by myself, and I therefore prepared to accompany my friends back to Geneva.’—

‘The Rhone is here of astonishing rapidity, and its waters have quite a milky hue, from the vast quantities of melted snow with which they are supplied. On quitting the lake at Geneva, the river is of a transparent blue colour, which is attributed partly to its having deposited its sediment in the lake, and partly to the nature of the soil over which it there passes.’

Returning to the borders of the lake of Geneva, Mr. Bernard and his companions travelled along the whole of its northern shore; passing successively Vevay, Lausanne, Rolle, Noyon, the temporary abode of Joseph Bonaparte, and Copet, better known as the residence of M. Neckar. Having gratified the eagerness of his curiosity by a view of mountain-scenery, he now felt himself disposed to remain quietly for some weeks at Geneva:

‘The higher circles are remarkable for that freedom, blended with politeness, which places society on its most natural basis, as I had frequent occasion to remark during my stay at Geneva.’

‘The college of Geneva and its library are generally pointed out to strangers as worthy of a visit; for the Genevese are no less celebrated for their proficiency in literature, than for their commercial industry. The college consists of nine classes, and owes its foundation to the celebrated Calvin, who was born at Noyon, where his father was a cooper. He first arrived at Geneva in 1536, was exiled in 1538, and recalled finally in 1541; he became the legislator as well as the religious reformer of the state. His writings, in 44 volumes, containing 2023 sermons, and his portrait, are preserved in the college-library, which contains about 50,000 volumes, besides 200 manuscripts, some of which are of great value. This library was originally founded by Bonnaval, prior of St. Victor, and is open from one till three o’clock every Tuesday. Two secretaries are then engaged, under the inspection of the librarian, in taking lists of the books which are borrowed or returned.—The hydraulic machine on the Rhone, which supplies the city with water, although it is less complicated than that at Marli, is not less ingenious, and is certainly of greater utility.’

The wheel is twenty-four feet in diameter, and raises about 500 pints a minute at all seasons (being preserved from the effects of frost) to two reservoirs, one seventy, the other 126 feet above the level of the river. The first supplies the fountains and houses in the lower part of the town, and the second those in the more elevated situations. The water of the Rhone, although transparently clear, is hard and unpleasant to drink.

‘ In enumerating the public establishments of Geneva, I must not omit to mention the Society for the Advancement of the Arts, which was originally projected by M. Faizan, an eminent watch-maker; its first meetings were held at M. de Saussure’s house. This society is now so considerable as to be under the direction of government, and its meetings are held in the town-hall, where subjects connected with agriculture and the useful arts are discussed, and prizes distributed, as well to the school of drawing (which is on a most respectable footing) as to *all* who distinguish themselves, either by inventions of utility, or by noble or *humane* actions.’

‘ The *Perte du Rhone*, or the spot where the Rhone suddenly sinks into the ground, forms one of the objects usually visited from Geneva, and I accepted a proposal to join a party in making an excursion thither.

‘ We set out at an early hour, and arrived at Vanchy about noon, from whence we proceeded on foot to the spot where the vast waters of the Rhone, in approaching a ridge of rocks, with inconceivable rapidity, *sink into the earth*. The cavern is covered with foam, from the agitation of so great a body of water being forced into so small an aperture; and the sight is at once magnificent and solemn. The *emersion* of the Rhone is not far distant from the place of its ingulfation, but presents a very different spectacle, as the river ascends so gradually as to be completely smooth, which is attributed to the depth of the caverns from which it issues. It seems probable that these caverns have some undiscovered outlet, as the Rhone, after its rise from them, is but inconsiderable, compared with what it is before its disappearance.’

‘ The elevation of Geneva (187 toises above the Mediterranean) together with the proximity of the Alps, and of the mountains of Jura, cause winters to be long, and often severe. The summers are often extremely hot, but the air is refreshed by the gales from the mountains, which sometimes occasion very sudden changes in the atmosphere.’

‘ Often, during the summer-months, the lake is ruffled by the *Bise*, or regular northeast wind; but the east and west winds occasion the most destructive tempests. The climate of Switzerland is in general much colder than in the countries by which it is surrounded. Its numerous lakes, mostly very elevated, add greatly to the freshness of the air, and the frequent rains from the Alps bring with them the temperature of those mountains. But although

the climate is so variable, being often changed in a few hours, from the great heat which the reflection of the sun occasions in the valleys, to the cold rains which proceed from the surrounding mountains, yet these sudden transitions do not appear to have an ill effect on the health of the inhabitants. On the contrary, the celebrated physician HALLER attributes the salubrity of the air of Switzerland to the currents from the Alps, which preserve it continually pure, and prevent its stagnation in the valleys.

'The great occupation of the inhabitants of Geneva consists in the manufacture of watches, clocks, &c.; and having a desire to see some specimens of their workmanship, I accompanied a friend, who had purchased a *musical snuff-box*, to the workshop of its fabricator, who, although he was of the first celebrity in Geneva, had no warehouse in a more accessible situation than his workshop on the fifth story. I afterwards found that most of the watchmakers had their workshops at the tops of the houses, which here, as in Edinburgh, are mostly occupied by several families, who have a common stair-case to their apartments. I was much pleased with the display of ingenuity in this warehouse, and found that many of the articles were intended to be sent to Paris, to Asia, &c. Geneva itself could not, of course, supply purchasers for such a profusion of expensive mechanism. The *taste* of many of the articles is by no means such as would insure them a ready sale in London.

'There are at Geneva many pleasant *circles* or *societies*, who have a common apartment to meet in within the city, where the papers are taken in; and often a garden in the neighbourhood for their recreation. I was introduced to one of these circles, and went to their garden, which was large and well-shaded with walnut trees. I must not take my leave of Geneva without mentioning, that there are few places which afford more of the requisites to a pleasant residence. The walks and rides in its vicinity are very numerous, and abound with interesting prospects. The view of the city from the village of Coligny, on the Savoy side of the lake, is highly impressive. The junction of the rivers Arve and Rhone forms another very fine scene. The waters of the Rhone are at least three times greater than those of the Arve, and are of a transparent blue colour, whilst those of the Arve are of a milky hue, something like the appearance of the Rhone when it first enters the lake of Geneva, where it leaves the tint it acquired from the mountain-snows and torrents. The Rhone seems for a considerable distance to retire from any amalgamation with the Arve, but at length assumes a less transparent aspect.'

From Geneva, Mr. Bernard went northwards in the direction of Yverdon; and in his way he beheld, at the village of Lassera, the remarkable sight of the separation of a rivulet into two branches, one of which flows northerly until it falls into the rivers leading to

the German ocean, while the other runs into the lake of Geneva, and eventually into the Mediterranean. Though highly gratified with Switzerland, Mr. Bernard remarks that both travelling and house-keeping are more expensive there than in France; it being necessary to import from the latter country an annual supply of provisions, on account of the poverty of the soil in some parts, and of the general culture of vines in others. His attention was much attracted by the town of Neufchatel, which with its adjacent territory, exhibits a pleasing picture of industry and activity:

‘The town of Neufchatel contains between 4 and 5000 inhabitants; it is partly built on a hill, where stand the church and castle, and partly on a plain near the lake, on the borders of which are handsome public walks, and farther improvements are carrying on. The elegant appearance of many of the private houses proves the wealth of their owners.

‘Neufchatel is without fortifications, but is in general well built; it is said to present a perspective, resembling, in miniature, the distant view of Naples. The lake is not deep, but seldom freezes, although it is thirty-one toises more elevated than that of Geneva.

‘The principalities of Neufchatel and Vallingen are about twelve leagues long, by eight at the broadest part; the soil is far from fertile, but the industry of the inhabitants renders it astonishingly productive. Any person having a certificate of his general good conduct may settle here, and enjoy every essential privilege of the native subjects. This is perhaps the only country in Europe *exempt from taxes*; for the payment of a few sous annually from every householder cannot be considered as a tax. This circumstance lessens our astonishment at the commercial activity which prevails in this little state, the population of which exceeds 40,000. The villages of Chaux de Fond and Locle, with their districts, contain about 600 inhabitants, and furnish annually 40,000 watches in gold and silver, besides clocks. There are also numerous engravers and enamellers. The country is celebrated for its wild beauty; and our excursion, which occupied a day, was pleasant.

‘The state of Neufchatel is an independent sovereignty, allied with Switzerland; which alliance secures its independence, and every prince, on succeeding to the sovereignty, is obliged to ratify it. The actual government is a mixture of aristocracy and democracy. The sovereignty, which is *almost a name*, is inalienable and indivisible, and cannot be sold or given to a younger branch of the reigning family, without the consent of the people,—it is hereditary, and a female is capable of inheriting it. The revenues of the sovereign arise from quit-rents, fines, tithes, and the exclu-

give right of trout-fishing in the autumn; he can, on no pretext whatever, exact any thing additional from the state, and the total of his revenue does not exceed 45,000 francs.—The last time when the estates were called upon to decide between a number of claimants for the sovereignty, was in 1707, on the death of the duchess of Nemours without issue. Most of the claimants came in person to Neufchatel, or sent ambassadors to support their pretensions. Amongst them were the king of Prussia, margrave of Baden Durlach, the prince of Nassau, the prince of Condé, the marquis d'Algers, the count of Montbeliard, &c. &c. In bestowing the sovereignty on the king of Prussia, care was taken that he should confirm all the doubtful privileges of the people; for it is a fundamental maxim of this little state, "*that the sovereignty resides not in the person of the prince, but in the state.*"

By the treaty of Tilsit, 1806, this state was severed from Prussia, and given by Bonaparte to marshal Berthier; but the recent events have restored it to the king of Prussia, and the inhabitants seem to bear the greatest attachment to his majesty. I saw, in two places, the triumphal arches under which he passed in his late visit to Neufchatel. It appears probable that this will be acknowledged as a canton by the Swiss Diet, but that the nominal sovereignty of the king of Prussia will be preserved. The chief advantage his majesty derives from this country is the supply of a great number of recruits to his army. I saw a body of fourteen hundred soldiers, of excellent appearance, set out on their march for Prussia: ✱ ✱ ✱

The Pont de Thiel divides the territories of Berne and Neufchatel, and it is also the limit of the French language, none of the peasants beyond the bridge being able to answer any questions but in German. However, at all the chief inns, in both Switzerland and Germany, some of the waiters speak French. It is difficult to suppose a more sudden change than presents itself to the traveller on his passing this bridge. The houses, dress, and appearance of the inhabitants all announce that he is arrived in a country differing entirely from France, Savoy, and the Pays de Vaud.

The enormous black crape head-dresses of the women have a most singular effect, as well as their long hair, which reaches half way down their backs, plaited into several divisions. It is said, that in some districts, the females after marriage roll it round their heads. The costume of the men much resembles that of our sailors. Cotton or woollen caps are more worn than hats, as was the custom in England until about the time of Henry the Eighth.

We sent our baggage by the coach to Berne, and walked three leagues to breakfast at Anet, in German *Eis*, a large village pleasantly situated. We observed that the direction posts had a translation into French of the German names, &c.; a precaution very useful on the frontiers of nations speaking two different

languages. We found our inn extremely neat, as indeed the inns generally are throughout Switzerland; and that is one great advantage to the traveller which it possesses over France, where it is seldom that good accommodations can be procured at a country inn.'

Occasionally, the author intersperses his pages with comparative calculations relative to the prominent objects that he encountered in his tour, and similar monuments in other countries. When contemplating at Paris the dome of the *Hotel des Invalides*, he gives a short statement of the height of other structures, compared in French toises, each equal to nearly six feet five inches English measure:

	Talens.
' The highest Pyramid - - - -	77½
Strasburg Cathedral to the top of the vane -	71½
St. Peter's at Rome, to the summit of the cross -	68
Church of the Invalids at Paris, to the vane -	54
St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to the top of the cross	53'

Again, when traversing the Alps, he makes a comparative estimate of the height of mountains.

	English feet.
' Chimboraco, the highest of the Cordilleras -	20,608
Mont Blanc, above the level of the Mediterranean, according to sir G. Shuckburgh - - -	15,662
Ditto, according to M. de Luc - - -	15,302½
Mount Caucasus - - - -	15,000
Etna, according to M. de Saussure - - -	10,700
Teneriffe - - - -	10,954

The highest mountain in Scotland is Ben Nevis, 4,337 feet. In Wales, Snowdon, 3,555. In England, Ingleborough, 3,200 feet. In Ireland, Croagh Patrick, 2,666.'

Lastly, when passing in the neighbourhood of Zurich, and making an excursion to that part of the lake which (though near the centre) is reduced by promontories to a very small compass, so as to admit of being traversed by a wooden bridge, he supplies his readers with a short note of the comparative length of other structures of the kind:

Westminster-bridge - - - -	1200 feet
Bridge over the Moldu at Prague - - -	1700
Bridge over the Lake of Zurich at Rappershweil	1800
The narrow bridge over the Rhone, at St. Esprit, near	3000

At Zurich, the traveller is greatly mortified on coming into the town and finding that its internal appearance is by no means in correspondence with the beauty of the surrounding scene. Berne, on the other hand, will stand the closest examination, and is in fact one of the few places at which the expectation of a stranger, when excited by a distant prospect, will experience no disappointment on entering the walls:

'Berne is deservedly considered as *one of the handsomest cities of Europe*; it stands on a hill surrounded on two sides by the beautiful stream of the *Aar*; it is surrounded by higher grounds richly cultivated, and interspersed with woods, whilst the view is terminated by the snowy summits of the Alps.

'The chief street is half a league in length. The houses, which are in general uniform, are built of free-stone upon piazzas, and have a stately appearance, and there are several towers which add to the general effect. In the middle of the street runs a rapid stream, and there is sufficient space for two carriages to pass at each side of it. Fountains are also placed at regular distances. The piazzas are flagged and kept extremely neat; but I should think, that in this climate, they must make the houses cold in winter. This was the first place, since my departure from London, where I found a flagged way for the convenience of pedestrians.

'Berne is not a city of very remote antiquity, having been founded in the year 1191. It is 1650 feet above the level of the sea. The fortifications are kept in tolerable order, but from the height of most of the surrounding hills above the city cannot be considered as of much utility. In the trenches are kept several very large stags, and also several *bears*, there being an annual rent of 1200 livres for their support. This animal is thus favoured, as being the *armorial bearing* of the city, (to which it gives name,) and these arms are every where to be seen, there being few barns without them. There are many handsome churches in Berne: the tower of the cathedral is very fine, and it contains many windows of stained glass. The public library is well worth visiting; as is also the *botanic garden*, which is on a most extensive scale; in it is placed the tomb of the celebrated *Haller*. I was much struck by the great number of chemists' shops in Berne. The bakers' shops also are very numerous, and the bread is inferior to none in Europe.

'A stranger is surprised to see the *convicts chained to the carts*, which are constantly in use to keep the streets clean. I confess the sight displeased me, and this system would not be tolerated in England, where I think there was an attempt to introduce it during the reign of Edward the Sixth. The objects that most pleased me at Berne were the *public walks*, which are unequalled by any I have ever seen, in respect to their number, extent, and the neatness with which they are kept. The views from some of

these walks are quite magnificent; one, in particular, on an eminence beyond the city, which follows the course of the Aar for a long distance, commands a view which can never be forgotten by those who have seen it. The city is a striking object at a distance from the number of its spires; but although, from the spaciousness of its streets, it covers a good deal of ground, yet it is by no means populous, the inhabitants being only 11,500, but there are no mendicants. The public roads in the canton of Berne are kept in excellent order, and every thing indicates the activity of the administration.'

'Before visiting Switzerland, I had often felt surprise on considering the great variety of states which subsist in a country of such comparatively limited extent: but I no longer felt that astonishment, when I saw how completely many of the cantons are divided from each other by chains of mountains, and how greatly their inhabitants differ in their dress, manners, and religion. In one day, in the cantons of Berne, Lucerne, and Zug, I saw three perfectly distinct modes of dress; and the enormous sleeves and crape head dresses of *Berne*, compared with the large flat hats and short petticoats of Lucerne, are as totally different costumes, as could be supposed to prevail in two of the most remote countries. The *political* divisions of Switzerland are almost as numerous as its geographical; and there are few countries where more diversities of opinion prevail, respecting the means of securing that liberty which is the boast of its inhabitants.'

The farther progress of Mr. B. was made by Schaffhausen, Tubingen, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Frankfort, Mentz, Coblenz, and Cologne. He was delighted with the rich vineyards of Hockheim, and struck with awe by the lofty mountain of Ehrenbretstein, but could not, amid all this magnificence of view, forbear to regret the want of those cheerful country-seats which enliven the borders of an English river. Leaving the Rhine at Cologne, where the romantic scenery terminates, he brought his journey to a close by returning through Liege, Brussels, Lisle, and Calais.—Our chief objection to his sketch of his tour is its want of animation. Like a dull picture, it contains no prominent object to fix the attention; and various scenes, rich with the materials of description, are introduced too cursorily and faintly to arrest the mind of the reader, or to satisfy him that Mr. B. was fully alive to the grandeur of the objects which he contemplated. The composition too, is frequently inelegant. In point of political feeling, he is a resolute Antigallican, and as much disposed to pa-negyrrize lord Castlereagh for his diplomatic exploits, as a traveller of a very different stamp (Mr. Hobhouse) is to condemn him.

LINES

On receiving from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, a piece of the tree under which William Penn made his Treaty with the Indians, and which was blown down in 1812, converted to the purpose of an inkstand.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

FROM clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The war-fiend raised his hateful yell,
And midst the storm that realms deplore,
Penn's honoured tree of concord fell.

And of that tree, that ne'er again
Shall Spring's reviving influence know,
A relic, o'er the Atlantic main,
Was sent—the gift of foe to foe!

But though no more its ample shade
Wave green beneath Columbia's sky;
Though every branch be now decayed
And all its scattered leaves be dry;

Yet, midst this relic's sainted space,
A health-restoring flood shall spring,
In which the angel-form of Peace
May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.

So once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life through every pore,
And bend afresh with foliage green.

The withered branch again shall grow,
Till o'er the earth its shade extend—
And this—the gift of foe to foe—
Become the gift of friend to friend.

 RETIREMENT.

SOME suspension of common affairs, some pause of temporal pain and pleasure, is doubtless necessary to him that deliberates for eternity, who is forming the only plan in which miscarriage cannot be repaired, and examining the only question in which mistake cannot be rectified.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—BIOGRAPHY.

HONOURABLE EDWARD BARON ELLENBOROUGH

The late lord chief justice of England was the son of Dr. Edmund Law, archdeacon and bishop of Carlisle. He was born in 1748 or 1749, and at the age of twelve, having already begun to exhibit the promise of future distinction, he was removed to the Charter-house, where the influence of his father had procured for him a place on the establishment. From this place he was in due course (1768) removed to St. Peter's. Here he applied himself with such vigour and perseverance that, in 1771, we find him one of the chancellor's medallists, and, in 1773, one of the members' prize men, and senior bachelor. After taking his degree with unusual applause, young Law repaired to London, where he entered his name as a student on the books of Lincoln's-Inn. By practising sometime *under the bar* as a special pleader, and taking pupils, he obtained a thorough knowledge of the technical parts of practice, without which no man can ever become a consummate lawyer, and he formed connexions with reputable and wealthy clients. When he was called to the bar, he preferred the northern circuit where his name and family were well known. At the head of his profession he found men of great ability, such as Lee and Wallace, each of whom afterwards filled the office of attorney-general; but in the course of time they retired, and their places were filled by Mr Scott (lord chancellor), and the subject of these memoirs. Mr. Law only wanted a fair opportunity for his exertions, and a proper arena for the display of those strong natural powers with which he was gifted.

The court of King's Bench, over which the great earl of Mansfield still presided with an union of dignity and suavity, which at once invited ease while it commanded respect, afforded an appropriate theatre. Dunning yet lingered at the bar, and did not retire until he was ennobled; while Erskine now began to display those precocious talents that rendered him unrivalled as an advocate. But Law had drawn his resources from the fountain-head, and relied less on oratorical, than legal attainments. As business during the circuit leads to business in term time, a whole host of northern attorneys and their London agents, now poured into his

chambers, and his name and talents speedily became known. The first cause in which he distinguished himself, is said to have sprung out of a question of insurance, and as this occurred at Guildhall, much city business followed, and he began to be considered as a *rising man*. Just at this critical period too, the friendship of one of the puisne judges of the King's Bench, (sir F. Buller) obtained for him a silk gown, and it was now to be decided, whether his talents entitled him to *lead* or to *follow*. The attempt was indeed hazardous, but it proved successful; and from that moment it was readily foreseen, that this aspiring young man, was not only fully entitled to, but would at length attain all the honours of his profession. Notwithstanding this, when lord Kenyon became chief justice (K. B.), he viewed Mr. Law with no favourable eye. In what manner, and on what account this prejudice could have originated in the bosom of so great a judge, is now difficult to guess at. The learned counsel himself, not unfrequently, yet delicately alluded to this unhappy circumstance, by exclaiming in open court:—" *Et Jupiter Hostis!*" But he consoled himself in the friendship of Mr. justice Buller and lord chief justice Willes.

In 1785 an event occurred of a political nature, that tended not a little to give celebrity to the name, and scope for the display of, Mr. Law's talents. This was the prosecution of Warren Hastings, who after occupying the high station of governor-general of Bengal, for many years, resolved to return to Europe, and encounter all the dangers and severities of a parliamentary impeachment. Able counsel became necessary for his defence, and an attempt was made to retain Mr. Erskine, then in the height of his popularity and renown; but that gentleman declined the offer, and Mr. Law was immediately selected. Plomer and Dallas, who were also young men, were associated with him in this defence; and although the prosecution was managed by Burke, Fox and Sheridan, they obtained a signal triumph for their illustrious but persecuted client! From the very first, a contention, not unfrequently of the most acrimonious kind, took place between Mr. Law and Mr. Burke, the chief manager. To assertion, he opposed assertion; accusation was repelled with a demand of proof; he boldly protested against the rules of evidence laid down by the

representatives of the commons, and seemed to incline towards those modes and usages sanctioned by the courts below. So warm, and indeed so violent, did these altercations become, that the high court of parliament deemed it necessary for its own dignity to interpose, and the *leader* for the prisoner at the bar, we believe, was called to order. It was not until the *fifth year* of this trial that Mr. Law was enabled to enter on the defence. In the *eighth year*, after a trial that lasted one hundred and forty-eight days, judgment was finally pronounced. Out of the twenty nine lords then present, twenty-one declared Mr. Hastings "not guilty," while eight, only, voted "guilty," on one or more of the charges. As the law expenses amounted to the sum of 71,080*l.* we doubt not that the three counsel were liberally rewarded; and indeed we find that they had been presented with the sum of 1500*l.* for drawing answers to the articles of impeachment alone. The East India Company, some years afterwards paid the law charges, and voted an annuity of 4000*l. per annum* for twenty-eight years on Mr. Hastings.

In 1801, during a vacancy of both the offices of attorney and solicitor-general, Mr. Law was advanced at a single bound to the former, without passing as usual through the intermediate step of an honourable but inferior station. In the following year, on the death of lord Kenyon, he succeeded that officer in the King's Bench. In addition to this, he was ennobled, and on that occasion very modestly assumed the title of Ellenborough, from a little fishing village in the neighbourhood of which his ancestors had lived on their little freeholds for many generations, under the provincial appellation of *statesmen*, or reputable yeomanry.

On a change of ministry, lord Grenville came into power, and immediately testified his high respect for lord Ellenborough, by assigning him a place at the council board. This occasioned some debate in parliament, it being deemed inexpedient, by several members, that any common law judge should be a member of the cabinet. But notwithstanding this well-grounded objection no alteration took place. As a member of parliament we find lord Ellenborough frequently taking part in the debates. In 1805, when one of the ministers (lord Grenville) presented a petition from the Irish Catholics, he strenuously opposed the concession

of any fresh privileges. "The question now before us," he observed, "is not a question of toleration in the enjoyment and exercise of civil and religious rights, but of the grant of political power. All that toleration can require in respect to civil and religious immunities, has been long ago satisfied in its most enlarged extent." He concluded a long and able speech in the following explicit terms: "I feel it my duty, my lords, now and for ever, as long as the Catholic religion shall maintain its ecclesiastical and spiritual union with the see of Rome, to resist to the utmost of my power, this and every other proposition, which is calculated to produce the undoing and overthrow of all that our fathers have regarded, and ourselves have felt and known, to be the most venerable and useful in our establishments, both in church and state."

Whoever is acquainted with the care, anxiety, and fatigues incident to a chief justice of the King's Bench, cannot be at all surprised, that fifteen years of constant and painful attention, had made a deep impression on a constitution, originally strong and vigorous. Warned of approaching dissolution, by an illness of considerable duration, lord Ellenborough resigned all his judicial employments in November last, and on Sunday the 18th of December 1818, he was called to another world!

Lord Ellenborough's advancement, as we have seen, was rapid. His original merits consisted in long and painful study; a vigorous and manly address; a strong discriminating judgment; an utter contempt of fear; and a bold and nervous eloquence, that scorned to stoop to embellishments. These qualities, in addition to powerful connexions, all formed by himself, and a nice and lucky combination of circumstances, enabled him in the race for fame, honours and wealth, to outstrip all his competitors, one only excepted. So far as regards rank, the chief justiceship of the King's Bench is but the second office in the kingdom; but when wealth, permanency and patronage, and the power of providing amply for family and friends, are taken into consideration, it is assuredly the first.

RESOLUTION.

Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

The following lines by Thomas Moore, Esq. are from the seventh volume of *Irish Melodies*, just published.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it
 I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
 And until they can show me some happier planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
 As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
 They may say what they will of the orbs in the skies,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In memory's star, where each minute can bring them,
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
 Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
 They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I;
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
 They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
 But though they were even more bright than the green
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven-blue sea,
 As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
 Why, this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
 Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
 Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A GENTLEMAN of the bar is preparing for the press *A Treatise on the Law of Courts Martial*. As these courts are composed of persons in the army or navy, who are generally not very conversant with any other than cannon law, a popular work on this important subject is much wanted.

In one of the New York papers we find an article of literary intelligence, which purports to be translated from a German work entitled the *Medicinische Chirurgische Zeitung*. "The highly meritorious professor Mitchill" is the most conspicuous figure in this view of American literature, and in the back ground we have a glance at the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and the New York university. Not many years ago one of the *savans* of New York was accused of sending *puffs* of himself to London, which were inserted in the *Monthly Magazine*, and republished in this country. We hope this disgraceful practice is not about to be revived. What progress has actually been made in the New York Institution for the deaf and dumb, we cannot undertake to state, Dr. Mitchill's "Address" being the only publication on the subject that has reached us.

A work has been published in Germany entitled "*Der Deutsche in Nord-America*"—The German in North America.

"Imagination; the Maniac's Dream, and other Poems; by H. T. Farmer, M. D. Member of the Historical Society of New York." The author of this volume has collected the usual quantity of *eyes* and *skins*, *hearts* and *darts*, *waves* and *graves*, *gleams* and *dreams*, &c. and by stringing them at the end of a certain number of syllables, has eked out a volume, which by courtesy is called poetry. He invokes the lyre of Burns that he may

"————— deftly spread,

A screen of roses over Hosack's head."—p. 93.

and talks about the "diamond strand" of genius. With a degree of modesty altogether unparalleled, he sometimes takes a motto from his own pages, and as the passages thus distinguished may be considered, by the author, as among his happiest efforts, we shall copy that which is prefixed to the *Maniac's Dream*.—For the sake of economy in our typography, we shall degrade the lines from

their ten-syllable dignity, and thus demonstrate how easily poetry may be transformed into plain prose:

——— "She fell—and quivering anguish closed her eyes in death———oh! madness! to what pale demon shall I liken thee! thou art sick Fancy's ghost, tired Memory's troubled dream, monarch of wild surmise, who with unequal rule, drags trembling horror from the breaking heart, and chains it in the confines of the brain."———

The most amusing verses in the volume are those which record the neighbourly visiting which seems to be kept up between two personages with whom the doctor is very familiar: *c. g.*

"SONNET TO SORROW.

"Say, gentle Sorrow, *tenant lone* of night,
Where is thy mystic *solitary* bower?
Does Genius, there, display her beaming light,
And art thou governed by her fairy power?—

* * * * *

Yes, Sorrow! in thy bower of drooping vines,
The star of *Fancy gleams* and *Genius shines*."—p. 62.

This visit is punctually returned, as the reader will find by *taking a chair** on page 73.

"SONNET TO GENIUS.

"Where, lovely maid, is thy delusive cell?
Where is thy drooping amaranthine bower?
Does pallid sorrow in thy confines dwell, &c. &c."

"*The Epitaph on Dr. David Ramsay, the late celebrated Historiographer,*" holds forth a sorry prospect to the "flowers of promise" in the honourable society of which we find the doctor is a member:

"Ye, who have *sought*, amidst ambrosial bowers
For Genius drest in *April flowers*,
And ye, who seek for Wisdom's hallow'd cave,
Here stay your steps, and view this lonely grave.
Here on this spot, though damp, and low, and dread,
Here Genius bows the venerable head;
The bays are wither'd—they shall bloom no more,
On earth's inhospitable, wintry shore;
Where every weed in glowing health is found,
Whilst flowers of promise wither on the ground."—p. 79.

* "First in the drama's tragic page,
See Cooper take the chair."—"FARMER." p. 130.

We ought to mention, however, for the honour of Genius and her April flowers, that in the end she is made to soar "*amidst the starry skies*"—for no other reason, perhaps, than because in the preceding line the author had written—"here Ramsay's body lies."

The London Monthly Magazine gives the following list of the numbers of periodical journals purchased on the last day of every month by a single bookseller in London, for distribution among retail customers: viz. 650 Monthly Magazine, 550 Gentleman's Magazine, 450 Monthly Review, 350 Sporting Magazine, 300 British Critic, 300 European Magazine, 300 Ladies' Magazine, 275 New Monthly Magazine, 225 London Monthly Magazine, 200 Eclectic Review, 175 Thompson's Annals, 175 Medical Repository, 150 Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, 125 Philosophical Magazine, 125 Repertory, 125 Ackerman's Repository, 75 Literary Repository. These numbers, as the regular monthly consumption of one wholesale house, will appear the more extraordinary when we state, that on the decease of the late M. Millin, at Paris, it was discovered that the total monthly sale of the *Annales Encyclopediques*, the best journal in France, did not exceed 350 copies; and that the new *Journal des Savans* did not exceed 200 copies—a fourth of each being sold in Great Britain.

An interesting Romance on the subject of Robin Hood is forthcoming; and we doubt not, that the parallel of character between the merry wight of Sherwood Forest, and the present favourite of the day, Rob Roy, will obtain for the former, as great popularity in Scotland, as his name has maintained for centuries past in the sister kingdom.

Those who recollect the account of "the admirable Crichton," which was dictated to Hawkesworth by Dr. Johnson, and published in the *Adventurer*, will be gratified to learn that an authentic account of this wonderful person will shortly be published, with notes and an appendix of original papers; by Patrick Frazer Tyler, Esq. This work will embrace a critical examination of the evidence in support of the remarkable adventures of Crichton in France and in Italy, with some considerations on the state of

literature in those countries and in Scotland, during the sixteenth century.

Notwithstanding the supercilious manner in which this country is generally treated by English tourists and journalists, we find that such men as sir Samuel Romilly and Mr. Roscoe are ready to refer to our institutions in illustration of those benevolent plans which they have submitted, at various periods, to the consideration of the English people. To the *Observations on Criminal Jurisprudence and the Reformation of Criminals*, by the latter gentleman, he has added the latest reports of the state prisons of this city, New York and Boston. Philadelphia had the distinguished honour of giving the first example of a system of punishment best calculated to subserve the great ends of public justice. But while she has been imitated by her sister cities, with unexampled success, the English pursue their old course, in despite of reason and experience. That country swarms with bible societies, and charitable institutions, and it may safely be affirmed that in no period of ancient or modern history can we contemplate such a picture of national grandeur as England exhibits; still her jurisprudence is deformed by sanguinary and temporary statutes, which are outrages on justice and decency.

Mrs. Taylor, who is advantageously known as the author of *Maternal Solitude*, and other excellent tracts on education, has recently published an essay on the "Reciprocal Duties of Parents and Children." The same soundness of understanding, the same simplicity of mind and correct feeling, which obtained for Mrs. Taylor's first unostentatious volume an instant yet permanent popularity, have been displayed throughout the series to which these may be considered as fairly belonging, and it is no small merit to have won that popularity, by means so free from stratagem. To be didactic through even a small volume without being dull, to present obvious truths without incurring the charge of triteness, and to preserve throughout, a style which without ever sparkling into antithesis, or assuming the stateliness of axiom, leads on the reader imperceptibly by its ease and neatness, require, we think, more talent than suffices to give plausibility to much more lofty pretensions. The valuable qualities of mind

which are evinced in such a work, are perhaps, not less rare than what is generally understood by the term, genius, and certainly not less efficient for the business of instruction. Mrs. Taylor writes with the air of a person who thoroughly knows what she undertakes to impart, and who has but one object in view in writing it, namely, to make others the wiser and the better for her experience and reflection.

Bertrand de Molville, minister of marine to Louis XVI. resided many years in England, where he amassed considerable property. He was an author, and also kept a pastry cook's shop, and was the inventor of a cork-screw upon a new principle, for which he got a patent, and sold it for a considerable sum of money.

The conclusion of a review of *Birkbeck's Notes* in "The Scotsman" is in the true Tewkesbury style:—"Mr. Birkbeck says little of public affairs; but it is quite obvious that the Americans are far behind the more enlightened nations of Europe in their ideas of legislation and government. They have not discovered the benefit of engaging in long wars to uphold the pope, the inquisitions, and all old corruptions. They seem to be quite ignorant of the art of making a nation flourish by excessive taxation, an enormous debt, sinecures and standing armies. They have profited so little by the new constitutions set up on the continent, within these few years, that they still act upon the vulgar and exploded idea that a chamber of deputies should consist of representatives freely chosen by the people, not of a body of men got together by influence, bribery, and corruption,—to impose taxes,—to give authority to the acts of the government, and control or repress the voice of the nation."

The following paragraph is extracted from *The American*, an excellent paper which has recently been established in the city of New York. It will afford us great pleasure to receive and transmit subscriptions to the meritorious author.—M. L. Da Ponte proposes to publish, by subscription, an Analytic Catalogue of the Italian Writers, which will give a compendious view of Italian literature, and of the merits of its different authors. The work will be written by himself in Italian, and translated by his

son. It is wholly unnecessary to recommend to those who are conversant with Italian literature, the means by which they may fully appreciate its variety and extent; it is to those who are unacquainted with the riches of the most delightful language of Europe, that we would urge the patronage of a work, which if it only contains the inducement to acquire those treasures it points out, will amply repay its cost. From specimens we have seen, the work will do credit to its author, and will repay the liberality of those who have extended their favour to a most deserving and ingenious foreigner. Subscriptions at one dollar each received at L. Da Ponté's, 54 Chapel street, at Mr. Eastburn's Literary Rooms, New York—and at the Port Folio office, Philadelphia. In addition to the favourable opinion which is here expressed, the reader of the Port Folio may refer to that of Matthias, the reputed author of the "Pursuits of Literature." See Port Folio, Jan. 1817.

"*The Theory of Dreams*, in which an inquiry is made into the powers and faculties of the human mind as they are illustrated in the most remarkable dreams recorded in sacred and profane history," is drawn from the obsolete fancies of sir Thomas Browne, who asserted that in sleep we are somewhat more than ourselves, "and that the slumbers of the body seem to be but the waking of the soul; the ligation of the sense but the liberty of reason: and that our waking conceptions do not watch the fancies of our sleep." In like manner, the anonymous author of the theory before us conceives that the mind, during sleep, is roused to high and more than ordinary exertions, in consequence of being relieved from the incumbrance of the bodily senses. Nothing, however, can be so inconsistent with every physiological observation: nothing so incongruous with the general causes of common sleep, with the phenomena of winter sleep, or with those of somnambulism. Upon this recondite subject we beg leave to refer our readers to Mr. Goode's Theory, published in a long note inserted in his translation of Lucretius, 11.139. We are better pleased with our author's account of the most remarkable dreams of antiquity: and also with his observations on the degree of credit which is due to them as predictions of future events. The mind

of man, he remarks, is not naturally endowed with the faculty of prophetic discernment, capable of operating either during sleep, or at any other time: that consequently no confidence is to be placed in any dreams or visions, except such as can be ascertained to have been communicated by inspiration: that the claim to inspiration must be rigidly confined to those dreams which were subservient to the grand scheme of revelation: and that therefore none but those which are recorded in scripture can be regarded as having any connexion with futurity.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Poison Tree.—The public were never, perhaps, more grossly imposed upon than by *Foersch's* account of the poison tree of Java, which was afterwards dressed up in all the tinsel charms of Darwin's poetry, to which it was much better suited than to the sobriety of natural history. Dr. Horsefield, however, unmasked the falsehood in a paper drawn up by the request of Mr. *Raffles*, the late governor, and inserted in the 7th vol. of the Transactions of the Batavian Society. M. Leschenault de la Tour, a French naturalist, arrived at the same result about the same time—indeed Dr. Horsefield yields him the priority of the discovery.

It is true, notwithstanding, that there is a *poison tree* in Java, and other eastern islands, commonly called the *Oofas*, or Upas. By *Raumphius* it is called the *Arbor Toxicaria*, and otherwise the *Anchor* of Java. It is true also, that from the sap of this tree, the natives of the eastern extremity of the island, where it grows, extract a poison for their arrows equal in virulence to any animal poison that is known. The juice, or gum, is however, innoxious at its extraction, and requires the addition of various heating substances, of the nature of ginger, to give it that fatal activity for which it is so famous.

Dr. Thompson has discovered a new compound inflammable gas, and has called it, from the nature of its constitution, hydrogured carbonic oxide. Its specific gravity is 913, that of common

air being one. It is not absorbed nor altered by water. It burns with a deep blue flame, and detonates when mixed with oxygen and fired. It is a compound of oxygen, hydrogen and carbon; and Dr. T. considers it as being three volumes of carbonic oxide, and one volume of hydrogen, condensed by combination into three volumes.

Crayon Pencils.—The finest grained charcoal that can be procured is sawed into slips of the size and form required, and put into a pipkin of bees wax, where they are permitted to remain near a slow fire for half an hour or more, in proportion to the thickness of the charcoal: they are then taken out, and when perfectly cool, are fit for use. By adding a small quantity of rosin to the wax, they may be made considerably harder; and on the contrary, should they be required softer, a little butter or tallow will answer the purpose. The advantages these pencils possess are, that they can be made at the most trifling expense, and at any time; and that drawings made with them are as permanent as ink, and not liable to injury by being rubbed or remaining in the damp. The above process will harden both red and black chalk, and make them permanent also.

Steam Boats.—The application of steam engines to the propulsion of boats and marine vessels, is now becoming very general; not only in England and America, but in other parts of the world. Experiments have been made with a steam-boat on the Danube, between Vienna and Nusdorf, and have succeeded. A fine vessel, called the Garonne, has been launched at Lormont near Bordeaux, and has answered every wish of the builders; and it is said they exist even at Naples.

INDOLENCE.

He that is himself weary, will soon weary the public. Let him, therefore, lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity, or attention. Let him not endeavour to struggle with censure, or obstinately infect the stage, till a general hiss commands him to depart.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH of a landscape in Cecil county, Maryland, at the junction of the Octorara creek with the Susquehanna, suggested by hearing the birds sing during the remarkably warm weather in February 1806.

WHAT joyous notes are those, so soft, so sweet,
That unexpected, strike my charmed ear!
They are the ROBIN's song! This genial morn,
Deceives the feathered tribe: for yet the sun,
In Pisces holds his course; nor yet has Spring
Advanc'd one legal claim; but though oblique,
So mild, so warm, descend his cheering rays,
Impris'ning winter seems subdued. No dread
Of change retards their wing; but off they soar
Triumphing in the fancied dawn of Spring.

Advent'rous birds, and rash! ye little think,
Though lilacs bud, and early willows burst,
How soon the blasts of March—the snowy sleets,
May turn your hasty flight, to seek again
Your wonted warm abodes. Thus prone is youth,
Thus easily allured, to put his trust
In fair appearance; and with hope elate,
And nought suspecting, thus he sallies forth,
To earn experience in the storms of life!

But why thus chide—why not with gratitude
Receive and cherish ev'ry gleam of joy?
For many an hour can witness, that not oft,
My solitude is cheered by feelings such,
So blithe—so pleasurable as thy song
Sweet Robin, gives. Yet on thy graceful banks,
Majestic Susquehanna—joy might dwell!
For whether bounteous Summer sport her stores,
Or niggard Winter bind them—still the forms
Most grand, most elegant, that Nature wears
Beneath Columbia's skies, are here combin'd.

The wide extended landscape glows with more
Than common beauty. Hills rise on hills—
An amphitheatre, whose lofty top,
The spreading oak, or stately poplar crowns—

Whose ever-varying sides present such scenes
Smooth or precipitous—harmonious still—
Mild or sublime,—as wake the poet's lay;
Nor aught is wanting to delight the sense;
The gifts of Ceres, or Diana's shades.
The eye enraptur'd roves o'er woods and dells,
Or dwells complacent on the numerous signs
Of cultivated life. The labourer's decent cot,
Marks the clear spring, or bubbling rill.
The lowlier hut hard by the river's edge,
The boat, the seine suspended, tell the place
Where in his season hardy fishers toil.
More elevated on the grassy slope,
The farmer's mansion rises mid his trees;
Thence, o'er his fields the master's watchful eye
Surveys the whole. He sees his flocks, his herds,
Excluded from the grain-built cone; all else,
While rigid Winter reigns, their free domain!
Range through the pastures, crop the tender root,
Or climbing heights abrupt, search careful out,
The welcome herb,—now prematurely sprung
Through half-thawed earth. Beside him spreading elms
His friendly barrier from th' invading north,
Contrast their shields defensive with the willow
Whose flexile drapery sweeps his rustic lawn.
Before him lie his vegetable stores,
His garden, orchards, meadows—all his hopes—
Now bound in icy chains: but ripening suns
Shall bring their treasures to his plenteous board.
Soon too, the hum of busy man shall wake
Th' adjacent shores. The baited hook, the net,
Drawn skilful round the wat'ry cove, shall bring
Their prize delicious to the rural feast.

Here blooms the laurel on the rugged breaks,
Umbrageous, verdant, through the circling year
His bushy mantle scorning winds or snows—
While there—two ample streams confluent grace—
Complete the picture—animate the whole!

Broad o'er the plain the *Susquehanna* rolls
 His rapid waves far sounding as he comes.
 Through many a distant clime and verdant vale,
 A thousand springy caverns yield their rills,
 Augmenting still his force. The torrent grows,
 Spreads deep and wide, till braving all restraint
 Ev'n mountain ridges feel the imperious press;
 Forced from their ancient rock-bound base—they leave
 Their monumental sides, erect, to guard
 The pass—and tell to future days, and years,
 The wond'rous tale! Meanwhile,
 The conqueror flood holds on his course,
 Resistless ever—sinuous, or direct.
 Unconscious tribes beneath his surface play,
 Nor heed the laden barques, his surface bear;
 Now gliding swiftly by the threat'ning rocks,
 Now swimming smoothly to the distant bay.
 To meet and bring his liberal tribute too,
 The modest *Octorara* winds his way—
 Not ostentatious like a boasting world
 Their little charities proclaiming loud—
 But silent through the glade retir'd and wild,
 Between the shaded banks on either hand,
 Till circling yonder mead—he yields his name.
 Nor proudly, *Susquehanna*! boast thy gain,
 For thence, not far, thou too, like him shalt give
 Thy congregated waters, title—all,
 To swell the nobler name of *CHESAPEAKE*!

And is not such a scene as this the spell,
 That lulls the restless passions into peace?
 Yes. Cold must be the sordid heart, unmov'd
 By Nature's bounties: but they cannot fill,
 That ardent craving in the mind of man,
 For *social intercourse*,—the healthful play—
 The moral gem—the light of intellect—
 Communion sweet with those we love!

CONSTANTIA.

Octorara.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A PARODY.

AIR—"Farewell to my Harp."—MOORE.

DEAR friend of my frolics, one dark night I found thee,
 As lonely and sad I was stumbling along;
 And many times since have good fellows sat round me,
 Inspired by thee, to gay pleasure and song.
 With our heads full of fun, and our hearts warm with gladness,
 No lads in the nation more happy than we;
 We defied all disasters, and drowned every sadness,
 In the grief-killing stream that was furnished by thee.

Dear jug of good stone ware! adieu to thy treasure,
 This scarcely fill'd cup is the last I shall taste;
 It saddens my heart, dear, and grieves me past measure,
 To think that so soon I should drain out thy last.
 Go tumble about in the dark as I found thee,
 'Till some thirsty lad shall restore thee to light;
 Who, then, disappointed shall spurn and confound thee,
 For finding thee empty as I do to-night.

VALERIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LA ROSE.

TRADUITE DE L'ANGLAISE.

Sous un ombrage fleuri et rempli d'odeur,
 Elise me charmait les yeux;
 Elle cueillit une rose, qu'elle mit sur son coeur,
 Et parut, embellie par cette douce fleur,
 Comme Venus descendue des cieux.

Doucement je m'approchait et à la rose dit,
 "Toi, qui reine des fleurs es eclose,
 Au dessus des morsels le sort te benit,
 Par la beauté carressée, son sein est ton lit—
 Que le destin m'eut crée une rose!"

A.

New Orleans.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—SONO.

Oh, oft as the silent moon climbs o'er yon hill,
 And the dog's distant bay rings along through the dale;
 When the ev'ning is calm, and the winds are all still,
 I hie me away to sweet Ann of the vale!

When I visit her neat little cottage below,
 Communing we sit 'neath the moon's light so pale:
 Not a pain do I feel, nor a care do I know,
 As I sigh on her bosom, sweet Ann of the vale!

And oft by the gush of the fountain we rove,
 When the white-blossom'd hawthorn enlivens the dale,
 Whilst we talk of the blessings of innocent love,
 And time flies unmarked with sweet Ann of the vale!

Oh Love! where thy sunshine with heart-cheering ray,
 Casts a light on the soul, can dark Sorrows prevail?
 Should misfortunes o'ertake me, or sadness dismay,
 I will rest on thy bosom, sweet Ann of the vale!

J. E.

PROFANITY PUNISHED.

WE have heard an anecdote whispered, that a distinguished living *wit*, having selected the character of a Methodist parson for a private masquerade, procured a bible, and actually sat down to the perusal, in order to fit himself out for the occasion; but the ideas which he thus needlessly imbibed, the expressions with which his memory became charged, were not with equal ease dislodged: they asserted their authority as truth, and his spirits, after an ineffectual struggle, sunk beneath the burden of his own poisoned thoughts.—*Eclectic Rev.*

Books are not absolutely dead things; but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.—They are as lively and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.—MILTON.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The Art of Printing.—It will probably be recollected, that Mr. George Clymer, of this city, went to Europe some time ago with his "Columbian Printing Press," in order to exhibit in that part of the world his new invention. He presented one of them to the emperor of Russia. The emperor directed his minister of the interior to have it examined. The minister committed the task to four eminent printers at St. Petersburg, of as many different nations, viz. a Russian, a German, a Frenchman and an Englishman. On a thorough inspection and trial of the machine, the report from these four individuals was so decided as to its superiority over all printing presses heretofore in use, that the emperor, to mark his sense of so ingenious and useful an improvement in this great art, presented Mr. Clymer with the sum of six thousand roubles.

AMONG the wonderful discoveries of the present ingenious age, is the art of making writing-paper of turnip and beet roots. For this invention the world is indebted to Mr. Simeson, a Dane. This gentleman may rank with the philosopher who proposed to attract sunbeams from cucumbers.

THE Indians who lately committed the murder of Wood and Bishop, are confined in jail at Huron, Ohio. They confessed the crime, and were given up by their chiefs, with apparent cheerfulness. They are young, being of the ages of 16, 19 and 23. The lad of sixteen years old was taken at his father's hut. The father and mother showed some symptoms of sorrow, but said, "If he is the rogue, take him away—try him by your laws, and punish him according to his deserts."

THE number of emigrants embarked at Belfast, Ireland, for America, in 1816-17-18—was 14,128, including 1281 families.

REVENUE of the city of Washington, from May 1, 1818, to April 30, 1819—Tavern Licenses \$ 1567—Retailers' 740—Hackney Coaches 684—Carts, Wagons and Drays 239—Billiard Tables 338—Auctioneers 400—Hawkers and Pedlars 35—Public Amusements 176—Dogs 173—Market Stalls 401. Expenditure: Compensation to Public Officers \$ 6000—support of Poor \$ 3000.

Domestic Industry.—A writer in the Washington City Gazette, remarks as follows—"We have fine climates, good soils, a cheap government, industrious habits, and more territorial wealth than the same number of people on any other section of the globe, and yet we are embarrassed—exhibiting daily more coercion for payment and petty law-suits than any other sixteen millions of people on earth."

EXTRACT from the proceedings of the legislature of Connecticut. *Thursday forenoon, May 20, 1819.*

"Mr. Austin moved for the previous question—would the house do any thing upon the subject?

"Question by the Speaker—As many as will do any thing upon the petition, will please to signify it.

"The house voted *to do any thing.*"

A MRS. VERDIER, of Pennsylvania, offers to contract to deliver from her own farm, 32 dozen (384) fresh laid hens' eggs every day.

Phenomenon.—A few days since, at Sandy bay, cape Ann, the tide rose ten feet in a few moments, and as suddenly ebbed. In the rapidity of the ebb a boat was overset, and a person in her was drowned. A before important spring on Mr. Trask's land, then became dry, and has continued so. Many of the inhabitants of the vicinity think there was an earthquake.

EVERY day at Paris, says the editor of the *Journal des Modes*, the borders of gentlemen's hats enlarge, the coats diminish, and the pantaloons extend. A wag upon this, observed, "I cannot tell where our *DANDIES* hide themselves; we can neither see their face, their figure, nor their legs."

A PETITION is circulating in Maryland, requesting the governor to call the legislature speedily together, in order that they might afford relief to the distressed people of that state, and "shield them from impending clouds of waste and desolation." The petition states, that a large proportion of the most enterprising and industrious classes are deeply involved in debt, and although possessed of property, are unable to discharge their obligations, owing to the reduced prices of their staples and the distressing state of commerce.

The Bridge Bank at Augusta, Georgia, has stopped payment, and is winding up its concerns. The directors assure the public of the ability of the bank to redeem all its paper in a very short time; and state that an interest of eight per cent. per annum will be paid on all its notes from the time of its stoppage.

A BILL has passed the legislature of Connecticut, authorising the governor of that state, to procure a pair of pistols, with suitable devices, to be manufactured in that state, and presented to commodore M'DONOUGH, as a tribute of respect and gratitude for his eminent services, in capturing the British fleet on lake Champlain during the late war.

Progress of Medicine.—One hundred and two physicians graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, at the last public commencement. Of the number, eighty were from Massachusetts, twenty-one from Pennsylvania, and thirty-seven from Virginia.

Summary Punishment.—The jailer of Augusta, Georgia, has given notice in the public papers, that “I will shoot the first man I see conveying to the prisoners any article whatever.”

THE number of notes printed every day at the Bank of England, is stated at 30,000. We believe none are re-issued after being returned. The cost of engravings must be great—for it is said not more than 600 impressions can be struck on one copper-plate. The plan for bank-bills to prevent counterfeiting, recommended in London by the society of arts, is an association of engraving on steel plates, and printing with diamond types.

A LADY in Baltimore was lately delivered of two children on Sunday, and of a third on the Friday following.

THE wife of a labouring man, named Jos. Richardson, of Cooksey, near Broomsgrove, Warwickshire, England, was lately delivered of FOUR children, at one birth—all girls. They are likely to live, and the mother is going on well. The poor man's wages is ten shillings per week, and he has three children in addition to the above.

IT is now customary for travellers to go from New York to Philadelphia to dinner. The coach goes in about ten hours.

TWO or three natives from Madison's Island, in the South Seas, have arrived at Providence in the ship Lima. They are copper-coloured, and tattooed according to the custom of their country.

A SUBSTITUTE for walking has been already seen in this country. It has, however, been entirely surpassed by an Italian, who has made a sort of Pegasus of the hobby horse, if we may believe the foreign papers, one of which says—“A Mr. Brianza, at Milan, has invented a new travelling machine, which is said to be far superior to that of baron Drais', and with which the traveller may go backwards or forwards.” In the front of this vehicle, the Milan papers say, there is a winged horse, by the wings of which the carriage is put in motion.—*Lon. pap.*

The Arabian Nights.—The sieur Galland, editor of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, had disgusted the literary people of his residence, by publishing his two first volumes half filled with insipid questions and answers of the sisters Scheherazade and Dinarzade. Fretted with this tiresome folly, some young men came in the middle of a frosty night, and contrived all kinds of alarming noises to rouse the author. After they had kept him for some time in suspense, with his head and shoulders exposed to the cold air, one of them said to him, “Dear sister, if you be not asleep, I would pray you until break of day, which is near at hand, to go on with that agreeable story which you began.” Poor Galland, finding his own words so unmercifully turned against him, shut his window, and, consulting his pillow, published the tales in his succeeding volumes without any more such ridiculous introductions.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1819.

No. II.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM OF NORFOLK.

[With an Engraving.]

Among those charitable associations which are so honourable to our country, "*The Female Orphan Society of Norfolk*," has a fair claim to public notice.

It is the design of this Institution to provide the means of support and instruction for female orphans of tender age. The little children are accordingly taken up from a state of poverty and desertion, and placed at once in this house, under the care of a pious matron. Here they are trained in habits of industry and virtue, and taught reading, writing, sewing, and other things suited to their prospects in life. At the same time, they are particularly instructed in the principles of religion, from the word of God. Thus they are prepared to be bound out to service in respectable families, which are always willing to take them. And thus, no doubt, many little girls are saved to society and virtue, who might otherwise have been lost to both.

An institution of this kind will always find patrons; and it is well supported by the citizens of Norfolk. Accordingly, the Managers have been gradually enlarging their establishment for some years past; and lately, by the generous legacy of a friend,*

* *Captain John Maxwell*, a citizen of Norfolk, who was lost at sea in 1814-15. He left the society the sum of \$2500, with which the site of the building was purchased, and its foundation laid.

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they have been further enabled to build a house for their wards, which is an ornament to the town.

The Orphan Asylum is built on a lot situate on Briggs Point, near the east end of the town, fronting on Holt street, and running down to the river in the rear. The building, which is of brick, consists of two stories besides the easement, with a roof of easy pitch springing from a walk, enclosed with a parapet. The front presents a pleasing view. The wall appears relieved with four pilasters of the Ionick order, crowned with capitals of the style. In the centre, is an open semi-circular recess, which rises the whole height of the stories, and is stuccoed with Roman cement coloured to resemble stone. On either side of it, in a line with the pilasters, and corresponding with them, is a column of the same order, wood painted white. In the frieze over the columns, is a marble tablet which bears the name of the building. Above the pilasters and pillars, a handsome cornice, with frieze and architrave, runs across the front. The windows in the lower story, one in each division, have stone sills and lintels, the latter figured. Those above are Venetian half circles, with stone arches and keys, the sills supported by ornamental trusses. Between the upper and lower ones, pannels imitating stone are inserted for relief. The whole has a light and airy effect, very pleasing to the eye.

The plan was drawn and executed by Mr. Frederick Y. Roddey, a young architect of merit and promise.

We cannot close our brief notice of this institution, without expressing our cordial approbation of its design, together with our best wishes for its success.

HAPPINESS.

ALL natural, and almost all political evils, are incident alike to the bad, or good. They are confounded in the misery of a famine, and not much distinguished in the fury of a faction. They sink together in a tempest, and are driven together from their country by invaders. All that virtue can afford is *quietness of conscience*, a steady prospect of a happier state, which will enable us to endure every calamity with patience.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MOONSHINE.

BY THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY.

ΚΑΝΟΝΕΙΣ ΚΑΙ ΛΟΓΟΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ 'ΕΝ ΤΗ ΜΟΝΗ ΤΗΣ ΣΕΛΗΝΗΣ.

No. 2.—*By the Man in the Moon.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEREAS it hath been represented to me that many well disposed persons are willing to become members of our society, I have therefore directed the secretary of the said society to lay before them the rules, laws, and ordinances thereof, relative to the admission of members.

COPERNICUS PTOLEMY, LL. D. F. S. N. A., &c. &c. &c.

Vice-President of the Lunarian Society.—
ANNOTATIONS,*By Vincent Lunardi, Esq. Secretary to the Lunarian Society.*

OUR president having spent the greater part of his time in solitary study for the good of mankind, in imitation of his predecessor the illustrious Osymandyas, has learned to despise all the unnecessary foppery of the multiplication of words, so prevalent in the present day, and has always been remarked for brevity and chewing tobacco. "What is the use of words," will he sometimes say, "but to express our meaning, and if a few plain words will serve our purpose, why should we go out of our way to seek for others, merely because, forsooth, they are thought more elegant?" Such is his argument, (for he always prefers the Socratic mode) and knowing that he will make no reply if we object to it, it is a rule of the society never to contradict him. This taciturnity of his has very frequently been the cause of considerable debate among his acquaintances. His friends are all convinced that it proceeds from intensity of thought, and that, like the Spectator, he has studied himself dumb for the good of mankind; at the same time they regret it, as depriving them of an infinite deal of pleasure which they promise themselves if he could but be brought to open his mouth more frequently, for any other purpose than putting in a fresh quid; and lament that he should thus carefully con-

ceal his light under a bushel. His enemies, (for every good and great man has enemies) assert that his silence is mere stupidity, and that it is very good policy for a man who has chanced, without knowing it, to say a very good thing once in his life, to hold his tongue for ever after, that the world may suppose him capable of saying something else equally good if he chose it. As to hiding his light under a bushel, they say that it is not uncommon to appear to be hiding something in order that those who see us may take it for granted that it *is* a light which we seem so anxious to conceal. They add that abundance of these dark luminaries are to be met with every day, and they mention as examples those silent gentlemen who take their stand at the corner of a street, clap a bamboo to their nose, and look as if they thought, while, alas! all their thought lies in their looks. They also quote the old story of the parrot, who, on being asked the cause of his silence, replied, "I think the more,"—but, when other questions were put to him, the poor bird could give no other answer than the repetition of "I think the more." Such are the calumnies of the malevolent who envy this exalted character his pre-eminent station, and have even attempted to make him an object of ridicule by calling him Old Copper Nick. But, though curs may bay the Moon, its light shall still beam forth unclouded.

Another very amiable trait of our vice-president is his modesty, for who but he would have shrouded all his titles in three *et ceteras*? Besides his designation of LL. D. F. S. N. A. the learned Copernicus Ptolemy is fellow of sixteen royal societies, forty-three academies of arts, one hundred and twenty-one anacreontic societies, and one pugilistic association. He has likewise had a number of invitations from other institutions of this latter denomination to become one of their members, but having had the misfortune to lose three teeth, and to receive a black eye on his admission into the first, he has ever since declined all similar honours.

For the satisfaction of the unlearned I shall inform them, that the letters F. S. N. A. affixed to his name, signify Fellow of the Society of Noah's Ark, which body is commonly known to the world by the name of the Antediluvians. By the assistance of our vice-president, we have obtained an extract from the journals of this society, which settles a point that has been long contested between

the Lunarian society and the Free Masons. Between these two bodies there has been a warm dispute relative to seniority; the Masons having the confidence to contend that their society existed before ours was in being, although it is notorious to the world that their origin can by no means be traced higher than the building of Solomon's temple. Now, from the journals of the society of Noah's Ark, (which the Free Masons allow to be older than their own) it appears that the Antediluvians themselves do not pretend to have existed before Methusalem, while they acknowledge that the Lunarians can count a succession of presidents up to Tubal Cain, who was the first that began to work up MOONSHINE into ear rings, watch chains, seals, rings, and other necessities of life. Let the Lunarian society, then, be venerated as the oldest and most respectable upon the surface of the terraqueous globe.

In our next number we shall, in compliance with the mandate of our vice-president, give to the world the rules and institutes of our society.

V. L.

* *

MOONSHINE FOR THE LADIES.

By Timotheus Varnish, Fellow of the Lunarian Society.

To conclude another number without an article that the ladies might consider as particularly devoted to themselves, would be to offer an unmerited insult to their charms, and to do violence to our own feelings. To them it is a rule of our society to pay the most pointed attention, and we are happy to find that by so doing we shall stand the best chance of gaining the favour of our patronesses, the Muses. Instead of being of a jealous disposition, as they once were, these goddesses have of late years been peculiarly grateful to all who pay due devotion to their own sex. They do not now bid their votaries "slight all females but the muse;" waste their life in garrets by the light of the midnight lamp, or hide their "unkempt locks" in the retreats of a college. It is in the blaze of a tea party that our unfledged poets are taught to expand their wings, where, like flies that have approached too near to the candle, they flutter about and lament their misfortunes in a dying strain. So necessary, indeed, have they become for the ladies, and the ladies for them, that a poet without a Delia or a

Cara, is as uncomfortable an animal as a knight errant without a Dulcinea or a Bradamante; while, on the part of the ladies, it is reckoned as great a deficiency to be without a "song-inditer," as it would be to a Highland chieftain to want a piper. To every fair forlorn, whose admirers may not have the scull to perceive that "rhyme" and "time," and "love" and "dove" jingle together, we offer the following. Let her make them transcribe this upon gilt paper, and then, as a great secret, she may show it to all her acquaintances as a copy of verses addressed to herself.

SONNET—TO DELIA.

'Twas not the liquid lustre of thine eye,
 Nor thy fine form, to which might ill compare
 The* bending statue, nor thy glossy hair,
 Nor thy cheek ting'd with health and beauty high,
 Nor yet thy honied lip, nor those bright rows
 Of pearl, through which thy breath more fragrant flows,
 Than balmy Zephyr when he woos the May,
 That won my heart: for beauties I have known
 That *almost* equall'd thine, and have not lov'd!
 It was thy gentleness my bosom mov'd,
 Thy heart to feel for others' miseries prone,
 Thy converse sweet, and (unaffected) gay.
 These shall endure when other charms are past,
 And while these shall endure, so long my love shall last.

* *

 BEAUTY.

As we are more accustomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reason why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire customs, and fashions of dress for no other reason than that we are used to them: so that though habit and custom cannot be said to be the cause of beauty, it is certainly the cause of our liking it:

* "*The bending statue that enchants the world.*"—Thomson.

- Memoir of the Early Life of William Cowper, Esq.* Written by Himself, and never before published. With an Appendix, containing some of Cowper's Religious Letters, and other Interesting Documents, illustrative of the Memoir. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 126. 1816.
2. *Memoirs of the most remarkable and interesting Parts of the Life of William Cowper, Esq.* Written by himself. To which is added, an Original poem and a Fragment. 18mo. pp. 94. 1816.
3. *Poems by William Cowper of the Inner Temple, Esq.* Vol. III. containing his Posthumous Poetry, and a Sketch of his Life. By his Kinsman, John Johnson, LL. D. Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, Norfolk. Various Sizes. 1815.
4. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of William Cowper, Esq.* A new Edition: revised, corrected, and recommended. By the Rev. S. Greatheed, F. S. A. 24mo. pp. 148. 1814.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

It is several years since a manuscript copy of this most affecting piece of *auto-biography*, was confidently entrusted to us for perusal. Had we been altogether ignorant of the Author, had we never heard the name of Cowper, it would have been nevertheless impossible not to feel intensely, painfully interested; and the unknown individual, whose heart is laid open in this narrative, to its most sacred recesses, would even then have taken possession of our tenderest sympathy. But the man whose mental history we were thus admitted into the confessional, as it were to hear from his own lips, was one for whose character we had long cherished the feelings of endeared intimacy. It seemed that we were listening to the voice of a departed friend. And the information furnished by these disclosures related exactly to that portion of his history which forms a chasm in the record of the biographer, and which no human being, how closely soever allied in sympathy, though possessing all the advantages of familiar intercourse, could perfectly have supplied. The mysterious curtain, behind which we had so often with fearful curiosity desired to look, was drawn half aside, and exhibited the awful spectacle of a mind of exquisite texture agonized and struggling with its own ineffable emotions, in the darkness of incipient insanity. It was a sight we wished neither to prolong nor to repeat. The impression it made was too vivid to allow of the most minute trait being effaced from our recollection, and we were therefore under no temptation to abuse the confidence to which we were indebted for so melancholy a satisfaction. No doubt could consist with the strong internal evidence of the manuscript, as to its genuineness and authenticity. We felt convinced that it formed the key to a great part of Cowper's history, and that in the hands of a man of philosophical mind and genuine christian principles,

it would be invaluable, as materials for such a life of Cowper as is still a desideratum. We should however have strongly deprecated at the same time, the laying open all the disclosures of such a narrative to the public at large. Our objections would no doubt have originated partly in our feelings. It would have appeared to us a violation of the sacredness which seems to attach to the secrets wrung from a wounded heart. We thought of poor Dean Swift—for the difference of character formed no obstacle to the comparison—exhibited by his mercenary servant, in the helpless idiocy of premature age, as a spectacle. We thought of Cowper himself in his last days hiding his face with his hands, and turning to the wall, at the entrance of a stranger. It was casting pearls before swine. It was throwing open the closet of the anatomist to the gape of the vulgar. Few we thought could understand, and comparatively few could take much interest, in these details. And there are some who never reason in cases in which their prejudices are interested, in whose minds the perusal of this Memoir would, we feared, tend to fix still more incurably, the association of insanity with what they term *Methodism*, notwithstanding the demonstration deducible from the facts, that in the case of Cowper, religion was first known to the convalescent sufferer in the shape and with the efficacy of a remedy. We confess that these objections are not removed, but the Publisher of the volume has exerted his ingenuity, in furnishing the most satisfactory apology that could be offered.

“There may be considerations,” he remarks, “of moral utility, in favour of a circumstantial publication, which ought to overrule and supersede all considerations of mere personal delicacy. The Publisher is satisfied that these are principles which apply to Cowper’s Memoir of Himself, and which fully justify him in rescuing it from privacy, and in giving to it the facilities of universal circulation. He is of opinion that if the excellent Poet himself could be consulted, he would direct, not its suppression, but its publication; under the persuasion, that its details will be the most efficient means of correcting certain false notions, unfriendly to spiritual religion, which some have thought themselves sanctioned in entertaining, by the vague and indistinct accounts which were previously before the world. Statements have been made, which contained perhaps *the truth*, but not that *whole truth*, the knowledge of which was essential to a right judgment on the case.”

Whatever opinion may ultimately be retained, with regard to the propriety of the publication, the thing is done; and as on the one hand, it would be useless to regret it, so on the other, it would be idle to profess an apprehension of serious evil resulting in any respect from the utmost publicity being given to its contents. When we speak of religion having any thing to fear from the injudicious conduct of her friends, or from the calumnies of her

enemies, it is obvious, that the phrase exclusively intends the mischief which persons may do to themselves by taking occasion from such circumstances to fortify themselves in their prejudices, and to vent in ignorant invectives against personal character, their lamentable antipathy against the spiritual requirements of the Gospel. Religion can have nothing to fear from the most degrading associations with which it may be connected. The evidence on which Christianity rests, is unimpaired, its authority remains undiminished, its essential character and its heavenly tendency continue the same, through whatsoever medium they are contemplated, or whatsoever be the pretence on which the obedience of the heart is withheld.

The character of Cowper, is so amiable, so virtuous, so perfectly lovely, that even the scornful infidel must regard it as forming a presumptive argument in favour of the moral principles in which it had its root. In spite of his prejudices against that system of belief to which he attributes all that was morbid in the mind of that excellent man, it must tend to silence his cavils, if not to strike him with conviction, to find, that to nothing was Cowper's first loss of reason more obviously attributable, as a negative cause, than to the absence of religious knowledge, *and of all fixed religious principle*. In his subsequent relapse, the most prominent feature of his insanity was the utter incompatibility of the idea that retained fixed possession of his mind, not merely with his own religious creed, but with any system of religion, and indeed, so far as we are aware, with any notions of religion entertained by an individual besides himself. Not only was the unalterable persuasion which he cherished of his being doomed to everlasting perdition, opposed to the doctrines in which he had been established, but he regarded his own case as a solitary exception to the general laws of the Divine Government,—as the *only* instance of a person, who ‘believed with the heart unto righteousness, and was “notwithstanding, excluded from salvation.” And the ground on which this fatal imagination rested, was not less indicative of decided insanity. The supposed cause of his exclusion from Divine Mercy, was his having neglected a *known duty*, in disobeying the positive command of God *to destroy himself*. Self-destruction had been, he conceived, specially enjoined upon him as a trial of his obedience to the will of God: he had through irresolution resisted the command, and by this means, had placed himself beyond the reach of redemption. “Never neglect a known duty.” was the injunction which he pressed upon a young friend, in reference to his own condition; to such neglect he attributed all his own hopeless agony of mind. So consistent, so blameless had been his own conduct, since he had embraced the truths of Christianity, that it should seem there was no one act of mental disobedience which furnished occasion for remorse; no stain upon his conscience that in his melancholy broodings supplied the tempter with an accusation:—there was

only an imaginary crime. Nor was there any one doctrine in his religious creed, which his disordered imagination could convert into an instrument of self-inflicted condemnation; no inference deducible from the tenets he held, that fostered or countenanced his despair. All that is alleged, as being involved in the most rigid Calvinism, would have produced no dismay in the mind of Cowper, for the faith he possessed would have dispelled or irradiated the darkness of the gloomiest speculative creed. But his views of religion were *not* gloomy; he had exhibited their cheering efficacy, and dispensed to others the consolation he had proved them to be adapted to impart. The impression which haunted his imagination, during the partial derangement that clouded the latter period of his life, was not simply erroneous, or unscriptural; it was wholly out of the line of religious belief: it had no relation to any one proposition in theology; it was an assumption built upon premises completely fictitious; all was unreal but the anguish and despair which the delusion of his reason produced. How ecstatic must have been the surprise and joy of the emancipated spirit, that had suffered such torment from an imaginary rejection of its Maker's will, when, as the fetters of mortality were struck off, the illusion vanished, the prisoner was free, and the voices of angels welcomed him to the assembly of the just made perfect, and the spirits before the Throne!

But we have in some measure anticipated the reflections which will naturally be suggested by the perusal of the Narrative. We shall now proceed to notice more particularly those prominent features of Cowper's character and those points in his history, which are illustrated by the brief Memoirs before us.

William Cowper was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, on the 15th of November, 1731. He had scarcely attained his sixth year, when, by the death of "a most indulgent mother," he was initiated into suffering:

"Wretch even then, life's journey just begun."

Young as he was, it seems that he was capable of appreciating the severity of his loss. "I loved her," said he in the letter to Mrs. Bodham, which acknowledged the receipt of his mother's portrait, "with an affection that her death, fifty-two years since, has not in the least abated." His tender and susceptible frame was ill prepared to exchange the safe protection, the comforts and the soothing attentions of his parental home, for the uncongenial manners and the hardships of a school. How keenly he felt "this second weaning," may be conjectured from the pathetic expostulation which he introduces in the *Tirocinium*.

"Why hire a lodging in a house unknown,
For one, whose tenderest thoughts all hover round your
own?"

The indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smoothed away,

Bears witness, long ere his dismissal come,
With what intense desire he wants his home."

But his chief affliction, as his own words inform us, consisted in his "being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad of about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper."

"I choose to forbear a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity, with which he made it his business continually to persecute me: it will be sufficient to say, that he had, by his savage treatment of me, impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind, that I well remember being afraid to lift up my eyes upon him, higher than his knees; and that I knew him by his shoe-buckles, better than any other part of his dress. May the Lord pardon him, and may we meet in glory!" p. 8.

The long unsuspected cruelty of this young miscreant, was at length discovered. He was expelled from the school, and Cowper was removed.

At nine years of age, he was sent to Westminster school, where he was exposed to fresh trials and sufferings from juvenile oppression, aggravated by the constitutional timidity and acuteness of feeling by which he was too fatally characterized. The indelible impression left upon his mind by what he underwent at school, seems to render it highly probable, that the morbid tendencies of his temperament were by this means in no small degree strengthened and confirmed, and that the tone and elasticity of his spirits were essentially impaired. At one time, as he informs us, he was "struck with a lowness of spirits, uncommon at his age," and frequently had intimations of a consumptive habit. This dejection, it is remarkable, succeeded a state of unusual elevation of spirits, in which his imagination so far sympathized, that it suggested the notion that "perhaps he might never die." These unnatural fluctuations, with whatsoever salutary trains of thought they were connected, cannot be considered as originating in any other than a physical cause.

It is a curious and at the same time a most delicate subject of physiological speculation, to investigate the share which physical causes often have in operations of the moral faculties. It was unavoidable, in perusing Cowper's Memoirs of himself, not to be impressed with the extreme difficulty of determining in all cases the true character of those alternations of joy and despondency, of levity and seriousness, naturally enough connected with correspondent frames of thought, to which the Narrative continually refers. Relative to this point, the Author himself, though his evidence in regard to veracity is unimpeachable, cannot be admitted as a competent witness. A patient cannot be mistaken as to the reality of his sensations, yet he is often deceived as to the exact locality of the disorder, and in narrating his symptoms, he may fall into errors which the knowledge of the physician will enable

him to rectify. In cases where the sympathy between the body and the mind is peculiarly exquisite, where the slightest change in the temperament of the frame communicates itself to the imagination and to the feelings, and the breath and the pulsation seem in return to be almost regulated by the thoughts, it is impossible to depend upon a person's own account of the origin of his emotions. There can be no doubt that the presence of fever is the real cause of much that passes for religious transport in the prospect of dissolution, and that despondency is not less frequently the mere effect of bodily languor consequent upon exhaustion. All sudden transitions of this kind are at the least suspicious. With regard to Cowper, it is evident that his imagination was subject to a degree of morbid excitement, and that during such periods he was wholly incompetent to discern between what was real and what was illusive,—between the impressions received from external objects and those which proceeded from the reflex operations of his own mind. This degree of delirium is essentially different from actual insanity, for in actual insanity, the mind is less the dupe of false impressions than of false reasonings. The intimations furnished by the senses are then unusually correct: it is the reason that is deluded.

We trust that we shall be excused for dwelling on a physiological fact, so well established that it might seem needless to advert to it, yet so important that too much pains cannot be taken to place it in its proper light, and to guard it from inferences of an immoral tendency. Although we cannot always ascertain the *sources* of emotion, any more than we can tell how our thoughts originate, it does not follow that those emotions are to be viewed as mere physical phenomena, or that our responsibility is lessened by the circumstance of our being so much under the influence of what may be termed physical accidents. Impressions may be made on the mind by mere illusions, yet those impressions are not necessarily erroneous. Much, for instance, that is conveyed to us in dreams, is true, and may even turn to a beneficial account. In like manner, convictions may be forced upon the conscience under circumstances of bodily indisposition, which are not the less just, because they are in part attributable to the state of the system. It is surely not unworthy of the Maker of our frame and the Father of our spirit, to cause even the disorders of our animal nature to be subservient to a moral purpose. Before we regard all emotions and trains of thought that originate in physical accidents, or in the imagination, as wholly delusive, we must be satisfied that there is no *ground* for entertaining them,—that they have no foundation in reality. The character of moral actions and moral feelings is the same, under whatsoever degree of physical excitement they may be produced, so long as the reason is capable of discerning good from evil. And who shall say at what precise point in the progress of mental disorder, the responsibility of the moral agent becomes annihilated? With regard, how-

ever, to cases in which the imagination only is excited, while the reason is clear, is it not obvious, that the frame of the mind may be regulated by physical circumstances, and yet the character as really display itself, the decisions of the judgment be as just, and the determinations of the will be as independent, as if all excitement were withdrawn? For instance, a person may suffer a peculiar degree of depression, from the influence of bodily indisposition; yet there may exist a real cause for despondency; and that depression, therefore, though partly accidental, will not be unreasonable, and the character which it may assume will not be that of illusion. The conscience may be set in action by physical causes, but the conscience itself is not physical. On the other hand, a person under similar bodily indisposition, whose mind is free from real cause of disquietude, experiences the efficacy of moral considerations to alleviate the pressure of morbid anxiety. "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear." Again, the elevation of the spirits under the excitement of fever, is unnatural; but yet the action of the mind under this transport may be wholly rational and just. The emotion is physical, but the tide of feeling may be directed into a right channel; and the exercise of the dispositions of the heart, which takes place in consequence, may be of the most *real* and salutary kind. A man of fixed principles, whose mind steadily retains a grasp of its object, is, up to the highest pitch of delirium, to be distinguished from the victim of those delusions which rest on the mere vicissitudes of feeling.

The mind seldom acts with energy, but under some degree of excitement from the imagination; and the most ordinary suggestions of the imagination which give birth to desire, and hope, and apprehension, partake of the character of illusion, so that there is always occasion for an exercise of the reason in rectifying the impression, and in regulating the feeling it has excited. The enthusiast is merely an individual in whom the passions are more habitually in a state of excitation, and the imagination operates with the force of a stimulus. The man's sanity must be determined by the course his reason takes, by the nature of the object which engages all this enthusiasm, by the steadiness and consistency with which he presses forward in its attainment. And if the object chosen be infinite, surely it is the enthusiast alone that is altogether sane.

We have seen that Cowper was from his infancy subject to attacks evidently of a hypochondriacal nature. At the age of eighteen he left Westminster school, "with scholastic attainments of the first order," but "as ignorant," he informs us, "in all points of religion as the satchel at his back." He was then articled for three years to an eminent solicitor, in London, but his antipathy to legal studies, together with habits of indolence which he appears to have contracted, led him to spend the greater part of his time either in literary amusement or in social relaxation.

"At the expiration of this term, I became, in a manner, complete master of myself; and took possession of a complete set of chambers in the Temple, at the age of twenty-one. This being a critical season of my life, and one upon which much depended, it pleased my all-merciful Father in Jesus Christ, to give a check to my rash and ruinous career of wickedness at the very onset. I was struck, not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none but they who have felt the same, can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies, to which I had before been closely attached; the classics had no longer any charms for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it.

"At length I met with Herbert's Poems; and, gothic and uncouth as they were, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I poured over him all day long; and though I found not here, what I might have found, a cure for my malady, yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading him. At length, I was advised by a very near and dear relative, to lay him aside; for he thought such an author more likely to nourish my disorder than to remove it.

"In this state of mind I continued near a twelvemonth; when having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer; such is the rank which our Redeemer holds in our esteem, never resorted to but in the last instance, when all creatures have failed to succour us. My hard heart was at length softened; and my stubborn knees brought to bow. I composed a set of prayers, and made frequent use of them. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me.

"A change of scene was recommended to me, and I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival, we walked to a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town; the morning was clear and calm; the sun shone bright upon the sea; and the country on the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at the end of the arm of the sea, which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was, that on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off; my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport had I been alone. I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty fiat could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of his life-giving countenance. I think I re-

member something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of mercies, for this unexpected blessing, and that I ascribed it to his gracious acceptance of my prayers. But Satan, and my own wicked heart, quickly persuaded me that I was indebted, for my deliverance, to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place. By this means he turned the blessing into a poison; teaching me to conclude, that nothing but a continued circle of diversion, and indulgence of appetite, could secure me from a relapse." pp. 8—12.

It is natural that the subject of hypochondriacal affections should not himself be aware of the true nature of these morbid symptoms; but our readers, we think, cannot fail to perceive the evident operations of bodily distemper in the feelings here so pathetically described. Yet, were the emotions of gratitude and devotion thus excited, delusions? They were not; but unhappily they were *only* emotions; and therefore, when the physical cause was withdrawn, they ceased. Yet even then, ignorant as the poor sufferer was of the true nature of the gospel of peace, it seems that nothing so much alleviated his malady, by supplying counteractive feelings, as efforts of piety, and a reference to things unseen.

"Who can help lamenting," it is remarked in the preface, "that at this critical season, he was not favoured with the friendship and counsel of some person of established judgment and piety, who might have explained to him that voice of God, which he so indistinctly knew, and guided his feet into the way of peace? Then, instead of abandoning the practice of devotion, from which he had begun to derive substantial consolation, and of falling, first into habits of sinful dissipation, and afterwards into the gloom of despondency, he might possibly have found not only rest for his soul, but a measure of permanent relief even from his constitutional malady."

Upon his return to London, Cowper soon abandoned "all thoughts of devotion and dependence upon God his saviour." To banish melancholy, he had recourse to the fatal expedient of silencing the remonstrances of conscience, and from a neglect of religion he proceeded to entertain doubts as to the truth of christianity. His genius and acquired habits were little adapted to professional studies; and being placed above the salutary necessity of exerting himself for a maintenance, he passed the twelve years he spent in the Temple, in desultory ease, amusing himself with light poetical compositions and classical pursuits, and dividing his social hours between the convivial or "literary intercourse of eminent persons who had been his schoolfellows, and the more domestic conversation of his polite and affectionate relations." The elder Colman, Bonnel Thornton, Lloyd, and the Duncombes, were among his most intimate associates. His contributions to the *Connoisseur* have been pointed out by Hayley, and some poetical compositions written during this period, are comprised in

the third volume of his poems, edited by Dr. Johnson. In 1756, he lost his father, from whom, we are informed, he inherited little or no fortune; and towards the close of the period above referred to, his patrimony being well-nigh spent, and there being as he himself expresses it, no appearance that he should ever repair the damage, by a fortune of his own getting, he "began to be a little apprehensive of approaching want."

To what a melancholy period have we followed this amiable and tender-minded man! Admired, respected, and beloved as he was by his gay and distinguished associates, gifted with no ordinary talents, and possessing the advantage of even splendid connexions, happy in the reciprocal attachment subsisting between him and the accomplished woman whose hand was expected to crown his establishment in life, he nevertheless presents himself to us an object of the tenderest pity. At the age of thirty-one, he found himself alike destitute of the means of supporting his station in society, and incapacitated by his constitutional timidity as well as by his desultory habits, for all public exertion. About this time, his susceptible mind received a fresh wound from the premature decease of sir William Russel, whom, in the following lines, addressed to one of his female relations, he emphatically styles his friend.

"Doom'd as I am, in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past,
Depriv'd of ev'ry joy, I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost;
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour, or of spleen!
Still, still, I mourn, with each returning day,
Him—snatch'd by fate, in early youth, away;
And her—through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice and faithful—but in vain!
O prone to pity, gen'rous, and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refus'd the wretch a tear;
Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancy'd woes:
See me—ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a wild unknown!
See me, neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow;
Why all that soothes a heart, from anguish free,
All that delights the happy—palls with me." p. 8.

At length, the crisis of his sufferings drew near. While thus indulging anxieties as to his future prospects, the lucrative posts of reading clerk, and clerk of private committees, in the house of lords, became vacant, and the patentee of those appointments

called upon him to make him an offer of these two most profitable places.

"Dazzled by so splendid a proposal, and not immediately reflecting upon my incapacity to execute a business of so public a nature, I at once accepted it; but at the same time, (such was the will of Him whose hand was in the whole matter,) seemed to receive a dagger in my heart. The wound was given, and every moment added to the smart of it. All the considerations, by which I endeavoured to compose my mind to its former tranquillity, did but torment me the more; proving miserable comforters and counsellors of no value. I returned to my chambers thoughtful and unhappy; my countenance fell; and my friend was astonished, instead of that additional cheerfulness he might so reasonably expect, to find an air of deep melancholy in all I said or did." pp. 16, 17.

His mind was in this manner harassed day and night, for the space of a week, with the most conflicting emotions. On the one hand, were presented to him the favourable opportunity this offer presented for the consummation of his dearest hopes, such as might never again occur, and "the apparent folly of casting away the only visible chance he had of being well provided for;" on the other hand, the impossibility of his discharging the duties annexed to either of the employments, a public exhibition of himself being under any circumstances "mortal poison" to him. At length, he resolved upon resigning the situation, in exchange for the much less lucrative office of the clerkship of the journals in the house of lords, which he flattered himself would fall easily within the scope of his abilities. This arrangement being effected, not without some difficulty, and great reluctance on the part of his friends, his mind was restored to something like composure.

"It was a calm, however," to adopt Dr. Johnson's statement, "but of short duration; for he had scarcely possessed it three days, when an unhappy and unforeseen incident not only robbed him of this semblance of comfort, but involved him in more than his former distress. A dispute in parliament, in reference to the last mentioned appointment, laid him under the formidable necessity of a personal appearance at the bar of the house of lords, that his fitness for the undertaking might be publicly acknowledged. The trembling apprehension with which the timid and exquisitely sensible mind of this amiable man could not fail to look forward to an event of this sort, rendered every intermediate attempt to prepare himself for the examination completely abortive; and the consciousness that it did so accumulated his terrors. These had risen, in short, to a confusion of mind so incompatible with the integrity of reason, when the eve of the dreaded ceremony actually arrived, that his intellectual powers sunk under it. He was no longer himself."

Life of Cowper, p. xviii.

The minute and most affecting account which Cowper himself gives us of his state of mind during this awful interval, occupies nearly one half of the Memoir. It is altogether one of the deepest intellectual tragedies that ever took place within the recesses of a human heart. The interest the dreadful tale excites, is made up of horror and of pity, and hard indeed must the heart be that does not bleed at the recital. Never before were such disclosures made to a human eye. Never before were the dark wanderings of the brain made audible, in accents so pathetic, in lessons so instructive. It is however only as a record of his feelings, a record perfectly ingenuous and terribly descriptive, that Cowper's own narrative is, in all respects to be implicitly adopted. From the moment that his acceptance of his friend's first proposal planned, as he expresses it, a dagger in his heart, his nervous system was deranged to a degree bordering upon delirium. "My continual misery," he says, "*at length brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised against me was more than I could stand against.*" In this state of body and of mind, he attended regularly during many months, at the office, at which the Journal books affording the requisite information were thrown open to him. He "read without perception;" he was "not in a condition," he tells us, "to receive instructions, much less to elicit it out of manuscripts, without direction. The feelings of a man, when he arrives at the place of execution, are, probably, much like mine, every time I set my foot in the office, which was every day, for more than half a year together." A man whose control over his faculties was so far suspended as to render him thus incapable of attention and memory, and whose feelings were, from a cause otherwise inadequate, wrought up to the pitch of unresisting despair, cannot be considered as in full possession of rationality. It is, we repeat it, a most delicate inquiry,—and on this account we regret the publication of the Memoir,—how far a man's moral accountability is lessened under partial derangements of the faculties, which nevertheless leave the actions free, and give room for the principles to operate. There may be paroxysms in such disorders, which shall wholly overpower the will, and bear away the mind by their violence to deeds of desperation; and we believe that the form which insanity in a large proportion of cases assumes, is that of paroxysm. Such fits of passion as this Narrative describes, in which, when alone in his chambers, the poor unhappy being cried out aloud and cursed the hour of his birth, lifting up his eyes to heaven in the spirit of blasphemy, must be referred in some measure—we dare not say wholly—to the exasperation of the feelings by bodily disorder to a degree beyond the controlling power of reason. It was surely a symptom of incipient insanity, when he began to look upon madness as the only chance remaining; to forbode that "so it would one day fare with him;" and to desire it with earnest and impatient expectation. Then came what he styles "the grand temptation,"

the idea of suicide, that most characteristic propensity of the insane;—the horrid instinct which leads them by the only mode intelligible to their feelings, to seek deliverance from compulsion and anguish, and to revenge themselves upon life by casting it away as a burden. Cowper himself states, and great stress ought to be laid on his own statement, which in no case leans to the side of palliation, that his “mind probably at this time began to be disordered.” There are abundant proofs of it in the dreadfully minute recital he has given of his successive attempts to accomplish his melancholy purpose, and of the remarkable way in which his intentions were uniformly over-ruled or frustrated. The merciful interposition of Providence, was manifest in his preservation, by means, the clear nature of which he does not appear in every case to have perceived.

Up to the moment in which he made the last attempt, he declares that he “had felt no concern of a spiritual kind, ignorant of original sin, insensible of the guilt of actual transgression.” A sense of divine wrath was the over-powering sensation that now succeeded the desire of death. In a sentence from Beaumont and Fletcher, in a ballad sung in the street, in every thing he read and in every thing he heard,—in his very dreams, his diseased mind found a confirmation of the suggestions of conscience. But we can no longer dwell on the heart-rending details: they ought never, never most assuredly, to have been thus explicitly laid open to the world. We are sure that the feelings of every intelligent reader will resent the publication. Had the ingenuous narrator himself been fully conscious that he was in this part describing only the morbid sensations of disease, he would have sealed up the record in eternal silence. The publisher ought to have been influenced by Cowper’s own words in reference to a stage of his disorder, only a little more advanced.

“It will be proper to draw a veil over the secrets of my prison house: let it suffice to say, that the low state of body and mind to which I was reduced, was perfectly well calculated to humble the natural vain-glory and pride of my heart.” p. 60.

We need only refer in confirmation of our statement, to the description which is given of a “tremulous vibration in the fibres of the brain,” in attempting to recollect a portion of the creed, and of the awful moment in which “a strange and horrible darkness fell upon him;” accompanied with a sensation, as though “a heavy blow had lighted on the brain, without touching the skull.” These were no doubtful symptoms; but why has it been made necessary to exhibit them? Let no individual whose temperament bears the most distant affinity to that of this amiable man,—let no one in whose mind melancholy has in any form begun to strike its cancerous roots, venture to expatiate on this part of the Narrative.

What share, we may now confidently ask, had religion in producing this distressful state of mind? We defy the malignity of

atheism to substantiate the charge. When, at length, in an interval of tranquillity, his cousin, the Rev. Mr. Madan, explained to him the doctrines of the gospel, they had no effect but to assuage the tumult of his thoughts, and to pour balm into his wounds. The doctrine of original sin "set me," says Cowper, "more on a level with the rest of mankind, and made my condition appear less desperate." When his friend insisted on the "all-atoning efficacy of the blood of Jesus, and his righteousness, for our justification," he saw clearly, that his case "required such a remedy," and had not the least doubt "that this was the gospel of salvation." When Mr. Madan urged the necessity of a lively faith in Jesus Christ, adding, that it was the gift of God, which he trusted God would bestow upon him, Cowper's reply bespoke how adapted is this doctrine also, to minister strength and consolation to a bruised spirit: "I wish he would," said the poor sufferer,—"a very irreverent petition, but a very sincere one, and such as the blessed God, in his due time, was pleased to answer."

And now, in defiance of the sneers of the infidel, we will venture to suggest, whether even in the sunless, comfortless recesses of the asylums which conceal the outcasts of reason, there may not be subjects to whom that Divine proclamation would, in intervals of intelligence, be most appropriate—"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." Does it follow that because the reason is dethroned, and the mind darkened, there are no gleams of intelligence, during which objects of hope and future realities might flash comfort into the soul? Are there no pauses in which the faculties might rally for a while and collect materials for a prayer? Though the human temple is thus devastated, may not even its ruins be at times visited by the spirit of its Divine architect—its lawful inhabitant? We do not fear to be misunderstood; we trust we shall not be wilfully misrepresented. It requires the most correct judgment, and the nicest discrimination, to handle the mind either under the apprehensions of death, or under the operation of physical ailment; and too much diffidence cannot be exercised in pronouncing upon the *results* of the most promising impressions. All that we would insist upon is, that the subjects of mental distemper are not, at all seasons, uniformly out of the reach of moral instruction and religious consolation; and that, therefore, among the requisites for a competent superintendence of such patients, we should consider religious character as not less indispensable than medical skill. Every requisite met in Dr. Cotton, in whom Cowper now found a physician and a friend. From the beginning of December, 1763, until the middle of the July following, his mind was the seat of what we may perhaps venture to state as our opinion, approximated nearer to constant nervous delirium, than to fixed insanity. We shall have occasion again to advert to the difference between the character of this, and of his subsequent affection of mind. His recovery was attended with such an inexpressible burst of gratitude and joy, occasioned in part by his ap-

prehension of the discoveries of Divine mercy in the gospel, that his physician was at first suspicious of the nature of the transition, and was alarmed lest it should terminate in frenzy. "In a short time, Dr. C. became satisfied, and acquiesced in the soundness of his cure." Cowper remained his happy inmate for nearly twelve months after his recovery, and at length, in 1765, he removed to Huntingdon, where he eventually took up his abode in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. It is probable that a dread of revisiting scenes connected with such maddening impressions, as well as a wish to disentangle himself from some of his former associates, might concur to produce his determination not to return to London. Here closes his own narrative, which he drew up shortly after this period, for the perusal of that excellent family.

We have now entered on the happiest portion of Cowper's life. During the latter part of his residence at St. Alban's, "he exhibited," to adopt Dr. Johnson's expression,

"a proof of the interesting and spiritual character of those views of religion he had embraced, in the composition of two hymns. These hymns he himself styled 'specimens' of his 'first christian thoughts;' a circumstance which will greatly enhance their value in the minds of those to whom they have been long endeared by their intrinsic excellence."

These hymns are to be found in the Olney Collection: the first begins, "How blest thy creature is, O God;" the second, "Far from the world, O Lord I flee." His letters to his cousin, major Cowper's lady, commencing about this period, form the most valuable part of Mr. Hayley's collection. They breathe a delightful serenity, "a calm and heavenly frame." It is upon this period, from 1764 to the beginning of 1773, that, were we writing the memoirs of Cowper instead of reviewing his biographers, we should delight to dwell. It is in this attitude of his mind that we should endeavour to transfer his image to the canvass, and to perpetuate every lineament of that cheerful, devout, and elevated being, which constituted the real Cowper. We fear that one bad effect of attracting the public eye to the antecedent period to which his own Narrative refers, will be its giving a false and injudicious prominence to the morbid features of his character. Persons who take up that narrative with but faint and indistinct notions of his real amiableness and moral excellencies, will be apt to close the volume with a very erroneous or at least an imperfect estimate, and under the influence of this last impression, to associate with the name of Cowper ideas far from being pleasing or appropriate. They will not, in many cases, care to pursue the course of his history beyond the point at which his Memoir of himself abruptly terminates; and thus they will not get the whole outline in just perspective, but broken and distorted. They will be apt after all to think of the poet Cowper, as a personage very distantly related to the subject of that distressful narrative; whereas, in truth, it is his

history as a whole, and his character as entire, that constitute his biography one of the most interesting subjects on which the intellect and the heart can dwell.

The Sketch of the life of Cowper, by Dr. Johnson, and the Memoirs edited by Mr. Greethead, contribute in no small degree to supply the deficiency of Hayley's Memoirs in respect to this most interesting period. We wish that every particular should be gathered up that might lengthen out and add strength of colouring to the detail. Had the Rev. Mr. Newton been now living, and his faculties unimpaired, he, better than any man, could have supplied us with characteristic information. Great was the value that Cowper set on the friendship and intercourse of that estimable clergyman. A very interesting "monument of the endeared and joint labours of these exemplary Christians," as Dr. J. remarks, "still exists in the Olney Hymns."

But we proceed with reluctance to contemplate the subject of these Memoirs under the last aspect which, by the mysterious dispensations of the Almighty, his mind was permitted to assume: and here we shall again avail ourselves of his "kinsman's" own narration.

"From the commencement of his residence at Olney, till January, 1773, a period of five years and a quarter, it does not appear that there was any material interruption either of the health or religious comfort of this excellent man. His feelings, however, must have received a severe shock in February, 1770, when he was twice summoned to Cambridge by the illness of his beloved brother, which terminated fatally on the 20th of the following month. How far this afflictive event might conduce to such a melancholy catastrophe, it is impossible to judge; but certain it is, that at this period a renewed attack of his former hypochondriacal complaint took place. It is remarkable that the prevailing distortion of his afflicted imagination became then not only inconsistent with the dictates of right reason, but was entirely at variance with every distinguishing characteristic of that religion which had so long proved the incitement to his useful labours, and the source of his mental consolations. Indeed so powerful and so singular was the effect produced on his mind by the influence of the malady, that while for many subsequent years it admitted of his exhibiting the most masterly and delightful display of poetical, epistolary, and conversational ability, on the greatest variety of subjects, it constrained him from that period, both in his conversation and letters, studiously to abstain from every allusion of a religious nature. Yet no one could doubt that the hand and heart from which, even under so mysterious a dispensation, such exquisite descriptions of sacred truth and feeling afterwards proceeded, must have been long and faithfully devoted to his God and Father. The testimonies of his real piety were manifested to others, when least apparent to himself. But where it pleased God to throw a

veil over the mental and spiritual consistency of this excellent and afflicted man, it would ill become us rudely to invade the divine prerogative by attempting to withdraw it." pp. xxxi, xxxii.

Mr. Cowper's relapse, as we think it is rather incorrectly termed, occurred in his forty-second year, a period of life in which constitutional tendencies of this lamentable kind are remarkably apt to display themselves.

"Of this sad reverse in his experience," it is said, "he conceived some presentiment as it drew near, and during a solitary walk in the fields, composed that Hymn, of the Olney collection, beginning

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

which is very expressive of that faith and hope, which, he retained at the time, even in the prospect of his severe distress."

The nature of this hypochondriacal attack, was not at first, we apprehend, different from the attacks he experienced in early youth at Westminster school, and again, soon after his establishment in the Temple; but his constitution was less able to sustain the violence of the paroxysm. The repeated shocks which his too susceptible frame had received, were sufficient to undermine his health, and to render him more easily the victim of disease, on every fresh incursion.* In the present instance, as in his first two attacks, there appears to have been no *exciting* cause assignable that should seem at all adequate in itself to produce a return of the disorder; the *predisposing* cause was, doubtless, purely physical. In addition, however, to the blow the death of his brother must have given to his feelings, and the previous exercise of Mr. C.'s mind in attending him during his last illness (an office which, however gratifying in some respects, must have cost no small mental exertion,) we are informed that the time for accomplishing a matrimonial union with Mrs. Unwin was fixed; and "it is not unlikely," adds his biographer, "that the agitation often felt in similar circumstances, proved unfavourable to Mr. C.'s natural infirmity." It is probable, indeed, that under no circumstances and by no conceivable precaution could the return of the disorder at some future period have been altogether obviated. We find that it has been suggested by an anonymous writer, that the mode in which he passed his life at Olney, was unfavourable to the maintaining of a healthy state of mind; that his days were spent without occupation, and that his devotion, not being of the kind which issues in action, partook too much of the religion of the cloister.† Nothing is more easy, and nothing at the same time

* In a letter bearing date September 3, 1766, he writes, "I am stout enough in appearance, but a little illness demolishes me. I have had a severe shake, and the building is not so firm as it was."

† See Edwards's Edition of the Memoir. p. 106.

is more unprofitable, than to frame suppositions of this nature; but we apprehend the fact was different. That he employed himself apparently so little in composition during this period, except in letters to his friends, we should consider as affording some reason to conclude that his time was not so completely unoccupied, as is supposed, by social and benevolent engagements. But indeed, the circumstance of his actually passing eight years of uninterrupted health and cheerfulness, in this very seclusion, forms a sufficient refutation in our opinion, of such a conjecture. His constitutional diffidence so far wore off during this period, as to allow of his taking an active part in visiting the poor at Oney, to whom his amiable condescension long endeared his memory. At this time he was employed by the late Mr. Thornton, as one of the confidential almoners to whom he entrusted the secret distribution of his beneficence. His intimacy with Mr. Newton must have precluded his being left for any considerable interval to feel the pressure of solitude; for he says himself, in reference to that most cheerful of companions, as well as most judicious divine, "We were seldom seven successive hours separated."

Thus tranquilly passed the few years during which it pleased Divine Providence to allow this excellent man to exhibit the reality of the change which his sentiments and character had undergone. Affliction, to use his own expression, had "made him a Christian," and this had made him happy. "It gives me some concern," he writes to lady Hesketh, "though at the same time it increases my gratitude, to reflect that a convert made in Bedlam, is more likely to be a stumbling block to others, than to advance their faith. But if it has that effect upon any, it is owing to their reasoning amiss, and drawing their conclusions from false premises. He who can ascribe an amendment of life and manners, and a reformation of the heart itself, to madness, is guilty of an absurdity, that in any other case would fasten the imputation of madness upon himself; for by so doing, he ascribes a reasonable effect to an unreasonable cause, and a positive effect to a negative."

Still, it may be imagined, religion had at least a share in determining the direction of his disorder. But this we think is extremely questionable. As no one can pretend to believe that the return of his hypochondriacal attack would have been prevented, had his opinions undergone no change on the subject of religion, so, there is small reason, we conceive, to conclude that the dejection into which he eventually sunk, would in that case have assumed a different aspect. It must be recollected, that in the attacks to which he was subject in his early youth, what is falsely called religious melancholy gave the character to the morbid affection of his spirits. Accident, and, we believe, the last impression, often determine the complexion of the patient's anxiety under the influence of physical melancholy; and it is notorious that in by far the larger proportion of cases, the morbid symptoms

exhibit a contrariety to the disposition and character of the individual when in a healthy state. The natural actions of fear or remorse, will often give rise to impressions that will be mistaken for the effect of religion; but while pride, excess, the effects of empirical treatment, and the constitutional inheritance that the sins of the parent have bequeathed to his innocent offspring, fill the wards of our asylums, few, very few are the victims of conscience.

Had Cowper never become a convert to religion, in his own acceptation of the phrase, the only difference in the character of his dejection, would have been its being *less irrational*, less obviously at variance with his own creed and with the dictates of revealed truth. There is not a tenet of calvinism, of which the impression fixed on his mind during his insanity was not subversive. That doctrine of predestination and election, which the articles of the church of England declare to be "full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons," forbade his believing, that he had been actually "renewed unto holiness," and yet was excluded from salvation,—that he was of the number of those for whom Christ died, and yet was doomed, by the determinate counsel of God, to be an exception to his gracious promises. The doctrine of efficacious grace forbade his believing that he had annulled the work of the Holy Spirit upon his heart by an act of disobedience; and that of final perseverance was equally in direct opposition to his notion of having by an irremediable relapse, for ever forfeited the mercy of God. If there are any persons who shall still deem it a sufficient ground for their idle calumnies, that Cowper was mad and was religious, what can be said in reply, but that they are indeed far from being religious, and yet they certainly are, as respects the right use of reason, mad: and it is to be feared that they belong to the class of the incurably insane.

"For more than a twelvemonth subsequent to this attack, Cowper seems to have been totally overwhelmed by the vehemence of his disorder." The delicacy of his biographers has led them to avoid all unnecessary minuteness of description in reference to any variation in the symptoms; but we apprehend that it was at this period, that an immedicable wound was inflicted on his rational faculties. His spirits in some measure recovered from the seizure; the inflammatory symptoms subsided; but the secret injury his intellectual frame received, only the resurrection could repair. We believe that that singular species of insanity, familiarly denominated "being mad upon one idea," into which frequent attacks both of the Sthenic and of the Asthenic form, are apt to issue, is, with rare exceptions, incurable. This appears to have been precisely the nature of the present most interesting case. On all subjects but one, and on that one as relating to himself, Cowper became after a time accessible, and conversed with his accustomed facility and cheerfulness. The whole range of literature was thrown open to the incursions of his admirable faculties, and his genius displayed itself with a force and a brilliancy sur-

passing even the happiest efforts of his mind at any earlier period. Only there was one haunted chamber in his imagination, where all was impenetrable darkness; and from that abode of horror, voices would at times issue that troubled the intellectual faculty. The blind, and deaf, and dumb spirit which now was permitted to take possession of his mind, was mercifully restricted to this one peculiar recess of thought. On one point only he was irrational and out of the reach of consolation. How does wisdom sometimes beam through the most inscrutable dispensations of Him who

“ moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform!”

Before this last awful visitation had sealed up the capacities of this excellent man, as a moral agent, and precluded the further exercises of his mind in reference to the concerns of eternity, an interval was allowed him, not only to embrace the faith of a Saviour, but to enjoy the unclouded sunshine of a mind at peace with Heaven, and to vindicate to all around, the efficacious influence of the gospel upon his character. Eight years elapsed, and then the tide of the disorder was permitted to return, yet not so as wholly to bear away the reason by its violence. Though all was in a moral respect, darkness within, the peculiar and as it related to himself hopeless direction his disease assumed, left him as capable as ever of intellectual exertion for the advantage of others. It was as though when the hand that ruled the harp was palsied, the winds still stirred the strings into surpassing melody.

Instances of similar phenomena, though not frequently rendered illustrious by the character of the sufferer, are familiar to those who have cultivated an acquaintance with morbid exhibitions of human nature. We recollect hearing of a singular one, in which the patient, coherent, calm, and accessible on every subject that occurred to the visiter, was uniformly roused into maniacal rage, by the mention of the name of lord North, although he had received no personal injury from that nobleman. But the case which comes the nearest by far to that of Cowper, and which indeed may be cited as a parallel, was that of the celebrated Simon Browne, a learned dissenting minister, who imagined that “the thinking faculty within him was annihilated.” In the dedication of his “Defence of the Religion of Nature,” to queen Caroline, preserved in the *Adventurer*, he solicits her majesty’s gracious acceptance of the work, on the ground of the peculiarity attaching to the author as “the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.” “He was once,” he adds, “a man; and of some little name, but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of its very ruins remains; not the shadow of an idea is left, nor

any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it." "Such a present from such a thing, however worthless in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majesty, the author being such as history cannot parallel."

Those of our readers who are desirous of being acquainted with all the particulars of this very remarkable instance of partial insanity, may satisfy themselves by a reference to the *Encyclopedias*.

Our limits will not admit of our tracing the narrative of Cowper's life, through every remaining stage. Nearly seven years elapsed before he sufficiently recovered his spirits to employ his mind in poetical composition, "to which he was urged," we are informed, "by Mrs. Unwin, as the most effectual mode of relieving his thoughts from the despair by which they were continually agitated." In the winter of 1780, he composed nearly the whole of the poems comprised in his first volume. In these poems, there is sometimes displayed the severity of the moralist together with considerable power of irony, and even humour; but the view which is taken both of human nature and of religion, is certainly alike free from the gloom of misanthropy and the exaggeration of morbid sentiment. Let an impartial comparison be made of these poems with the effusions, sublimely poetic as many of them doubtless are, of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, who all his life long paid homage to the world, and was found at eighty, a courtier, and it must be owned that the character of Cowper's poems is that of the sunshine for cheerfulness. Who could have believed, on reading for instance the poem of *Hope*, that its author was languishing under the sensation of despair, deeming it impiety for him to pray, or to raise a thought to Heaven, which he imagined to be barred against him? The inference is irresistible, that the author of such compositions was either happy or insane.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary passages that was ever written, is the very pathetic description of himself which occurs in the poem on *Retirement*. This, as most strikingly illustrating the nature of his malady, yet betraying at the same time that the author was not perfectly conscious of it, we should extract entire, did we not fear that this article would extend beyond all proper limits. We must make room for the following lines.

"Look where he comes—in this embowered alcove
Stand close concealed, and see a statue move:
Lips busy, and eye fixed, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below,
Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as its symptoms can alone express.

* See, in particular, Rees's *Cyclopedia*, Vol. V. Art. *Browne*, *Simon*.

That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
 Could argue once, could jest, or join the song.
 Could give advice, could censure or commend,
 Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
 Renounced alike its office and its sport,
 Its brisker and its graver strains fall short;
 Both fall beneath a fever's secret away,
 And, like a summer brook, are passed away.

Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight,
 Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
 The screws reversed (a task which, if he please,
 God in a moment executes with ease,)
 Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
 Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use."

In the year 1781, he was deprived of the society of his only familiar associate, by the preferment of the Rev. Mr. Newton to the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London.

"Previously to his departure from the former place, he insisted on introducing to Mr. Cowper, his intimate acquaintance, Mr. Bull, of Newport Pagnel, as his substitute in social converse. Mr. Cowper had always shrunk back from intercourse with strangers; and the gloom which still depressed his mind, rendered him at that time peculiarly reluctant to admit a new visiter. Mr. Newton, who dreaded to leave Mr. C. wholly destitute of a confidential friend, used, in this instance, an affectionate violence, which was attended with all the success he could hope for. The afflicted bard soon formed a strong attachment to Mr. Bull, whose extensive information and natural vivacity tended greatly to alleviate Mr. Cowper's habitual dejection. They regularly spent together one day every fortnight, the only seasons, for five years, in which Mr. Cowper admitted any company, except during his friendship with the late lady Austen, which commenced in September 1781." pp. 38, 39.

In lady Austen's animated and brilliant conversation, Cowper found a powerful antidote against his melancholy, and deeply must every reader of sensibility have regretted the fatal necessity under which he too soon found himself laid, by the most sacred obligations, abruptly to renounce a friendship so dear to him, and respecting which he had cherished expectations flattering and almost romantic. After he had taken this resolution, he never met her again.

The constant exercise of his mind, however, in literary composition, in which he continued to indulge, "so far succeeded in diverting him from habitual despair, that he became more attached to society."

"It was not, however, by arguing against his inveterate melancholy, that his religious friends could promote its relief. An al-

lusion to the subject was usually productive of its symptoms; although upon any other religious topic than that of his own prospect of futurity, Mr. Cowper would converse freely and profitably. The necessity, however, of avoiding so interesting a theme, could not but make an essential difference, both in his conversation and correspondence, from what either had been, previous to his unhappy relapse. In writing to his former friends, to whom he again became gradually habituated, as his poetical exercises advanced, he touches sparingly and cautiously upon religion. He more freely indulges a vein of humour, which contributed to the momentary dissipation of his gloom; while he could scarcely advert to spiritual subjects without approximating the source of his distress.* This remark applies to most of his subsequent letters, as well as to the sportive sallies of his poetical pieces. The flow of wit, which in both instances displays the peculiar powers of his mind, and fascinates the literary reader, was employed by him as a substitute for spiritual reflection *in which he esteemed it presumptuous to indulge himself*; or as a forcible effort to resist the intrusion of distress and terror.

"In his letters, as printed, there are many obvious chasms which were probably occupied mostly with expressions of religious despondency." *Memoirs edited by Greatheed.* pp. 44—6.

A letter of this description addressed to the Rev. Mr. Bull, and only partially given in Hayley's Memoirs, is now in our possession; and as it presents a remarkable confirmation of the peculiarity of Cowper's state of mind, under the influence of physical disorder, we shall venture to lay it before our readers.

"Mon aimable & tres cher Ami,

"It is not in the power of chaises or chariots to carry you where my affections will not follow you. If I heard that you were gone to finish your days in the moon, I should not love you the less, but should contemplate the place of your abode as often as it appeared in the heavens, and say, farewell, my friend, for ever, lost but not forgotten: live happily in thy lantern and smoke the remainder of thy pipes in peace. Thou art rid of earth at last and all its cares. So far I can rejoice in thy removal, and so to the cares that are to be found in the moon, I am resolved to suppose them lighter than those below:—heavier they can hardly can be."

(Thus far the Letter is printed by Hayley. See his Life of Cowper. Vol. II. p. 393.)

"Both your advice and your manner of giving it are gentle and friendly, and like yourself. I thank you for them, and don't re-

* Had the publisher of the Memoir of the Early Life of Cowper, adverted to this consideration, he would not have injudiciously swelled his Appendix, by reprinting the Critique which appeared in a periodical work, containing some very uncandid reflections in reference to this circumstance.

fuse your counsel because I dislike it, but because it is not for me. *There is not a man upon earth that might not be the better for it, myself only excepted.* Prove to me that I have a right to pray, and I will pray without ceasing; yes, and praise too, even in the belly of this Hell, compared with which Jonah's was a palace, a temple of the living God. But let me add, there is no encouragement in the Scripture so comprehensive as to include my case, nor any consolation so effectual as to reach it. *I don't relate it to you, because you could not believe it.* You would agree with me if you could. And yet the sin by which I am excluded from the privileges I once enjoyed, *you would account no sin. You would even tell me, it was a duty.* This is strange—You will think me mad—but I am not mad, most noble Festus. I am only in despair: and those powers of mind, which I possess, are only permitted me for my amusement sometimes, and to accumulate and enhance my misery at others. *I have not even asked a blessing on my food these ten years,* nor do I expect I shall ever ask it again. Yet I love you and such as you, determined to enjoy your friendship while I can. It will not be long: we must soon part for ever."

This letter bears date Oct. 27, 1782, and refers in a subsequent paragraph to the Translations from madame Guion, as being "finished, but not quite transcribed." We might rest on the evidence of this letter alone, the fact that Cowper's derangement was, so far as respects even the proximate cause, totally unconnected with his religious opinions. Such a notion as this letter unfolds, could only be the *effect* of insanity.

Early in January, 1787, Mr. Cowper was attacked with what his biographer terms, *a nervous fever*, which compelled him to suspend his poetical efforts during nearly ten months. He then resumed without intermission his application to Homer, and completed his translation in 1790. His state of mind, on the subject of religion, continued to be no otherwise materially improved, than as "the diversion of his thoughts from despair tended to relieve his constitutional malady." Mr. Greatheed states, that "Mr. Cowper was not destitute, at times, of glimmering hope and dawning consolation. and that he repeatedly resumed his approaches to the throne of Divine Grace: but these seasons were, unhappily, too transient to admit of his renewed attendance on public worship." These delightful intervals of sanity occurred, we are informed, during the time that he was *most fully occupied with poetical labours*; which at once disproves the notion that his literary engagements were in any degree the cause of his avoiding of the subject of religion, and indicates at the same time that the symptoms of returning sanity were inseparably connected with the development of the latent principle of piety.

In 1791, his spirits received a very severe shock, occasioned by Mrs. Unwin's being attacked with a disorder which afterwards

proved to be paralytic. Her apparent recovery afforded him speedy relief, but in May of the following year, "his faithful and affectionate nurse" was again seized, and the attack "deprived her of the use of her limbs, her speech, and her faculties, in a very distressing degree." "The discovery threw Mr. Cowper at first into a *paroxysm of desperation*," but as she slowly though imperfectly recovered her powers, his spirits were gradually restored to tranquillity. In August Mrs. Unwin having sufficiently regained her strength to accompany him, Cowper was persuaded to undertake a journey to Earsham, the residence of Mr. Hayley, and he experienced much gratification from the affectionate hospitality with which he was entertained there. "It is almost a Paradise," he says "in which we dwell."—"But as to that gloominess of mind which I have had these twenty years, it cleaves to me even here, and could I be translated to Paradise, unless I left my body behind me, would cleave to me even there also. It is my companion for life, and nothing will ever divorce us." It should seem that there were moments, in which the patient himself was suspicious of the nature of the affection under which he suffered.

After their return to Weston, Mrs. Unwin's strength and faculties began gradually to decline, till she at length sunk into second childhood. This greatly distressed the spirits of her companion, and disabled him to renew his habits of studious application. Nearly the whole of his time was now uniformly devoted to her helpless state, which was no doubt highly prejudicial to his health of mind, and hastened, as Dr. Johnson believes, "the approach of the last calamitous attack with which this interesting sufferer was yet to be visited." At the commencement of the year 1794, Cowper sunk "into a depth of melancholy as desperate, though not equally violent, as that which he endured when first deprived of religious comfort." The advice of Dr. Willis, of Greatford, in Lincolnshire, was on this occasion called in; but the utmost efforts of medical skill, and the most persevering exertions of friendship for his solace and restoration, were alike fruitless. On the 23d of April, a letter from lord Spencer announced to Cowper's friends his majesty's grant of a pension nominally of 300*l.* a year, which was most seasonable as respected his temporal exigencies; but the news "could not impart even a faint glimmering of joy to the dejected invalid." He was not indeed capable of being made sensible of the acquisition.

In July, 1795, Cowper submitted to be removed from his beloved Weston, under the idea of a temporary absence for the purpose of trying the effect of a summer's residence on the Norfolk coast, and of enabling his affectionate kinsman, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, to watch, with filial solicitude, over his declining days. On the first evening of his journey occurred the last fitful gleam of cheerfulness with which it pleased God to favour him. As Cowper walked with Mr. Johnson up and down the churchyard of the

quiet village of St. Neots, at which they rested, the peaceful moonlight scenery had so favourable an effect on his spirits that he conversed with much composure on the subject of Thomson's Seasons, and the circumstances under which they were probably written.

At the close of the following year, Cowper's "Mary" obtained a relief from the sorrows and infirmities of mortality; but Cowper's sensations were no longer so acute as to render this loss an insupportable event. In the dusk of the evening, when only an indistinct view of the body could be obtained, Cowper, attended by his kinsman, visited the chamber of his departed friend. After looking at the corpse for a few moments, he suddenly started away with a vehement but unfinished sentence of passionate sorrow, and thenceforth never again mentioned Mrs. Unwin's name.

Homer had still power at intervals to arrest his thoughts, and to employ his leisure. He completed the revision of his translation in March, 1799. After leaving Weston, he wrote but three or four letters to his friends, all expressive of his own misery. One of them addressed to Mr. Buchanan, of Weston, begins thus: "I will forget for a moment that to whomsoever I may address myself, a letter from me can no otherwise be welcome, *than as a curiosity*." When visited by the dowager lady Spencer, sir John Trockmorton, and Mr. Rose, he declined conversing with them. The last effort of his mind in original composition, was "The Cast-away," in which the most pathetic allusion is made to that unutterable distress under which it was composed. In January, 1800, he was seized with dropsical symptoms.

"On the 19th of April the weakness of this truly pitiable sufferer had so much increased, that his kinsman apprehended his death to be near. Adverting, therefore, to the affliction, as well of body as of mind, which his beloved inmate was then enduring, he ventured to speak of his approaching dissolution as the signal of his deliverance from both these miseries. After a pause of a few moments, which was less interrupted by the objections of his disponding relative than he had dared to hope, he proceeded to an observation more consolatory still; namely, that in the world to which he was hastening, a merciful Redeemer had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children—and therefore for him. To the first part of this sentence he had listened with composure, but the concluding words were no sooner uttered, than his passionately expressed entreaties that his companion would desist from any further observations of a similar kind, clearly proved, that though it was on the eve of being invested with angelic light, the darkness of delusion still veiled his spirit."* pp. lxxxvii, lxxxviii.

The last words he was heard to utter, were to miss Perowne, on her offering him a cordial: he declined it, saying, "What can it signify?"

* "O, spare me! spare me!" was his expression, "You know, you *know* it to be false!"

Early on the 25th of April, "a deadly change" was observed to have taken place, and after remaining for about twelve hours in an insensible state, he ceased to breathe. In so mild and gentle a manner, we are informed, did his spirit take its flight, that the precise moment of his departure was unobserved by the very friends whose eyes were fixed on his dying countenance.

"From this mournful period," adds Dr. Johnson, in concluding the very interesting sketch we have so frequently adverted to, "till the features of his deceased friend were closed from his view, the expression which the kinsman of Cowper observed in them, and which he was affectionately delighted to suppose an index of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul in its gradual escape from the depths of despondence, was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise!"

It was a most legitimate gratification of the feelings, to cherish this imagination, since it comported so well with the real circumstances in which the departing spirit would be placed by the first glimmerings of consciousness. Had Cowper's piety been of a less decided character, there would have been room for regret that ere he died he "gave no sign;" but it should seem, that his physical powers were too exhausted to admit of that transient illumination of the faculties, which in cases of derangement, is generally the presage of death. It is, however, a consideration of small moment, on which side the river the vision of the "open gate of heaven," burst upon the soul. That dark passage once effected, every doubt was over. And if the state of separate consciousness admits of the perception of the objects of sense, it must have been with a peculiar emotion of exultation that his spirit surveyed the breathless form in which it had been entombed, and adopted the triumphant challenge to the last enemy, "O Death, where is thy sting?—"

Might we but imagine its detention for a while near the scene of its former sufferings, it would be to represent to ourselves the solemn joy with which it would contemplate the deposit of that poor corruptible frame in the dust, as seed cast into the furrow, anticipating, as the last act of faith, that moment, when the universal chorus shall arise, "O Grave, where is thy victory?—"

Our object in pursuing to its close this melancholy but interesting narrative, has been principally to dissociate, if possible, in the minds of our readers, the real character of Cowper from the morbid despondency by which, under the influence of bodily disorder, it was obscured, and to exhibit the distinct course of that disorder, under its occasional variations, to its catastrophe. There is reason to regret that any of his biographers should have fallen into the use of a phraseology calculated to favour in some degree the erroneous impressions which have been entertained with respect to the true nature of his afflictive malady. The anonymous author of the "Memoirs" edited by the Rev. Mr. Greatheed, speaks of "his spiritual recovery," of his being de-

prived of "religious comfort," and of his not being able to advert to "spiritual subjects without approximating the source of his distress;" as if religious defection, instead of insanity, had led to his despair. It excites no surprise to find writers, who have apparently little knowledge of Christianity, falling into this error. Thus, the author of the article Cowper, in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, edited by Dr. Brewster, tells us that his "distemper was religious madness," and that his intimacy with some "well-meaning enthusiasts" at Huntingdon, "certainly contributed to deepen the shade of *that religious melancholy which had sprung up in his mind since his recovery.*" He informs us further, that "the society of Mr. Newton" at Olney, "a person of the same principles as the Unwins, contributed to fix his mind, without variety or relief, on those awful subjects, which, *however proper to be recalled to the careless and insensible,* are most dangerous to a diseased mind like Cowper's." "A most unfortunate fault of his poetry," this critic subsequently remarks, "is, that the highest fire of his enthusiasm is so frequently mixed with the clouds of methodism and mysticism." The article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, although free from the irreligious ignorance displayed in the above citation, is extremely inaccurate. It speaks of "the *theory of Christian justification;*" and states that from "the system" Cowper had adopted, a deep consideration of his religious state "excited the most alarming and distressful apprehensions;" his mind being, as this writer adds, fitted "by natural disposition to receive all the horrors, without the consolations of his faith." The account of Cowper in Rees's *Cyclopædia* is, we are happy to state, unexceptionable. The writer has evidently been at the pains of consulting the best sources of information which were open to him, and he has maintained a very commendable reserve with regard to the morbid features of his character. Some persons have regretted that Hayley's *Memoirs* do not contain a more explicit account of the true nature and source of Cowper's malady; but it should be remembered, that the biographer had a task of peculiar delicacy to execute; and when the avowed difference of his religious sentiments from those of his friend are taken into the account, it would be injustice to deny that the performance is, as a whole, highly creditable to his feelings and judgment. At the same time, we must frankly confess that we have always lamented that the materials committed to Mr. Hayley, did not fall into the hands of a person competent to do justice in all respects to Cowper's character. The present publications show what an opportunity was thus lost of setting at rest every injurious conjecture respecting the causes of his insanity, and of superseding those painful disclosures for which a plausible pretext has now been brought forward, founded on the misrepresentations made by the enemies of Christianity.

We trust that the publication of the details of Cowper's early life, much as on some accounts it is to be deprecated, will have

its use. The document is invaluable for the purpose of appealing to Cowper's own testimony in evidence of certain facts. In *every* other respect, we care not how soon it is forgotten. The *Life of Cowper* will after all appear to persons in general a melancholy history. The very subject of insanity is one from which the mind shrinks back with horror, as if scarcely trusting itself to indulge the feeling of sympathy. But is this a healthful symptom? Jeremy Taylor, after enumerating a variety of horrible and disgusting sounds, adds, "The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans: and yet a careless merry sinner is worse than all that."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—TO ———, ON PARTING.

O WHEN I have met thee, unmark'd the bright hours
From the goblet of mirth would their loveliness pour,
But like gales that had sighed over spices and flowers
They mildly and sweetly, but swiftly, pass'd o'er.

But the worth of those moments which pleasures adorn,
It needs the unkind tongue of absence to tell,
Then time ling'ring slowly in pity or scorn
Mocks memory's ear with affection's farewell.

For joy, is like wind in its thoughtless career,
Ne'er leaving its sweets as it flies o'er the land,
Nor causing till water'd by many a tear
The bright rosebud of hope in a flower to expand.

But misfortune, though cold, and obscure its array,
May perhaps prove the herald of peace and repose,
As the storm that has clouded the dawn of the day
May descend in soft showers to gladden its close.

And life—if despair has not crush'd e'er they bloom
Hope's buddings, a varied round we will find,
Of pleasures and sorrows that hang round the tomb;—

▲ garland of roses with thorns interwin'd—

In that garland of life, which to me is ordain'd,
Full many a flower that is loveliest and fair,
Unfading from time; by remorse that's unstain'd,
By its sweetness, shall tell thy esteem plac'd it there.

S. E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—TO DELIA.

On will remembrance never cease to dwell,
 On happy moments that can ne'er return:
 Ne'er blot the image of one lov'd too well,
 Who first my youthful fancy taught to burn?

Delightful moment! when my sanguine breast,
 With raptures glow'd that virtue could not blame;
 When beauty smil'd approving, conscience bless'd,
 And mutual vows declar'd a mutual flame!

And are they fled—for ever lost to love,
 Those vows so sacred and those hopes so bright?
 Must I for ever lorn and friendless rove,
 The dreary victim of an early blight?

Forbid it love; oh let the silken band,
 Too rudely sever'd by the fates in twain,
 Be touch'd again by some angelic hand,
 And form a sweet indissoluble chain!

ADONTO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lightly sits the maiden's heart,
 Blithe and sweet the maiden's song,
 E'er she hears the words of art,
 Falling from a lover's tongue.

Soft and light her slumbers then;
 Fancy paints no scene of woe;
 Little thinks she treach'rous men,
 E'er will teach her tears to flow!

Foolish maiden! many a lover,
 Wilt thou have e'er one remain;
 Then wilt thou at last discover,
 How are mingled love and pain!

ANNA.

ROMAN NIGHTS.—NIGHT I.

FROM my first acquaintance with the writings of the ancients, I have been sensibly impressed, no less by the grandeur of their style than by that of the deeds which they commemorate. But among all the nations of antiquity, the Roman stands pre-eminent by the magnitude and boldness of its achievements. To the mental contemplation of this surprising people I had so long been accustomed, that in the stillness of solitude my imagination would represent them as actually present. When walking through groves, or along the margin of a murmuring stream, my mind, wrapped in meditation, would represent them as actually present, and, quitting its corporeal tenement, would launch into remote ages. This its erratic disposition was so increased by study, that I was at times fired with the desire of seeing and conversing with the spirit of some ancient Roman. A similar wish once animated the breast of Petrarch. He, too, sighed to pass the gulf of ages and hold converse with the spirits of the mighty dead. It is thus we see him in his works, writing letters to Cicero, to Seneca, to Livy, and to Varro. It is also related of Pomponius Letus, who was deeply versed in ancient learning, that he used to contemplate every relic of ancient magnificence at Rome, with so exquisite a sense of admiration, that he was sometimes seen to weep among its ruins, and to remain motionless as in a state of ecstatic meditation. With similar impressions I proceeded to Rome, the perpetual object of my contemplations.

Whoever has tasted the pleasures of ancient erudition, will easily conceive the palpitations of my heart, when, on descending the Appenine, I beheld THE ETERNAL CITY. The eye is intent on discovering the summits of the seven hills; the heart is seized with the desire of viewing and wandering among the precious monuments of antiquity; and every stone of every ancient edifice becomes an object of learned conjecture and delightful scrutiny.

Having entered the Flaminian way, I recognized its primitive magnificence from Rimini to the city, and the name which it still retains, of the consul who perished in his country's cause, in the battle against Hannibal at lake Trasymene.

While occupied in a series of consequent reflections, I passed the august gate, the majesty of which aided the general illusions of my mind, and I fancied myself entering the marbled city of Augustus. In proportion as the mind becomes more sensible of pleasure, the tongue is less able to express it. I must therefore pass over in silence that which I felt on my first view of the venerable Tiber, the Egyptian obelisks, the temples still fuscated with the smoke of sacrifices, the Flavian amphitheatre, which lay like a giant dismembered, the columns descriptive of the military customs, the triumphal arches, the area of the forum, the mausoleums, the majestic ruins of the circuses, and baths, and other relics of Roman magnificence, which fill the mind with pensive admiration.

It was at that season of the year when showers and gentle gales refresh the earth, parched by the summer's heat. The sapphire sky, cleared by their salutary storms, shone with a brighter hue. The languid herbs and plants resumed their vivid verdure, and appeared in all the freshness of the spring. Silent now, the chirping grasshopper yielded to the more harmonious melody of the birds rejoicing in the attempered air, unconscious of the insidious fowler's snares.

It was at this period of the year, when a report spread through the city, announcing a discovery of the long-sought tombs of the Scipios. Relinquishing the consideration of every other object, I directed my attention immediately to this. To a mind like mine, the monuments of illustrious men impart a pleasing sadness, far more grateful than the impetuous sensations of noisy mirth.

The sky was covered with the veil of night, and its calmness, and the silence of all around me favoured my design. A rustic habitation rises above the tombs, and to them a subterranean cavern leads, not unlike the den of savage beasts, at the end of which a short and narrow path connects it with the sepulchres of this renowned family. Some of them had been a short time before covered with ruins, but others still remained. Here I saw confounded with dirt and stones the bones of this illustrious race, which to the light of my torch reflected a ghastly whiteness; and as I moved it slowly around me, I saw with regret those relics worthy of monumental marble fractured by the spade, and now

become the objects of idle curiosity and plebeian insult!—But not yet wholly so. Enlightened travellers, resorting to this famous city, fraught with the events of its ancient history, to contemplate and compare the real objects, so far as they exist, with the ideas imbibed with their learning, have shown in what estimation they hold these spoils. Many they have collected, and carried away to remote countries, where they have deposited them as objects of veneration.

The modesty of these tombs is particularly striking. The Romans desired rather to shine by the lustre of their deeds, than by the splendor of their sepulchres. They consist of stone rudely sculptured, on which their names and actions are engraven, and coloured with a reddish paint, which fortunately the lapse of so many ages has not yet cancelled. The inscriptions relate, in a concise and modest manner, the merits of this heroic race, in the ancient language of Latium and in its primitive simplicity. “The proud monument of Caius Cestius,” said I, pursuing my reflections, “respecting whose deeds fame is so silent, that in the volumes of history we seek them in vain, still stands, transmitting to us, a bare, inglorious name. Ah, barbarous Fortune! why hast thou suffered these glorious ashes, preserved for so many ages under ruins, to be now disturbed.” My mind was occupied with these reflections, when the night wind, suddenly rushing through the subterranean avenue, extinguished my torch. Although by this accident I was immediately plunged into darkness, and the surrounding objects were snatched from my view, I was not wholly disappointed, for what I had lost in actual vision I gained in imagination, which, in this gloomy solitude and silence, had become more strong and active. Immersed in palpable and profound darkness, my mind expatiated in the regions of death, and with its accustomed solicitude of discoursing with the ancient dead.

Suddenly I heard a mournful murmur, composed of slow and inarticulate sounds, like the wind roaring in the distant vallies. The earth shook under my feet, and the tenebrous air resounded as with the hum of bees. The lids of the tombs seemed to rise and fall as if agitated by their ghastly tenants, for such was the sound which in this deep obscurity I heard. The bold desire which I had formed now yielded to the weakness of my nature, and a chilly

terror ran through all my limbs. At length the murmur ceased; the ground under my feet became firm, and a phosphoric splendor shone within the tombs, from which slowly arose faces of human form. I then beheld the tombs wide opened and filled with ghosts, which standing in them showed but their upper parts. They were as of various ages, infancy and youth; of these appeared but the head and part of the breast; others were of manly form, and exhibited more of the person. The matrons stood with modest countenance, covered with a veil, except that some with one hand raised it a little from the face. Of the females, some of the younger had their hair so copious, that it would have covered the whole face, had they not divided it with their hands, some parting it in the middle, and others throwing it wholly behind their shoulders. Some also there were, whose baldness and gray hairs evinced them to have passed into the vale of years, and there were children fallen in the spring of life, whose florid countenances seemed like the faded rose, obscured by the sad sleep of death. At first their eye-lids seemed to droop, as heavy with eternal sleep; then slowly raising them, they gazed on me. Awe-struck by the sight, I stood as one lost to himself, when my attention was diverted by a sudden burst of light in one of the inmost recesses of the cavern, whence I beheld a ghost advancing with majestic deportment, clad in a white gown, and bearing the consular costume. His benign, yet dignified countenance denoted one who was declining to old age, but not yet old; the very sight of it conciliated respect and awakened admiration. At his appearance the other ghosts came forth from their tombs, and surrounded him with signs of reverence. He stood in the midst of them with an authoritative air, while I reclined against a tomb, almost breathless with fear and suspense.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH.

SUCH is the power of health, that without its co-operation, every other comfort is torpid and lifeless, as the power of vegetation without the sun.

FOR THE PORT-FOLIO.—CRITICISM.

Is a Whale a Fish?—An accurate Report of the Case of James Maurice against Samuel Judd, tried in the Mayor's Court of the City of New-York, on the 30th and 31st of December, 1818, wherein the above problem is discussed theologically, scholastically, and historically. By William Sampson, Counsellor at Law.—Who says a Whale's a Bird?
—SHERIDAN.

THERE are many strange fish in New-York, as some of our readers may know, who never heard of this singular trial. They are not, however, inhabitants of the watery element, but may be found on the Battery, in Broadway, or at the sittings of the *Institute*; and counsellor Sampson sometimes challenges the gravity of the bench by an exhibition, in which, while we admire the variety of his learning, we are not less pleased with the drollery of his humour.

The present prosecution arose under an act of the legislature imposing a tax upon fish oil. The traverser contended that a whale not being a fish, the oil which is extracted from that animal, is not affected by the law. Hence the question which gives a title to the pamphlet before us.

The case was briefly opened by Mr. Anthon, who, after some very proper compliments on the erudition and the suavity of Dr. Mitchell, the Telamon Ajax of the defence, cited Gen. i. 26, 27, 28, to show the great division of all created things, and inferred that as the whale cannot be called a bird of the air, or a beast of the field, it must necessarily be a fish of the sea. A captain *Preserved Fish* was sworn on behalf of the defendant, who delivered himself very perspicuously on the subject of oils and fishes. But as our readers are, perhaps, little interested in these details, we shall pass on to the principal testimony in the case; not without adverting with some surprise to the fact, that one of the counsel was permitted to read several pages of Blackstone's Commentaries to the court. The advocate was so liberal in his quotations from this rare and curious work, that it was between three and four o'clock before a decision could be pronounced upon the extraordinary point which he raised. It appearing that Dr. Mitchell was then to be called up as a witness, the court adjourned for a short time, in order that they might be better prepared to re-

ceive his testimony. When the court was opened again, all were convened except the learned professor, who, although somewhat tardy, had the adroitness to get the first word by complimenting their honours on the punctuality with which they had resumed their seats. The doctor, being sworn, commenced by stating, that

"Among men of business, manufacturers and artists, and those who prepare the oils, the whale and fish oil are understood to be perfectly distinct. There are two sets of men, those who catch the animals, and those who prepare the produce when it comes here for market and consumption. The first know them to be distinct, knowing the animals which produce them, and the latter know them to be different in their nature, their economy, and uses. They are different in the nature of things. Another class is, that of the men of science, who understand the distinction upon principles of science, as now digested, perfectly understood, and past all question; the facts being all arranged and posted up to this day, and as far as human discoveries have gone, and human research penetrated, it is received as an incontestable fact in zoology, that a whale is no fish.

"New-York is a point into which much information centres. Men departing from this point, circumnavigate the globe, voyaging from the arctic to the antarctic regions. From this class of my fellow-citizens, much of the information I possess on this subject has been derived; and as a man of science, I can say positively that a whale is no more a fish than a man; nobody pretends to the contrary now-a-days, but lawyers and politicians."

Whether the counsel was alarmed by this fling at the bar, is not stated; but here the examination in chief terminated, and the learned witness was turned over to the opposite party. The cross-examination was conducted by Mr. Sampson. Our limits will only allow us to make a few extracts.

"Doctor, you have mentioned three classes of men, fishermen, artizans, and men of science. There is a much larger class, those who neither fish, manufacture, nor philosophize; have you ever thought it worth while to pay attention to their opinion?"

"A. The great bulk of mankind that speak English, would call a whale a fish, and they would say the same of a crab or a clam, and with them I would not dispute the question. If I was to go into the market amongst my Long-Island friends, I would not debate the question whether the lobster were a fish or a crustaceous animal, or whether a clam were a shell fish or a mollusca. The legislature, to the honour of our democracy, consists of all classes of men. It is one of the felicities of our form of government, that all classes are represented."

"Mr. Sampson then requested the witness to state the characters which distinguish the whale from fish.

"A. I have no objection, if it be required of me, to give it *in extenso*. The learned counsel who opened the cause, seemed to understand the characters which distinguish the whale. We will now contrast those characters with the characters peculiar to fish: A fish is an inhabitant of the water that breathes by gills, and not by lungs, and does not come to the surface to breathe the atmospheric air, which is superincumbent upon the watery deep. Fish take in the air commingled with water, through their gills, in the proportion the Creator has thought suitable to their nature and economy. From its breathing the air commingled with water, the fish is cold blooded, and feels cold to the touch, and is little, if at all, warmer than the element in which it lives; nor can it ever become warmer during its life. The greatest exercise cannot warm it as it does us. The whale, on the contrary, is a hot-blooded animal, like ourselves.

"Question by his honour the recorder. The first distinctive character then is, doctor, that all fish breathe through the gills air commingled with water, and that the whale breathes by lungs the atmospheric air?

"A. Yes, sir, such is the economy of Providence. Again; the cetaceous tribe called whales, (a broad generic term, taking in the whole family,) suckle their young; the females of fish do not give suck. The cetaceous order are mammiferous, and suckle their young by their teats.

"Q. Pray, doctor, may I ask you for the etymological meaning of the term cetaceous? Is it not from the Greek?

"A. Theologically and scholastically speaking, the word means whales and all their tribes. It means, in its most extended use, all huge and large inhabitants of the deep.

"Q. It comes, I think, from the Greek verb *κειμαι*.

"A. It does, because it lies like a huge floating rock.

"Q. This Greek verb expresses that action, which is called in English, lying, a word of double meaning, (philologically speaking) the difficulty is, how to apply it to the philosophy of floating rocks, which is of some novelty, and smells of the modern school?

"A. You should do as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, wear a trumpet at your ear, and then I should not be cut short or interrupted. I was going to say, that this great animal, lying at the top of the water, resembled a large floating mass:

"Q. Permit me then, doctor, with due respect, to ask this question; admitting that *κειμαι* means *jaceo*, and *jaceo* means to lie like a great mass, where is the authority that this great mass must needs be a whale; and, again, that this great whale may not be a fish?

"A. If I must give you an authority, I will refer you to saint Jerome's Latin vulgate of the Bible, in the first chapter of Genesis. And may it please the court, now that I am on the subject, I will give an account of the fifth day's work of the creation, and

show from thence, that the formation of whales was a distinct exertion of the creative power from the creation of fishes. In the first chapter of Genesis we are told, that God created fish, and afterwards that he created great whales.

"The counsel begged the witness to take the Bible in his hand, and read the verse or verses in that chapter on which he founded that exposition. Upon which the witness read the 20th and 21st verses.

"Q. I do not find, doctor, that the word fish is there used as having been created before or after the great whales?

"A. The word fish may not be used, but the inference is obvious.

"Q. Your conclusion, however, is not so obvious to my sense, but that there will be room enough for comment when it comes to my turn.

"*The Court.*—Then you think, sir, that on the fifth day these large cetaceous animals were formed by a distinct exertion of divine power, and were of a distinct formation?

"A. I do. It was a distinct creation by the Almighty Power after he had created the other marine animals, although all were made on the same day. I mean to say, that from this it may be implied, that the cete was a distinct creature, and so the able writer of that chapter has described it; and a great man he was. He knew the difference between a whale and a fish. It is a luminous text, and displays great learning, and throws great light upon this subject. The author is not minute in his relation till he comes to the creation of man; then he is precise and particular. The whole account is an immortal composition. The learned counsel, if he disputes this, will be driven to maintain that all fish are great whales; for if he cannot find the creation of fish in the 20th verse, he will not find it in the succeeding one, where nothing is said of fish, but where the creation of whales is distinctly and positively expressed."

"Counsel.—I do not find that the modern philosophers agree as respects the system of Linnæus; almost every one rejects some part, and substitutes or adds something of his own.

"Witness.—They are, then, the more like lawyers, if they do not agree. But a whale has been known not to be a fish since the writing of the book of Genesis, which is 4004 years plus 1818; and, now-a-days, it is no where denied, except in courts of justice and halls of legislature.

"Counsel.—I am sorry, doctor, to be obliged to differ, and to deny that position.

"Witness.—No doubt you are bound to do so, sir. That is your side of the question.

"Counsel.—I think the Greeks, and those conversant with the Greek language, and who have expounded it, are of my side, and that the word *κῆτος*, which you say means a great monster that lies upon the deep, means a whale fish.

"Witness.—You should have brought your scapula with you.

"Counsel.—Is not Schrevelius a good authority for the meaning of a Greek word?

"Witness.—Very good; what does he say?

"The counsel then referred to the word *κατος*, in the Lexicon, and its derivative *κατια*, where the former word is rendered in Latin, by *balæna*; (whale,) and the latter, '*locus ubi hi pisces capiuntur.*' (The place where these *fish* are taken, or whale fishery.)

"Witness.—Well, I give you my reading. The word comes from *καίμαι*, jaceo, (I lie,) and means, accordingly, any great floating mass of matter, appearing as a rock does above water. The compiler may have adopted whale fishery, being a word in common use, to avoid greater error or misunderstanding; but we understand the business of whales as much better than the Greeks, as we do that of political economy.

"Counsel.—If that be so the gentlemen opposed to us had better petition the legislature for a law, declaring that a whale is not a fish, any thing in Aristotle, Pliny, the voice of the multitude, or in the Scripture, to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Witness.—We must follow such course till there is a better."

As we have already intimated that it is not our intention to enter into the merits of this question, it is sufficient to state that the jury, after full deliberation on the theories of naturalists, the popular acceptance of the terms used in the law, and the rules of the common and statute law, found a verdict for the plaintiff; thereby establishing the fact that a whale is a fish, Dr. Mitchill to the contrary notwithstanding.

MALICE.

We should not despise the malice of the weakest. We should remember, that venom supplies the want of strength; and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp.

The natural discontent of inferiority will seldom fail to operate, in some degree of malice, against him who professes to superintend the conduct of others, especially if he seats himself uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exercises authority by his own commission.

A BRIDAL SERENADE.

Wilt thou not waken, Bride of May,
 While flowers are fresh and the sweet bells chime?
 Listen and learn from my roundelay,
 How all Life's pilot-boats sail'd one day—
A match with Time.

Love sat on a lotos-leaf afloat,
 And saw old Time in his loaded boat;
 Slowly he cross'd Life's narrow tide,
 While Love sat clapping his wings and cried,
"Who will pass Time."

Patience came first, but soon was gone
 With helm and sail to help Time on;
 Care and Grief could not lend an oar,
 And Prudence said (while he stayed on shore),
"I wait for Time."

Hope filled with flowers her cork-tree bark,
 And lighted its helm with a glow-worm spark;
 Then Love, when he saw her bark fly fast,
 Said—"lingering Time will soon be past!"
"Hope out-speeds Time!"

Wit went nearest old Time to pass,
 With his diamond oar and his boat of glass;
 A feathery dart from his store he drew,
 And shouted while far and swift it flew—
"O Mirth kills Time!"

But Time sent the feathery arrows back,
 Hope's boat of amaranths miss'd its track,
 And Love bade his butterfly pilots move,
 And laughing said, "They shall see how Love
"Can conquer Time."

Wake and listen then, Bride of May!
 Listen and heed thy minstrel's rhyme—
 Still for thee some bright hours stay;
 For it was a hand like thine, they say,
Gave wings to Time.

RICARDO AND BOLLMAN ON CURRENCY.

A Letter to Thomas Brand, Esq. M. P. for the County of Hertford, on the Practicability and Propriety of a Resumption of Specie Payments. By Erick Bollman, M. D. 1817. Philadelphia, republished. pp. 76.

Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency; with observations on the Bank of England, &c. By David Ricardo, Esq. 1816.

THE present embarrassed state of the currency in England, and also in this country, and the consequent distress to trading people, cannot but excite the most ardent desire to effect a thorough reform. England, as the heart of the trading world, cannot suffer alone. Every morbid symptom, which exists in that nation, must be rapidly communicated through the whole mercantile system of the world. Independently, therefore, of the similarity of our own situation, produced by local causes, we have motive sufficient for looking anxiously to the efforts which are now making in England, to restore the currency to a healthy and natural state.

Among them, the most conspicuous is, the Report of the Bullion Committee in 1813, accompanied by the testimony of merchants, bullion dealers and brokers, exhibiting a voluminous mass of ignorance, crudity and absurdity. Indeed the whole labour was thrown away, since the information sought had little or no bearing on the subject under investigation. There were only two points to be ascertained, as the basis of reform, and both were of universal notoriety, viz. Had the paper currency of England depreciated? And if so, from what cause? The affirmative of the first was as plain to every man possessed of a one pound note, as that of the second was to every man of ordinary common sense and observation. Paper money was depreciated in consequence of over-trading and over-issues by the bank, which produced a virtual bankruptcy; that is, the inability to redeem their notes punctually. Their solvency we do not doubt, nor does it affect the question. With these two facts always before them, it is truly astonishing that any difficulty should exist for a moment, as to the

accomplishment of the great object of reform in the currency. The means as naturally and inseparably followed, as effect to cause. The delay and difficulty can be attributed only to the visionary expectations derived from scheming projectors, who by enveloping absurd proposals in plausible language, have amused the public, with that success which will always attend empiricism; for all experience proves how much more effectual the appeal is to the follies and weaknesses of the world, than to their wisdom and fortitude.

In this country we are not well informed on the subject of the actual situation of British bank paper; a partial depreciation may be inferred from the fact that specie does not circulate concurrently with it. This depreciation, at the present moment, is trifling; but it is perpetually subject to the influence of a thousand circumstances, imparting to the currency a character of unsteadiness and fluctuation, destructive to public convenience, and embarrassing to mercantile and financial operations; depriving it, in short, of the great characteristic and important feature of what is, emphatically, money.

The great desideratum now, is to relieve the currency from this state, and to place it on a solid basis. With this view, the report of a committee has been submitted to the British parliament, and two separate projects are offered to the public by Mr. Ricardo and doctor Bollman. The plans proposed, in our opinion, are all defective; but, as their rationality and practicability, widely differ, we shall take a short notice of them in the order named, merely observing that their pretensions appear to us to bear the same relation.

The report of the parliamentary committee, fully recognizes the principle of the banks' liability for its engagements in the shape of notes, imposes the necessity of redeeming them with specie as far as demanded, and arranges the method for doing it. The process is slow, and some impediments are put in the way, which though not very material, interfere somewhat with the strict notion of convertibility. A certain time is allowed the bank, when they are required to pay a stated amount of their notes, in large sums only, and in gold a trifle above its standard value. An interval is then allowed, after which the bank is to pay off a further sum, with the difference only of a reduction in the value at

which the gold is to be tendered. This operation is to be repeated, with a regular approximation to par redemption till the task is performed, of placing bank paper and gold on an equal footing, and making them strictly convertible.

The prominent features of this are:—

1st, That it gives the bank further time, and authorizes it to pay present debts by instalments without interest.

2d, That it authorizes the bank to discharge its debts, by tendering gold at a rate which is above its value; thus giving a bonus to the bank, in the shape of a tax on the public; as the public is the creditor.

3d, That it throws a slight difficulty in the way of making a demand upon the bank, by the necessity of collecting notes to a certain amount.

These objections, however, are not material, since the plan contains a system which, if adopted and persevered in, will infallibly accomplish the desired object. It is only to be regretted that the committee should have fallen one step short of a system at once simple, natural and complete, which would have obviated the necessity of marking out great epochs of reform; but would have quietly, insensibly and steadily produced the same effect. We shall hereafter return to the subject, with some explanations.

Mr. Ricardo's scheme, is a sort of compromise with the difficulty. He proposes, to require payment from the bank, not in coin, but in blocks or masses of bullion duly ascertained in value, and verified by stamps, and that no demands should be legal for a less amount than the value of one of these ingots; *e. g.* 50 or 100 guineas.

It is the object of this arrangement, to inspire the creditor with confidence, by exhibiting a solid pledge for the redemption of every note; thereby giving full value to bank notes in circulation, and in his opinion, destroying all motive to require payment in specie. He proposes, by this method, to continue paper as the *only* circulating medium, and sustain its value on a footing with gold; thus accomplishing the apparently unattainable object of an exclusive universal paper medium of full and undeviating value. The plan is certainly novel and ingenious. It possesses the merit too of placing the paper currency on the basis of specie, which

alone can support it; and as it would undoubtedly supersede the use of coin in common use, the expense of coinage, and the waste and debasement of the metal would be saved to the nation. These are objects of no trifling importance; but the advantages accruing to the bank would be very questionable. Nothing short of the known possession of a large amount of bullion, could sustain the credit of bank paper. Every doubt, every surmise to the contrary, would rapidly bring upon them their circulating paper, thus requiring them to be always prepared with an amount of bullion, which if coined, would furnish the full natural proportion to circulate concurrently with their notes, and stock their vaults with an average amount for emergency. The bank, therefore, would save nothing in the way of interest, and as it would be required to collect and prepare for this system, as large an amount of specie as for actual payment in coin, I can perceive no national advantage, except, as has been stated already, the saving in the wear of a circulating coin, and the expense of coinage. This scheme, therefore, may be dismissed, with the remark, that although it is entitled to much approbation, the accomplishment of it must wait until the bank has reduced its business, and has provided itself with funds.

We come now to Dr. Bollman's plan, which boldly cuts the gordian knot, and by a short process, proposes not to restore specie payments, but to abolish them for ever. He recommends that gold and silver, as the standard of value and medium of exchange, should be entirely dispensed with, and their place supplied by bank paper of legally established *inconvertibility*, the quantity of which, to be limited to a certain amount only, under severe pains and penalties. He assumes the possibility of effecting and securing this limitation of amount, in which, according to his doctrine, consists the vital principle of his scheme; a position not only inefficient, but *necessarily* maintaining and perpetuating this baseless fabric of paper in full value. So wild and visionary a proposition, could scarcely fail to be condemned by the most transient glance, were it not offered to the world under the authority of so respectable a name as its author may claim in the department of political economy; and on this ground only can it deserve attention.

The preliminary assumption, the *sine qua non* of the plan is an impossibility. How, in the present constitution of man, is a law to be devised, which shall perpetuate itself? Is it possible for an individual to bind himself by a resolution which cannot be rescinded; or for the legislature of a state, to enact a law which may not be repealed by themselves or their successors? The fixed principles of nature deprive us happily of the means of exercising such tyranny over ourselves, much more over the future inheritors of nature's bounty. Nothing can restrain man but natural or physical impossibilities. The idea, therefore, of securing a certain limitation is futile, and this restriction must remain at the mercy of public opinion; which is always fluctuating.

But even supposing this difficulty removed, how would the project then stand the test of scrutiny? Would it be possible to confer on paper, *merely and independently*, a value, and maintain it as a currency, without reference to convertibility? Gold and silver, which constitute the only real money at present, are merely articles or commodities of intrinsic value, selected as the standard of value and medium of exchange, on account of their possessing, in a superior degree, the requisite qualities of durability, divisibility, compactness and fitness to receive and preserve the impress of their weight or quantity. If any other article could be found of general use and value, excelling in these requisites, no doubt it would be adopted, and these metals would become mere articles of merchandize. They are, however, the best yet known, and possessing a real intrinsic value, they serve as a standard with which all articles being compared, their relative value is thus ascertained in an indisputable manner. But how compare the value of two articles, by the intervention of a third, which is destitute of value? We might as well attempt to measure the lengths of two bodies by assuming as the standard medium, a mathematical point.

Besides, what would this paper money purport to be? Its nominal value must be marked by an obligation to pay or deliver something valuable; it must purport to be the representative of so many guineas or dollars. But by the terms of the issue the obligation is void, and the assumed value a nullity. A man could as well be persuaded to receive payment from his debtor, by a

mock delivery of money to him, as to receive paper to the same effect. No laws could support such a system. The attempt to identify legal and intrinsic value has been made repeatedly, under every variety of government; but without success. No law has ever proved sufficient to maintain a forced or over-rated currency above its intrinsic value. The laws of nature are supreme, and cannot be superseded by any human invention.

This artificial substitute for value, must therefore undergo the common destiny of all attempts to falsify a currency. An act of parliament may authorize the bank to pay its debts, whether in the shape of bank notes or otherwise, by a tender of this unreal mockery; but the clear, unsophisticated operation, would be a discharge to the bank from the performance of its obligations, and a forced surrender on the part of the public of their just demands. In the mean time, the public would be left destitute of a currency, and involved in the greatest embarrassments, which could happen to a commercial nation.

If the doctor, proposed covertly (which is not probable) to exterminate the paper system by one blow, he could not have devised a more effectual mode. It would have been like an attempt to extinguish flame by applying the pure elements of combustion.

It has been a difficulty with us, much greater than any of the mysteries of banking, or perplexities of currency, to account for the extraordinary course, which has been pursued in England, in the attempts to disentangle their involved money concerns. In an age so enlightened, in a country so distinguished for scientific, rational and liberal views; which professes to despise all sophistry in reasoning, and all charlatanry in practice,—disdaining, in pursuit of truth, all the delusions of prejudice, and, in the discharge of ascertained duty, all compromises with ease or delay,—it is astonishing, that a subject so interesting, should have been so unphilosophically treated; that a growing disease, affecting the vitals of the country, should be tampered with, and permitted to gain its present alarming height. If, instead of wasting time, in gathering opinions from bullion dealers and brokers, they had applied themselves to the scientific principles of the subject, and instead of listening to projectors and temporary speculators, they had communed with Adam Smith, they would have found all that

they wished to learn. But this consummate master of political economy, who has never been equalled, and perhaps never can be excelled, who so patiently analyzed the whole subject, explored and illuminated every labyrinth; who assumed nothing, but proceeded step by step in a plain and irrefragable series of argument to substantiate every position he laid down,—this man is thrown aside as antiquated, and his work is considered as obsolete. . As if the fundamental laws of nature could change in half a century! or fixed principles become false! The doctrines of this illustrious writer are not of a time or a fashion; they are built on an imperishable basis, and will endure long after these ephemeral schemes shall be utterly forgotten. This tribute to his merit, cannot be considered as misplaced or ill-timed, when we are treating on a subject so nearly connected with his name; and while we are investigating the remedy for an extensive mischief, which has arisen from the wanton neglect of his admonitions. A grateful homage is due to this successful explorer of a new region in science, intimately connected with our practical concerns and social happiness.

Placing ourselves under his guidance, we may safely rely on being extricated from the mazy labyrinth into which we have been betrayed

The existing difficulty is a fluctuating uncertain currency. The cause of its instability is found to consist in its inconvertibility into specie, the origin of which is traced to over-issues by the bank, and its continuance to the immediate inability of the bank to retrieve its situation. If this be a fair statement of the origin and cause of the continuance of the evil, does it not equally include in the terms a plain intimation of the remedy? Let parliament compel the bank gradually and steadily to reduce its business, and call in its debts, thus gradually and steadily withdrawing its notes in circulation, as they constitute the only money in which the debts can be paid. As to the manner in which the vacuum thus created in the currency will be supplied, let no fears be entertained. It may safely be trusted to regulate itself. The first effect of the diminished currency will be to enhance the value of bank notes gradually, till the amount withdrawn shall consist in the excess which had existed previously—next is caused a reduction of the

amount of currency actually required by the business of the nation, and at this point bullion and coin will necessarily flow in from abroad in every direction. The *modus operandi* is plain enough. A scarce money market, by lowering every description of property and merchandize, will increase exports and diminish imports. Exchange will fall from both causes, and compel the returns in bullion or specie from the double inducement of being most profitable, and the quickest converted into coin or money. Let this system be pursued till the country is stocked with the natural required amount of specie to circulate concurrently and freely with its paper representative. No difficulty can exist in ascertaining the point. Full par value for the paper is the test and index. An over quantity of convertible paper money can no more be kept suspended in circulation, than water already saturated can be made to receive and hold in solution an additional quantity. The proportion is probably pretty constant, though subject to occasional deviations from a thousand accidental uncontrollable causes, which no human vigilance could regulate itself by, but for the unerring indications incorporated with the subject. A prudent reserve in the amount of paper issues will always give a commanding power to the bank, to adapt itself to the occasion.

We can see no objection to this plan but its simplicity. Its effect is certain, and the means to execute it sufficient. A careful parliamentary regulation may mark out and divide the task according to their judgment. The burden imposed on the bank is only that of performing their duty as recognized in the report of the committee and demanded by the interests of the public. And what would a restoration of specie really and virtually amount to? A few years of exertion and self denial in the nation to recover back its squandered capital. The great national implement of trade has been pawned to purchase superfluities, and is now to be redeemed. The national estate has been mortgaged, and is to be disencumbered. Three millions per annum in seven or eight years would restore that instrument in the absence of which the people are compelled to struggle with difficulties and embarrassments. Can a government hesitate to impose this salutary burthen on a people whose persevering toil has supplied millions in subsidies to mercenary foreigners? It is a strange infatuation that

a nation which has never hesitated about the cost, when a great point was to be accomplished, should now resort to every shift and device rather than meet an alarming difficulty fairly and resolutely.

We shall hereafter, more fully and in detail, expose the actual operation of the plan here proposed, and endeavour to show its practicability, and its entire compatibility with the ease and interests of the nation.

THE CHOICE;

OR

WINE, WEALTH AND WOMAN.

THOUGHT's a sombre, plodding soul,
Too anxious e'er to be at rest;
In the eddies of a bowl,
That sparkling flows, Life's bark rides best.
Then hence with thought, and hence with care!
Be it foul or be it fair,
I'm content through life to glide;
O'er nectar's rich ambrosial tide!

Drinking is the bane of health!

Nectar, then, shall tempt no more—
Souls that build their hopes on wealth
Are always rotten at the core.
'Tis wit, then, gives the moment zest;
Wit's a gem, by all confest;
Give me wit, and I'll resign
All the joys of wealth and wine!

Wit has often lost a friend!—

Wit, then, with it danger brings.
Let thy choice in *woman* end,
Whom Bacchus toasts, and Phœbus sings!
Wine, wealth and wit are often rods
While woman has enslaved the gods.
Then, hear my choice, oh Love permit,
And I'll forswear wine, wealth and wit!



THE STRANGER.—AN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

[From the Edinburgh Annual Register.]

FAIR was the scene and wild—a lonely tarn
Lay bosom'd in the hill, and it was calm
As face of slumbering childhood—yea so calm
That magic mirror of the mountain reign
Was spread, that vision scarcely could discern
The water from the land, or rightly mark
The green-sward patch, the hazel bush, the rock,
From those fair copies on the element,
The shadow from the substance—save that one
Was softer and more delicately green.

A traveller came along—tall was his steed,
And rich that steed's caparison—but he,
The rider, was a man uncouth to view;
For his attire was not like other men:
His beard was all untrimm'd, and his fair locks
Seem'd tann'd by suns and bleached by the rain.

A man he was
Regardless of the world and the world's scorn.
Red was the corner of his eye, and yet
It seem'd to beam a glance of living flame;
A ray scarce earthly hung upon its sphere;
A spark was lurking there, which, just as chanced
The substance that enkindled it, would show
The fiend or cherub.—On that traveller came,
Slow and indifferent—solemn were his thoughts,
Determined but astray—still from his breast
Issued a hollow sound like one who pray'd
Or sung some holy hymn, but still his eye,
His red and troubled eye, turn'd ruefully,
(Mix'd with a nameless feeling of delight,)
Upon that peaceful solitary lake.
Ah, did he deem he saw portrayed there
A vision of that distant future world
To which the yearning soul so fondly clings!
And did he ween that beauteous baseless shade
An emblem of that long eternity
So shaped to human longings!—Righteous one!
That ever eye that gazes on thy works
Should on the soul such motley visions fling!
Slow past he on, and still the solemn sound
Flow'd from his breast, although his lips not moved.

A boy came from the mountains, tripping light
 With basket on his arm—and it appear'd
 That there was butter there, for the white cloth
 That over it was spread, not unobserved,
 In tiny ridges gently rose and fell
 Like graves of children cover'd o'er with snow;
 And by one clumsy fold the traveller spied
 One roll of yellow treasure, all as pure
 As primrose bud reflected in the lake.
 "Boy," said the stranger, "wilt thou hold my steed
 Till I walk round the corner of that mere?
 When I return I will repay thee well."
 The boy consented—touch'd his slouching hat
 Of broad unequal brim with ready hand,
 And set his basket down upon the sward.

The traveller went away—but ere he went
 He strok'd his tall brown steed, and look'd at him
 With kind, but yet not unregretful eye.
 The boy stood patient—glad was he to earn
 The little pittance—well the stripling knew
 Of window in the village, where stood ranged
 The brown and tempting cakes—well sprinkled o'er
 With the sham raisin and deceitful plum,
 And, by corporeal functions sway'd, his mind
 Forestall'd the luxury with supreme delight.

Long, long he patient stood—the day was hot,
 The butter ran in streamlets, and the flies
 Came round in thousands—o'er the horse's head
 A moving, darkening canopy they hung,
 Like the first foldings of the thunder-cloud
 That, gathering, hangs on Bowfell's hoary peak.

The stranger came not back,—the little boy
 Cast many a wistful look—his mind was mazed,
 Like as a brook that travels through the glade,
 By complicated tanglement involved,
 Not knowing where to run—and haply he
 Had sunk inert—but that in patience—or
 Perhaps incited by a curious mind,
 He cast his eyes to east, and west, and north,
 But nothing save the rocks, and trees, and walls,
 (Of gray stones built, and cover'd on the top
 Sheep-fold-wise, with a cope of splinter'd flags,
 That half-diverging stood upon their edge
 And half-reclining lay) came in the range
 Of his discernment—some full bitter tears
 At length came flowing down the poor boy's cheek.

The steed was all impatience—high his head
 And higher still his ears were rear'd aloft;
 For his full eye (nigh blinded by a shade
 Of stubborn leather—a half round it was,
 In shape like to the holy moon, when she
 Glides o'er the midnight heaven on silent foot,
 When half her course and some few stages more
 Already has been run) that eye was fix'd
 On a huge stone, that on the mountain lay
 Like dome of eastern temple, or the mosque
 Where pagans worship.—Loudly did he neigh;
 For he mistook it for a gallant steed
 Feeding in peaceful quiet—while, alas!
 He was compell'd to stand upon the road
 Held by a fretful boy the live-long day.
 His fore-hoof, mailed with an iron shell
 That shone like silver, fiercely did he strike
 Against the sounding earth—Up rose the dust
 And fire withal, like to the smouldering smoke
 And flash that rises from the evening gun
 Of perverse hind, that in concealment lies
 To watch the timid hare—relentless sport!
 And then his tail, which farrier's hand obscene
 Had rudely maul'd and sore curtail'd withal,
 And by incision cruel, and the help
 Of pulled cords, made that point up to heaven.
 Which God ordain'd should hang towards the earth
 With graceful sweep—

* * * * *

This tail was heard
 Whistling across the ambient air, with sound
 Of blasting wrath, loud as the coral hymn
 Of mountain spirit, when by fits he sings
 The prelude of the storm within the caves
 Of gray Helvellyn—loudly wept the boy,
 And much he fear'd; for oft that angry steed
 Turn'd round his head with such precipitance
 To dash the insects from his glossy side,
 That the poor boy in veriest danger stood
 To have his brains knock'd out; yet still he kept
 His hold, though sore beset.—At length he heard
 A voice rise from the bosom of the hill,
 Or from the heart of that small peaceful lake,
 He knew not which—it broke along the air
 That wander'd o'er that slumbering solitude
 With such a solemn and impressive tone,
 That not though heaven in distant thunder had

Spoke words of human breath, could these so much
 The heart of man have shook, and all his powers
 So utterly astounded.—On it came
 With gathering boom—loud and more loud it came,
 And passing, died upon the trembling wind,
 Or crept into the silence of the hill,
 Like startled spirit, and was heard no more!
 It was a beetle—somewhere it had been
 At elvish carol on that mountain's breast,
 Or haply dancing with the daffodills,
 Upon the margin of that lovely lake
 Ycleped a tarn or water—or mayhap
 From dwelling 'mid the maze of glow-worm lamps
 That with faint radiance gild the earthly woods,
 When dews fall soft and nature lies reposed,
 Proud of the rayless halo round them shed,
 Which only lights that one particular leaf
 On which the parent hangs, like a small gem
 Upon the lap of night. The boy held in
 His breath for full five seconds—then again
 Pour'd forth the bray of agony; the night
 Fell dark and deep—the moon was not in heaven;
 But lingering in the domes beneath the world,
 (As weens the hind) throwing his yellow light
 Far up the steep, on trees, and pendant hills,
 But to that poor distress'd, perplexed boy
 As if she had not been.—The horse went round
 Most unresponsive, and, not satisfied
 With whisking his dark tail in furious guise,
 He broke on all propriety, with snort
 Like blustering cannon, or the noise that bursts
 From heaven in thunder through the summer rain.
 The boy was stunn'd—for on similitude,
 In dissimilitude man's sole delight,
 And all the sexual intercourse of things
 Do most supremely hang.—The horse went round;
 Jerk'd with his nose, and shook his harness so
 The boy wax'd desperate, and—O impious elf!
 He cursed that hungry beast—the horse went round,
 And round, and round; and pulling in his head
 To his fore-pastern, upward made it spring
 So forcibly, the poor boy's feeble arm
 Was paralyzed—his hold he lost—and off
 Like lightning flew the steed, that never more
 Was in these regions seen!—Some did report,
 Though, I believe, the tale was all untrue,
 That a right wayward bard, whom I regret
 As having left these mountains, where alone
 True genius uncontaminat'd can thrive,

Was seen cantering through Chester on that horse;
 And others, that he afterwards became
 The horse of a strange youth, not unrenown'd
 In early life, who undertook the charge
 Of chaplain to a military troop,
 Cheer'd by the Highland bagpipe and the drum.

No more the poor boy cried—he lifted up
 His basket from the earth into the air,
 That unview'd element that circumfolds
 The earth within its bosom; there he felt
 With his left-hand how it affected was
 By the long day and burning sun of heaven.
 It was all firm and flat—no ridges rose
 Like graves of children—basket, butter, cloth,
 Were all one piece coherent!—To his home
 The boy return'd right sad and sore aghast.

No one believed his tale—they deem'd it was
 A truant idler's story, in excuse
 Of charge neglected.—Days and months past on,
 And all remain'd the same—the maidens sung
 Along the hay-field—at the even tide
 The dance and merriment prevail'd—the sky
 Was pure as heretofore—the mid-day winds
 Arose and ruffled all the peaceful lake,
 The clouds of heaven past over—nature all
 Appear'd the same as if that stranger wight
 Had never been—save that it was observed
 That Daniel Crosthwaite, who, beside the tarn,
 From good sir William rented a few fields,
 Appear'd at church with a much better hat
 Than he was wont, for it was made of down
 That by the broad Ontario's shores had grown
 On the sleek beaver;—on his window too
 A book one day was seen, and none could tell
 How it came there—it was a work in the
 French tongue, a novel of Voltaire—these things
 Were noted, whisper'd, and thought of no more.

Late did I journey there with bard obscure
 From Scotland's barren wastes,—barren alike
 Of verdure, intellect, and moral sense,—
 To view that lonely tarn.—He too was there,
 The changeful and right feeble bard now styled
 The Laureate—he too of the Palmy Isle,
 The man of plagues, horrors, and miseries,
 Disgrace of that sweet school, that tuneful choir

Named from these peaceful waters—he who framed
 An imitation of that lay divine
 Which is inimitable.—Not inept,
 Our conversation ran on books and men:
 The would-be songster of the Scottish hills,
 In dialect most uncouth and language rude,
 Lauded his countrymen, not unrebuked,
 Reviewers and review'd, and talk'd amain
 Of one unknown, inept, presumptuous bard,
 The Border Minstrel—he of all the world
 Farthest from genius or from common sense.
 He too, the royal tool, with erring tongue,
 Back'd the poor foolish wight, and utter'd words
 For which I blush'd—I could not chuse but smile.
 “Yet,” said I, tempted here to interpose,
 “You must acknowledge this your favourite
 Hath more outraged the purity of speech,
 The innate beauties of our English tongue,
 For amplitude and nervous structure famed,
 Than all the land beside, and therefore he
 Deserves the high neglect which he has met
 From all the studious and thinking—those
 Unsway'd by low caprices of the age,
 The scorn of reason, and the world's revile.”
 More had I said derisive—yes, by heaven!
 Much more I would have said, but that just then
 He of the Palms with startled eye look'd round,
 And such an eye, as any one may guess
 To whom that eye is known—for he beheld
 What I yet shudder to define.—“Great God!”
 The youth exclaim'd, “see what is lying there!”
 He of the laurel, who was next to him,
 Nay, haply nigher to the shore than he,
 Stared in amaze, but he can nothing see;
 And in his haste, instead of looking down
 Into the water, he look'd up to Heaven:
 A most preposterous habit, which the bard
 Practises ever and anon—I look'd
 Into the peaceful lake, and there beheld
 The bones of one who once in mortal life
 Had lived and moved—a human skeleton!
 I may not say what horrors shook my frame!
 The bones seem'd loose, nor film nor ligament
 Bound them together, yet each one maintain'd
 Its proper place, as loth to break the mould
 In which a human soul once housholded.
 It was a ghastly sight!—where once the heart
 Of feeling and of passion play'd, or beat

With ardent throb, lay the dark filmy mud
 That gathers in the deep, and on the bones
 Appear'd thin soapy spots of greenish hue;
 The jaws upon the nape-bone had fallen down,
 The skull seem'd looking up—there had he died!
 His back upon the sand, his face to heaven.

My mind, borne on the influence of truth,
 Turn'd instantly upon the poor boy's tale.
 Rightly I judged, for there indeed we saw
 All that remain'd of him, the stranger wight,
 That lonely wanderer of the mountain reign.

It boots not here to tell all that was said.
 The Laureate, sighing, utter'd some few words
 Of most sublime and solemn tendency.
 The Shepherd spoke most incoherent stuff
 About the bones of sheep, that on the hills
 Perish unseen, holding their stations so.
 And he, the tented Angler of the lakes,
Alias the Man of Palms, said nothing meet.
 He was o'ercome with feeling,—it is known
 To many, and not quite to me unknown,
 That the youth's heart is better than his head.

Glad of this opportunity, I said,
 Still pointing to the bones, " Access for you
 Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
 Which the imaginative will upholds
 In seats of wisdom, not to be approach'd
 By the inferior faculty that moulds
 With her minute and speculative plans
 Opinions ever changing—I have seen
 Regenerative Nature prostrate lie
 And drink the soul of things—of living things
 And things inanimate, and thus hold up
 The beings that we are—that change shall clothe
 The naked spirit ceasing to deplore
 The burden of existence, her dull eye
 To other scenes still changing still unchanged.
 The thinking thoughtless school-boy, the bold youth
 Of soul impetuous, and the bashful maid,
 All cogitative yield obedience up.
 And whence this tribute? wherefore these regards?
 Not from the naked heart alone of man,
 Though framed to high distinction upon earth.
 As the sole spring and fountain-head of tears,
 His own peculiar utterance for distress

Or gladness—it is not the vital part
 Of feeling to produce them, without aid
 From the pure soul, the soul sublimed and pure
 With her two faculties of eye and ear,
 Not without such assistance could the eye
 Of these benign observances prevail;
 Thus are they born, thus foster'd, and maintain'd,
 And by the care prospective of our wise
 Forefathers, who, to guard against the shocks,
 The fluctuation, and decay of things.
 'There lies the channel and original bed,"
 Continued I, still pointing to the lake,
 "From the beginning hollow'd out and scoop'd
 For man's affections, else betray'd and lost,
 And swallow'd up 'mid desarts infinite.
 This is the genuine course, the aim and end
 Of prescient reason, all conclusions else
 Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse."

The men were thunderstruck; the Angler most,
 That man of palms and plagues, vile copyist!
 Seem'd compassed in wonder—in my face
 Wistful he gazed, and ever and anon
 He utter'd a short sound at every pause,
 But further ventured not—upon the ear
 Of the poor Shepherd all these breathings fell
 Like sound of distant waters—like the rain,
 The treasures of the sky, on the firm flint,
 So moveless his impenetrative soul.
 He scratch'd his poll—the Laureate look'd to heaven.

More had I said, resuming the discourse
 Of subterraneous magazines of bones,
 The faint reflections of infinitude,
 The moon and the unvoyageable sky,
 And all the high observances of things;
 But that, chancing again to turn my eyes
 Toward the bosom of that peaceful mere,
 I saw a form so ominous approach
 My heart was chill'd with horror—through the wave
 Slowly it came—by heaven I saw it move
 Toward the grisly skeleton!—Its shape
 Was like a coffin, and its colour such,
 Black as the death-pall or the cloud of night!
 At sight of such a hideous messenger,
 Thus journeying through the bowels of the deep,
 O'er sluggish leaf and unelaborate stone,

All Nature stood in mute astonishment,
 As if her pulse lay still—onward it came,
 And hovering o'er the bones, it linger'd there
 In a most holy and impressive guise.
 I saw it shake its hideous form, and move
 Towards my feet—The elements were hush'd,
 The birds forsook their singing, for the sight
 Was fraught with wonder and astonishment.
 It was a tadpole—somewhere by itself
 The creature had been left, and there had come
 Most timeously, by Providence sent forth,
 To close this solemn and momentous tale.

BIOGRAPHY.—SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

THIS distinguished statesman was born in the city of Westminster, 1757. His ancestors, on both sides, were natives of France, who sought an asylum in England from those persecutions which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantz. Without the aid of a patrimonial estate, the assistance of an university, or even of a great school, he exhibited early proofs of that mental superiority, which ensures, in every walk of life, the certainty of future eminence. He evinced what it was in the power of a self-taught student to achieve who has been gifted with extraordinary parts, and an original mode of thinking. The Inns of Court, at one of which his name was enrolled, no longer affords either the means or the opportunity of obtaining a legal education. The *Tyro* is left entirely to himself; the ancient meetings are forgotten; and even the *Term Lectures* have been suspended for nearly half a century. Happily for Mr. Romilly, his habits, even then, were duly formed to study and application; and he had already acquired some little notion of business, in one of the public offices, connected with that tribunal in which he intended to practise.

He was called to the bar in 1783, and first distinguished himself, by his accuracy and precision, as an *equity draughtsman*; but he soon aspired to the highest branches of the profession, and succeeded in no common degree. The Court of Chancery was the arena in which he was to combat, and *Scott* and *Mitford*, were the legal gladiators before whom he was to combat in the presence of a *Thurlow*: These were great names, and they have

left few equals behind them; it was, therefore, glorious that he should, in so short a time, be selected as their opponent; but he had drawn his knowledge from the fountain head, and disdained mediocrity of all kinds. At length one of those gentlemen succeeded to the woolsack, in England; while another became lord chancellor of Ireland. Mr. Romilly's stuff gown was now deemed a match for all the remaining silk ones at the bar; he accordingly became a leader, and was retained in almost every cause. His indefatigable industry, his unwearied patience, his comprehensive acuteness, his deep knowledge of the law, were all calculated to give due weight to arguments, selected with skill, propounded with modesty, and enforced with eloquence.

It was not long before he began to feel himself raised to independence, but his efforts were not relaxed by prosperity; and fortune, as well as honour, attended his career. In the profession which he had chosen, the best portion of life has often been passed before this degree of success is attained; and even the subject of this memoir had reached the age of 40 before he had formed a domestic establishment. In the year 1798, he married the daughter of Francis Garbett, Esq.

Mr. Fox and lord Grenville assumed the reins of government in 1806, when Mr. Romilly was nominated solicitor-general, and received the honour of knighthood. He now determined to commence the important project of amending the system of English jurisprudence. In 1807 he obtained leave to bring in a bill "for making the freehold estates of persons liable to the bankrupt laws, who might die indebted, assets for the payment of their simple contract debts." This bill was lost on a division, yet the effect produced by it did not prove wholly useless, for the legislature soon after granted its sanction to an amended act, by means of which the debts of traders have been more effectually secured, for the benefit of the public.

Nearly at the same time, he assisted as a manager at the trial of lord Melville, who, after being treasurer of the navy, had presided several years over the affairs of the admiralty. He took an active part in the abolition of the slave trade. The speech which he delivered on that memorable occasion was listened to with particular attention, and it is related that one prominent par-

sage was received with three distinct plaudits. It is to be regretted that this oratorical effusion has never been correctly reported.

In the month of October 1818, sir Samuel lost his wife, and he did not long survive this afflicting event. The continual fluctuations of her disorder, sometimes affording gleams of hope, at other periods indicating urgent danger, kept sir Samuel, for a long time in a state of the most fearful suspense. He was daily a witness of her sufferings, and with an imagination, which always entered deeply into the distresses of others, while he was proportionally regardless of his own, his sympathy on this occasion was more than ordinarily acute. The continuance of this state for many weeks, was more than a frame, already exhausted by the alternations of hope and fear, could possibly endure. Sleep fled from his pillow, or came but to agitate him with some terrific dream, from which he awoke with a deep and lasting impression of horror. A variety of medicines were administered, but while under the influence of a sudden paroxysm the unfortunate patient seized a razor and terminated his own existence!

Sir Samuel Romilly was an indefatigable man of business, with clear views, and a correct judgment; commanding a copious, manly and perspicuous style of oratory, seldom brilliant, but often powerful, acute and severe. His manner, both in the house of commons and at the bar, was spirited but not sparkling, vigorous rather than vivacious, penetrating rather than persuasive. He disdained to be an actor where he could not be victor, and was above all low and little arts to purchase popularity. He was altogether above the element of the party in which he moved. For a scholar, his mind seemed less rich in classic illustration and ornament than might have been expected; but then in compensation, it was free from all affected passion, spurious pathos, and ambitious point; and if the recesses, the groves, the fountains, and divinities of the classic world afforded him but little, he had much of its moral prudence, its masculine virtue, and its treasures of thought. If he was without that intuitive strength, and natural majesty, which mark the sentiments and expressions of great men, he was at the same time above all the stratagems of wit, the pretence of feeling, the puerility of display, which characterize all the successful mediocrity of the bar and the senate. He was

certainly endowed, far above most of the public men of these latter times, with a native soundness of intellectual constitution; and if his mind had neither flowers on its surface, nor gold in its interior, it was at any rate furnished with what is better for use than either flowers or mines—a generous soul, rewarding the labour of cultivation with the means of subsistence and growth. His eloquence took an aim above the artifices of rhetoric. It was full of sincere feeling and manly counsel, looking right on to the sober and serious purposes of utility. He was, painful to confess it, a party man; tinged too, more painful still to declare it, with the modern tenets of the Genevan school. But with all this, he was a high-minded man, half disdainful of the idiom and creed and cant of his own party as far as we can judge from the indications of his general deportment; and though something of personal animosity and spleen has occasionally marked his oratorical invectives against those to whom he was politically opposed, something more perhaps than can be fairly put to the account of parliamentary jealousy, yet let it not be forgotten, that if he was at times capable of embarrassing government from party motives, he was never capable of inflaming the people out of disaffection towards the state.

But the great distinguishing act of Sir Samuel Romilly's life was his useful labour in the reform of the criminal law. The ferocious and clumsy method of repressing crime by multiplying sanguinary punishments, without regard to the proportions, which the first principles of justice require, and without respect to the actual state of society, its manners and its moral feelings, the general impracticability of executing such laws through the medium of juries, their inefficacy when carried into execution, the subtuges and the violations of oaths resorted to for avoiding such necessity, the invitation to crime, resulting from the hope thus held out of impunity, and the cruelty of tampering with human life, or leaving it to the arbitrary disposition of an individual, and thereby producing a sort of complexional uncertainty in criminal matters, appeared to Sir Samuel to call imperiously for reformation; and, considered with reference to this object alone, the death of this eminent and upright man, has been a very serious loss to his nation. But Sir Samuel Romilly lived also for other things;

to afford the example of a virtuous English gentleman in his family and in private society. This is by some considered to be but slight commendation, as having reference to duties of easy performance; and some regard the high credit in which they stand as the mark of the rarity of their occurrence. The remark of Tacitus appears to us to be far better founded: "*Virtutes iisdem temporibus optime estimantur quibus facillime gignuntur.*" It is honourable to the age we live in that it is principally from the private lives of the great that the people take the measure of their real greatness. It is in the recess of the characters of eminent men that we sometimes find those shady refreshing spots, on which the eye, tired with brilliancy, delights to repose. We turn to them from the dust of the forum, or the camp, as to an *Oasis* in the sultry desert, where nature sits embowered in peace.

We would that all had been green about the soul of this distinguished person, or that living waters had been there to make what green there was, perennial. But the inference from his disconsolate end is strong against the probability of his "heart being whole with his God."

"He knew not what some bishops may not know,
That Scripture is the only cure of wo;
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road!
The soul reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song."—COWPER.

The man who wrote these verses felt them. He had been at the margin of that gulf into which Sir Samuel Romilly plunged. He was the prey of a constitutional malady that seemed to exclude all possibility of comfort. In his retirement at Dr. Cotton's he read the Bible, recovered both his reason and his cheerfulness, and for twenty years the force of his religion supported his vacillating mind, till age and infirmity became the allies of his disorder. The pressure of wo may produce a crisis, in which, as man judges the case, all accountability ceases; but a man may be accountable for being in that state, if the gospel is true in declaring, that "God even our Father hath loved us, and hath given

us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace." It is not in the summer calm of life that a Christian's trust declares itself. Affliction supplies the test by which the strength of our confidence in the Divine promises is proved; and no species of affliction tries it so much as bereavement. It is not till the props and stays of the building are removed, that it can be known how far it rests upon invisible supports, how "fitly it is framed together," and who is its "Builder and Maker." No man takes his existence by contract; it is the gratuitous gift of the Almighty: we must receive it as he gives it, without any stipulations for its ease or prosperity in this world; but on the contrary, with marks, as clear as if wings were appended to it, of its fugitive, volatile, and restless nature. It does seem, therefore, a little extraordinary how, independantly of that system, whose great characteristic it is to raise our affections to heavenly things, any sensible man of sixty can suffer even the sweetest and holiest ties of this passing world so to wind round his heart, as to dispute the property of that heart with him who has declared his jealousy in this respect. Heathen philosophy has extracted, or pretended to extract, out of the very irremediableness of the case, a balm to soothe these inevitable privations; if then when the ligatures of nature or love are broken, the Christian bleeds to death, where is the Christian's hope? "If in this life only we have hope in Christ," then we are "of all men the most miserable."

Notice of a scientific tour to London, Edinburgh, and the Shetland Islands. By M. Biot, of the Royal Institute of France.

As soon as astronomers began to observe with attention the movements of the heavenly bodies, the globular form of the earth became manifest; but many ages elapsed, before they were able to measure its circumference with any degree of accuracy. Repeated attempts made, both by the ancients and by the Arabian philosophers, presented errors of the most enormous magnitude. It was not till 1670, that Picard, in the line formed through Picardy, made an exact measurement of the degree of the meridian, and thereby ascertained the entire circumference of the globe. This important observation enabled Newton to establish his grand

law of gravitation, which had not agreed with the erroneous measurements before made. No suspicion, however, had yet been entertained, that the figure of the earth departed in any degree from that of a regular globe. But two years after, Richer, in an astronomical journey to Cayenne, discovered a variation in the action of the pendulum, which appeared to indicate that the earth was broader at the equator than at the poles. Newton, applying to this observation the principle of gravitation, proved that it was the natural result of a planet moving on its axis, provided its elements were once in a state of fluidity. The French Academy of Sciences, after some unsatisfactory attempts to ascertain the fact by measurements confined to France, resolved upon sending two grand expeditions, one to the equator and the other to the arctic circle. Condamine was at the head of the former, Maupertuis of the latter; and they fully confirmed the general principle of Richer and Newton. The irregularity, however, in the figure of the earth was so small, that its precise amount could not be ascertained by the imperfect instruments then in use. These in the progress of time, were constantly improved; and when the French government conceived the idea of making the circumference of the globe the basis of their new metrical system, they employed Messrs Delambre and Mechain, two of their most eminent men of science, to measure, by a series of triangles, the meridian between Dunkirk and the Balearic Islands. This grand and difficult operation was executed, amid every obstacle, with a precision before unknown, new instruments for the purpose being invented by M. Borda. Mechain, however, as he was completing his observations on the coast of Valencia, fell a sacrifice to fatigue; so that the work was interrupted, till it was resumed by Messrs. Biot and Arago, who completed it in the most satisfactory manner. They made also a number of observations with the pendulum, both at the extreme station, and on various parts of the line measured by their predecessors, and the general agreement of the results established the whole in a manner which admitted of no dispute. Meantime, in Britain, a similar survey, begun by general Roy, had been completed by colonel Mudge, and extended from the south of England to the north of Scotland. To the French scientific bodies, however, it appeared highly desirable, both to verify these observations, and to connect them with the French survey, so as to form an unbroken line between Orkney and Fromentera. This task was zealously undertaken by M. Biot; and we are happy to find that he experienced, on the part of the British, the most active aid and co-operation. "To wish a thing useful to the sciences, (says this liberal and enlightened foreigner,) is to secure before hand the consent of the English men of science, and the approbation of the government." Having made arrangements with sir Joseph Banks, he set out from Paris in the month of May, carrying with him all the necessary instruments. At Dover he received them entire, under the seal of the customhouse, without duty or exami-

nation, "as if he had not changed his country." His emotions on meeting the illustrious president of the Royal Society are expressed with peculiar warmth.

"Why cannot I paint what I felt on seeing, for the first time, the venerable companion of Cook! Distinguished by long voyages,—remarkable by an extent of understanding, and an elevation of sentiment, which led him to take an equal interest in the progress of every branch of human knowledge,—possessed of rank, of a great fortune, of universal respect, sir Joseph Banks, has made all these advantages the patrimony of the learned of all nations. His benevolence is so natural, so easy, that to him by whom it is experienced, it appears almost to be in virtue of a newly acquired right, while, at the same time, it is so kind, that it leaves to you all the individuality of gratitude. We have here a noble example of authority, founded entirely upon esteem, attachment, respect, free and voluntary confidence, and the claims to which consist solely in an inexhaustible good will, and the recollection of services rendered, while its long and undisputable possession implies singular virtues, and an exquisite delicacy, when we think that all this power was to be formed, maintained, and exercised among equals."

M. Biot now set out for Edinburgh, accompanied by colonel Mudge, and fixed his first station in Leith fort. He warmly acknowledges the attention paid to his accommodation, particularly by colonel sir Howard Elphinstone. A portable observatory was constructed for his use; and, in order to give to the pendulum the requisite solidity, stones of enormous size were fastened in the walls with iron chains. Colonel Mudge's health not permitting him to assist, his place was satisfactorily supplied by his son, captain Richard Mudge. "My attention to these duties," says he, "did not prevent me from casting a stolen glance upon all that is beautiful and good in this Scotland, *the abode of morality and intelligence*. But, foreseeing that such objects would render somewhat too dry the minute detail of weight, length, and measure, I resolved not to pay any close attention to them till my return."

The Orkneys had been the original destination; but, at the suggestion of colonel Mudge, it was resolved to carry on the survey to Shetland, by resting the summits of triangles on the isles of Faira and Foula. Having made a short stay at Aberdeen, where he states himself to have experienced the most gratifying hospitality, M. Biot set sail, on the 9th of July, for Shetland. The first aspect of this country is described with animation.

"At length the peaks of Shetland appeared in the clouds; and, on the 18th July, we landed not far from the southern point of these islands, where the currents of the Atlantic, encountering those which come from the sea of Norway, cause a perpetual swell and tempest. The desolate aspect of the soil was in unison

with the gloomy approach. I saw no longer those fortunate isles of Spain, those smiling regions, that garden of Valencia, where the orange and citron trees in flower diffuse their perfumes round the tomb of a Scipio, or over the august ruins of the ancient Saguntum. Here, on landing upon a coast shattered by the waves, the eye perceives only a land, moist, desert, covered with stones and moss; mountains broken into fragments, undermined by the inclemency of the elements; not a tree, not a bush, the view of which might soften this savage aspect; here and there a few scattered huts, whose roofs, covered with grass, let out into the fog the thick smoke with which they are filled. Musing on the gloom of this abode, where we were to remain exiled for several months, we proceeded not without difficulty, across plains and hills without a road, towards the small assemblage of stone houses, which forms the capital, called Lerwick. There we began to feel, that the social virtues of a country are not to be measured by the appearance of poverty or riches. It is impossible to conceive a more frank or cordial hospitality than that with which we were received. Persons who had learned our names only a moment before, eagerly offered their services to conduct us wherever we wished. As soon as they learned the object of our voyage, they gave us of themselves every information which could be useful; they collected it for us, and transmitted it with the same interest, as if it had been a personal concern of their own. We received, in particular, much essential aid from Dr. Edmonstone, an intelligent physician, who has published a very good description of Shetland, and who recollected with pleasure, having attended at Paris the course of our colleague M. Dumeril."

M. Biot had at first proposed Lerwick for the theatre of his operations; but, on further consideration, he determined to remove to the small isle of Unst, half a degree further north. After a stormy passage, he reached that island, where he was received with every kind of hospitality and attention by a brother of Dr. Edmonstone, who happened to reside there. It was difficult at first to find a place where the large instruments could be put. At length the pendulum and its apparatus were fixed in a large sheep-cot, built of thick walls to resist winter storms. The portable observatory and the repeating circle were put up in Mr. Edmonstone's garden. Captain Mudge being unfortunately taken ill, and obliged to leave the island, Mr. Edmonstone suggested the plan of employing an intelligent carpenter, who, like the rest of his countrymen, understood reading, writing, and accounts. In making, however, an astronomer of a carpenter, checks were necessary; and M. Biot's science enabled him to employ some, which appeared to his companion almost miraculous. These checks, however, became daily less requisite; and M. Biot found this assistant answer every necessary purpose. In the course of two months, he had completed thirty five series of the pendulum, of

five or six hours each, fourteen hundred observations of latitude, and twelve hundred observations of the height of the sun and stars; and these immense labours afforded him the satisfaction of having fully completed the great object of his mission. In the intervals, he derived great satisfaction from the intercourse of the inhabitants, of whom he draws a very interesting picture. He says,

"I could not at first conceive what charm could retain them in this wintry, stormy country, without a road, without a tree on the mountains or plains upon which the eye can repose; a region of rain, of wind, and tempest, where the atmosphere, constantly impregnated with a cold moisture, mitigates the severity of winter, only on condition of allowing no summer. What attaches them to it is the peace, the profound, the unalterable peace which they enjoy. For twenty-five years, in which Europe has been tearing her own vitals, the noise of a drum has not been heard in Unst, scarcely in Lerwick; for twenty-five years the door of the house which I inhabited has remained open night and day. The people here receive the news of Europe as they read the history of the last century; these recall no personal misfortune, and kindle no animosity; they feel not that interest, or rather that fury of the moment, which is produced by the frantic exaltation of all the passions; they philosophize tranquilly on events which seem to belong to another world.

"This calm, this habitual security, gives to social relations a charm elsewhere unknown. Here all that belong to the class of proprietors are either relations, or allies, or friends, and friendships are like alliances. But as in this world evil must accompany good, this pleasure of living like a great family, is sometimes dearly bought; it makes them feel, with extreme pain, the death of that small number of individuals on whom they have concentrated their affections; such an event is to the whole circle like a family misfortune. They experience almost equal grief when any of their friends departs to seek his fortune elsewhere, which, from the poverty of the islands, is but too common. This departure is felt by those who remain like a death; and, indeed, the Shetland Islands, when quitted in search of a better habitation, are seldom revisited."

M. Biot then gives a view of the mode in which the lower orders earn their subsistence, and concludes with the following very striking picture.

"For these poor people, even the rudeness of their country has charms. They love these ancient rocks, whose daring forms and aspects, so often observed, point out to them the narrow passage through which their bark must return into the protecting bay, saluted by the cry of the sea birds. I myself, tranquil under their guidance, have contemplated with admiration these high cliffs of primitive rock, this old frame-work of the globe, whose strata, inclined towards the sea, and hollowed at their base, threatened to bury under their ruins the frail bark which bounded over the

waves at their feet. At our approach, the sea birds came in thousands out of their retreats, surprised to see themselves disturbed by a mortal, and making these savage scenes echo with their tumultuous cries; some darting into the air, others plunging into the waves, and coming up almost instantly with their prey; while seals and other cetacea were here and there raising their black heads above the waves, that were clear as crystal; life seemed every where to abandon a cold and moist land, and to fly, more varied and more active, into the air and the waters. But as soon as evening draws her veil over these savage retreats, all relapses into silence. Sometimes a slight south wind mitigates the coldness of the air, and allows the stars to enlighten with the purest lustre the tranquil scene, when no noise breaks its profound silence, except at intervals the distant murmur of the dying waves, or the sweet and plaintive cry of a sea bird sweeping rapidly over their surface."

M. Biot now narrates his voyage to Edinburgh, and passes the following noble eulogium upon the general character and condition of the Scottish nation.

"After a residence of two months, I quitted these islands, bearing with me recollections that will last during life. An equinoxial breeze brought me to Edinburgh in fifty hours. This sudden transition from solitude to the noise of the world, from patriarchal simplicity to the refinements of civilization and luxury, is not without its charm. Colonel Elphinstone, by the most obliging reception, showed me that friendship was not wholly confined to Shetland. It was then that, entirely liberated from my observations, I could contemplate at leisure what the highest perfection of the social state presents in this country, both in institutions and men; a spectacle at once consolatory and sad for one who has spent his life amid the troubles of the Continent. I saw a people poor, but laborious,—free, but respectfully submissive to the laws,—moral and religious, without harshness, tolerant without indifference. I saw the works of Johnson, and of the most agreeable English moralists affording amusement to the middling class of people. I saw peasants learning to read in works which contain essays of Addison and Pope. I saw village farmers uniting in clubs to deliberate upon political and agricultural interests, and forming associations to purchase useful books, in the number of which they place the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which is known to be composed at Edinburgh by men of science and philosophers of the first order. Lastly, I saw the upper classes of society acting suitably to this high state of civilization, and really worthy of occupying the first place in it by their intelligence, and the nobleness of their sentiments; I saw them exciting and directing all the undertakings conducive to public utility, always in communication with the people, and never confounded with them; studying to cultivate their minds, in order to teach them their duties, and their true interests; knowing how to provide for their wants,

without making them lose virtuous independence, attracting thus their attention, without exciting their envy; and, in recompense of so many efforts, I saw peace, union, reciprocal esteem, mutual confidence, and even a very lively affection, founded on one side upon the habit of beneficence and the sweets of intimacy; on the other, upon gratitude and respect."

Our philosophical traveller then visited the principal counties of "industrious England;" where he saw the powers of nature employed under every imaginable form in the service of man; yet he felt less pleasure than in the former places he had visited: *he rather admired this immense system of manufacture, than wished it for his country.* After visiting Oxford and Cambridge, he proceeded to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, where, in conjunction with Messrs. Arago and Humboldt, he carried on, with the most magnificent accommodation, and every facility, similar observations to those made on the solitary isle of Unst. He does not communicate here the precise result; his calculations, indeed, were not yet completed; but he states, in general, that all the observations made throughout Britain corresponded entirely with those in France and Spain; and, as both are in unison with the accurate measurements recently made by Mr. Swanberg in Lapland, and major Lambton in the East Indies, the great problem of the figure of the globe may now be considered as solved in a very satisfactory manner.

IMPROVEMENT IN BOOK-PRINTING.

TO OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

SIR,

As the system of book-printing is the same throughout the United States, it would be well to have an uniform signature and place of setting it at the foot of the page. I would advise that the signatures should be capitals of the same size as those used in the book (unless larger than small pica capitals); the second alphabet of signatures to be designated by two letters, the third and following alphabets to be a figure and a capital, the whole of the book to be carried through by continuing the same line of signatures to the end. If there should be a wish to mark an introduction or an index, the signatures may be enclosed thus (A) instead of italics, numerals, or lower case roman.

For the more perfectly putting up books for binding, I would recommend that the signature be set at the left corner of the

page, and if the work forms more than one volume, set the signature close to the volume, putting an m-dash between them, so that both volume and signature may be seen at once. When the signature and volume are so far apart, the book must be collated twice to ascertain its perfection. At present, no less than three different denominations of signatures may be found in one book; and the signature set in different parts of the foot of the page—Some publishers and printers prefer numerals; but they are objectionable on account of their liability to be filled up. In that case the 3 is taken for 5 or 8; the 6 for 8, &c. whereas, in the above system there is nothing that can possibly occasion errors, except the third or fifth alphabet. The instances where errors may take place are few, when compared with numerals, as it is not frequent that books are found to contain five alphabets, and when they do, the fifth alphabet marks the index.

A BOOKBINDER.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE understand that a number of gentlemen in the city of Washington and the District, have been in treaty with Mr. Delaplaine, for the purchase of his gallery of portraits. It would be a subject of some regret to us, if this collection were removed from Philadelphia, where every thing connected with the fine arts, derives as liberal a support as the peculiar circumstances of the country will admit. Although these paintings may not be attractive as efforts of skill, they will always be interesting to the American, as faithful resemblances of those who have adorned the annals of his country.

Mr. Shaw, a celebrated landscape painter from London, is engaged in painting an historical landscape of large dimensions for Earle and Sully's EXHIBITION GALLERY in Chesnut street. The work is advanced, and will be completed by September next.

We are glad to announce that Mr. Sully, in consequence of frequent solicitations to direct the studies of gentlemen desirous of becoming professional artists, has made an arrangement to accommodate those who may address him on the subject. His terms may be learned on application at his rooms, adjoining the Athenæum.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A REPUTED American writer in the Newburyport Herald has taken the liberty to advance, that the "*ignorance of the reputed learned men of America is proverbial in Europe*," and in support of his assertion he says, that in the report of the National Institute of France, rendered to the emperor some time after the year 1806, the great French astronomer Lalande, in making his observations on the total eclipse of the sun in that year, remarks: "it was central and total at Boston in New-England, and that it was surprising that no observation was taken there, especially *as they have an academy*." "This," observes the paragraphist, "is certainly a cutting reproach, although conveyed in a most delicate manner." That a foreigner should use the language of *delicate reproach* in a matter which so much concerns the whole learned world, is a subject of no astonishment; but we may well express our indignation at the sarcasm of the *reputed* American who quotes him.

Another writer, with more patriotic feelings, has undertaken, in the Essex Register, to answer this, to say the least of it, very indecent paragraph. He states that observations on the solar eclipse in 1806 were made at Cambridge, by professor Webber, and by the learned Bowditch of Salem; that there were others made at Boston, besides those of Philadelphia, Lancaster in Pennsylvania, and Albany; he mentions also those made at Rutland in Vermont, by Dr. Williams, at Dover in New-Hampshire, and many other places. All these observations, he says, were published in *newspapers* and *periodical papers*, and by proper authorities. And he justly observes, that the ignorance of their existence which prevails in Europe, proves how little has been known, in that part of the world, of the real state of literature in America. Finally, he expresses a doubt, whether more observations on the eclipse in question were made in any part of the globe than in the United States.

That the literature and science of America are but little known in Europe, is a fact too well established to admit of controversy. But it is well worth inquiring whether the fault is not in a great degree to be ascribed to ourselves. If the numerous observations

which were made on the eclipse of 1806, appeared only, as the last mentioned writer says, in the fugitive columns of some of our hundreds of newspapers, or in periodical publications little known abroad, the men of science in Europe are not to be blamed for being ignorant of them. It is not in such journals that they may be expected to seek for the observations of our learned astronomers, but in the memoirs and transactions of our scientific societies. If M. Lalande ever made the observation which the first mentioned writer has attributed to him, which ought in the first place to be ascertained, we must next inquire whether any observations of the eclipse in question appeared at the time in the "Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences." If such have appeared, M. Lalande is unpardonable for the rashness of his assertions, and may be well suspected of wilful and unfounded *calumny* against this country. If, on the contrary, the learned astronomers, who made the numerous observations mentioned by the Essex writer, contented themselves with publishing them in the sibylline leaves of newspapers, we must acknowledge that the blame lies wholly at their door.

It is certain that publications in newspapers on subjects of science and literature, contribute greatly to that general diffusion of knowledge for which this country is pre-eminent; but we owe it to ourselves, we owe it to the national fame at least to make known the most important of our observations and discoveries through some channel more authentic and more accessible to the world at large. Such are the transactions of learned societies; of the contents of which no man of science abroad can justly plead ignorance, as they are uniformly sent to all the foreign institutions of a similar kind. If, unfortunately, the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Sciences* should have been silent on the subject in question, it is the duty of the members of that highly respectable body to supply the deficiency fully and completely in their next volume.

There was no work to which we looked forward with higher expectations of being gratified and instructed than to Mr. Campbell's *Spectimens of the British Poets*. These hopes were heightened, no doubt, by its long protracted appearance, and the fre-

quency of its announcement. It is therefore with regret we are compelled to acknowledge that our hopes have been much disappointed; and to express our conviction, that however unexceptionable, in some points, Mr. Campbell's work may be, its size alone (seven volumes octavo) will prevent its ever becoming popular. Neither can it boast of any claims of novelty in its recommendation, either with regard to the plan or the manner of its execution.

Of the first volume, which comprises an essay on English poetry, little need be said. It gives a lucid, but cursory view of the state of English poetry from the earliest times. In doing this the author displays a considerable degree of taste in bringing forward the more prominent and characteristic features of the history of our poetry, and pleasingly exhibits the merits of the most celebrated poets of whom its history treats. This, however, is done in a way by far too short, rapid, and unsatisfactory, to gratify any reader who feels interested in the subject; and what reader feels not so? As the author has pretty closely followed the footsteps, and condensed the labours of his predecessor, Ellis, whose chief merit lay in abridging the more extended and diffuse, but valuable materials of Warton, we think Mr. Campbell would have rendered a more acceptable service to the public, had he extended this portion of the work by introducing occasionally specimens of the poetry, and amplifying his critical remarks.

The subsequent volumes are chiefly made up of extracts. Mr. Campbell intended to exhibit a progressive sequence of the finest passages that occur in the works of the most eminent British poets; and, at the same time, to precede these extracts with some general notices of the lives of the authors, and critical observations on their writings. For this task Mr. Campbell was pre-eminently qualified; for, independently of his professional merits—and as a poet his name was sufficient to recommend any work connected with poetry—and acknowledged acquirements, there were other reasons that induced us to think most favourably of his undertaking, and to anticipate its entire success. He had delivered lectures on English poetry at the Royal Institution in London, and elsewhere, which were highly commended; and his engagement to furnish biographical sketches of the most eminent Eng-

lish poets, for a work of great celebrity and usefulness, must of itself have rendered him familiar with the subject. But as was remarked of the Essay, these specimens have no novelty to recommend them. Mr. C. has fallen into the opposite extreme from his predecessors, Oldys, Headley, Ellis, Southey, &c. in frequently making too copious extracts from authors, whose works are in the hands of every reader, while he has excluded others from whose scarcer works, he might easily have selected specimens well worthy of a niche. The lives, or rather sketches of the lives of the poets, though sufficiently long for Mr. Campbell's purpose, do not contain any new or interesting information. His researches are merely superficial, and are generally confined to the biographical authors best known, and most frequently consulted. His observations and remarks on their writings, in which the great strength of his work ought to have lain, will not, we fear, come up to the public expectation. Neither do we think they fulfil the promise made, of their constituting a complete body of English poetical criticism. In the main, they merely repeat what has been said a thousand times, and they want that singleness and individuality necessary to form a code of criticism. To such as are already possessed of books of this kind, these specimens will not be considered as an absolute desideratum; though to others not so happily situated, they may be recommended as a valuable acquisition. Mr. C's work exhibits a certain portion of ability, judgment, elegance, and taste, joined with the appearance of indolence, or even indifference. It is destitute of that feeling glow, and animating love for the theme which should have pervaded every part; and though set out and adorned in a manner that might have reflected credit on a person not possessed of *great original genius*, it but too often reminds us of the desire to produce effect without any strenuous exertion.

The science of philology has for some time been a favourite study with the Germans, Russians, and other northern nations of Europe. It is pursued in those countries with a degree of enthusiasm and perseverance which can hardly be imagined. A work has lately been published at Breslau, in Silesia, consisting of eulogistic verses and sentences in honour of the peace restored to Europe

by the treaties of 1814 and 1815, in 117 different languages. Each language is printed in its own appropriate character, and the work is said to do great honour to the typography as well as to the literature of Germany. Among the different idioms of which it consists, those of America have not been forgotten. There are pieces in the Aruwack, the Creole French, the *Delaware*, the Greenlandic, the Esquimaux, the Caribbee, the Mexican, the Huastec, the Cora, the Tarahumaric, and other languages of the American continent. It appears that to complete this extraordinary collection, the learned of all countries have been laid under contribution; for it is said that the specimen of the *Delaware* was furnished by the Rev. C. F. Dencke, of Lititz, Lancaster county, in this state, a minister of the Moravian persuasion, well known by his translation of the four epistles of St. John into the *Lenni-Lenape*, with which his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, has made us sufficiently acquainted. The Aruwack specimen was furnished by the Rev. C. Quandt, and the Greenlandish by the Rev. J. Brodsen, both of whom we presume to be missionaries of the same venerable society.

Among the ancient European languages of which this work presents specimens, the Celtic was furnished by Mr. John M'Quig, the Gaelic by Mr. Moore M'Donald of Aberdeen, the Welsh by Mr. John Phillips of Wales, the Cimbric by Mr. J. C. Hegner, &c. &c. We are at a loss which to admire most, the learning, patience, and perseverance of the author of such an extraordinary work, or the liberality and love of science of the nation which patronizes and supports it.

The title of the book is "Pacis annis 1814 et 1815 fœderatis armis restitutæ Monumentum, orbis terrarum de fortunâ reduce gaudia gentium linguis interpretans, principibus piis, felicibus, angustis, populisque victoribus, liberatoribus, liberatis dicatum. Curante Jo. Aug. Barth." fol. 154 pp. Breslav. 1818.

The greatest attention is paid in Germany to the efforts of our men of talent and genius; our journals and newspapers are sought after and read with avidity, and commented upon in the German publications of the same description, not only with liberality and fairness, but with a marked spirit of partiality, well deserving of

a suitable return on our part. In the Medical and Surgical Journal, (*Medicinisch-Chirurgische Zeitung*) of the 22d of March last, we find a very favourable review of the communications of doctors Wistar and Dorsey, in the first volume of the new series of our Philosophical Transactions, which were published at the beginning of 1818. The other communications are not noticed, because they do not come within the scope of that publication, but the volume itself is mentioned with respect, and the reviewer regrets that he cannot, consistently with his object, make known the whole of that comprehensive and well executed collection, (*diesem vielumfassenden und trefflich bearbeiteten Werke.*) It is remarkable that no notice whatever has been taken of this book in England, Scotland, France, or any other country. The Edinburgh Reviewers have not yet had leisure, probably, to prepare a repetition of the abuse which they so liberally bestowed on the preceding volume. No doubt it will come in due time; but the sarcasms of the venal journalists whose lucubrations fill the pages of this work, will but little affect the reputation of those who have been found worthy of the approbation of the enlightened literati of Germany.

In the same journal the Floras of doctors Bigelow and Barton, are reviewed in a similar spirit of liberality and candour. The death of our lamented Wistar is also mentioned in a proper manner and with a suitable eulogy.

We find in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that a new translation of the dramatic works of Shakspeare by the celebrated Voss and two of his sons, is in great forwardness, and that two volumes of it have already appeared. The first contains the *Tempest*, a *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, by Voss himself, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, by his son Henry. The second contains the *Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like it*, by Voss; *Measure for Measure*, by Abraham Voss, and *Love's Labour Lost*, by Henry Voss.

Those who are conversant with German literature are well acquainted with the celebrated translations of Homer and Virgil, by John Henry Voss, the father; the best, undoubtedly, which exist in any modern language. It is said that this translation of Shakspeare will in no respect be inferior; that the translator has suc-

ceeded in transfusing into his native idiom, not only the spirit and genius of his immortal original, but his very language, the metre and the rhymes, and even the alliterations of his verses. This may be considered by some as a merely mechanical merit, but those who have read and admired Voss in his translations of the ancient poets, and in his inimitable pastoral poem *Louisa*, in which so much original genius and talent are displayed, will wait with impatience for this new production of so great a man. It ought to be observed, that Shakspeare's works have already been several times translated by some of the best poets in Germany; so that the applause which is bestowed on this translation, shows that it is considered superior to all the rest. It may be said, indeed, of Shakspeare, as is related to have been inscribed on the tomb of the Portuguese poet Camoens, "that it is allowed to every body to translate him, but that fate has forbidden that he should be equalled." Still, from the genius of Voss, the plastic character of the German language, and its analogy to the English in which Shakspeare wrote, we may reasonably expect to see a German copy of him, as nearly resembling the original as can possibly be, consistently with the decree of fate which we have noticed.

The masterly translation of Shakspeare into the Danish language, which was made some years ago, under the auspices of the princess Louisa Augusta, has made an epoch in the dramatic history of Denmark. Shakspeare may be said to have come in most opportunely to the assistance of the father of the Danish drama (Hólberg), who, though he stoutly maintained his ground, was certainly annoyed very seriously by Kotzebue and his followers. Mr. Foersom, the translator, has been engaged in the agreeable employment of introducing Thomson's *Seasons* to his countrymen.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER CONCERNING MUNGO PARK.

“ December 18, 1819.

“ On my landing at Juddah, a place where I did not expect to hear an English word, I was accosted by a man in the complete costume of the country, with, ‘ Are you an Englishman, sir?’ My answer, being of course in the affirmative, appeared to give him pleasure beyond expression. ‘ Thanks and praise to God!’ he exclaimed; ‘ I once more hear an English tongue, which I have not done for fourteen years before.’ I have been much amused by him since: his account of the Abyssinians, the inhabitants of a country that has absorbed 14 years of his existence, is truly interesting. You must no doubt have heard or read of him: he is that Nathaniel Pearce spoken of by Mr. Salt, in his account of his travels in Abyssinia. He was left there by lord Valentia, and has been the greater part of the time in the service of one or other of the chiefs in various parts of the country. At the time I met with him, he was endeavouring to make his way to Tombuctoo, where he says Mungo Park is still in existence, detained by the chief. He says, the whole country almost idolize him for his skill in surgery, astronomy, &c. &c. They say he is an angel, come from the heaven to administer comforts to them; and he explains to them the motions and uses of the heavenly bodies. He is, Pearce says, very desirous to make his escape, but finds it impossible. ‘ What!’ say they, ‘ do you suppose us so foolish as to part with so invaluable a treasure? If you go away, where are we to find another possessing so much knowledge, or who will do us so much good?’—Pearce appeared to have been resolutely bent on endeavouring to reach Tombuctoo, but had for some time been labouring under severe illness.”

Seed Corn.—It has been found, in some recent experiments, that there have been no failures in a given number of seeds sown after having been heated, while twelve out of a score of good seed that had not been heated have failed to vegetate. In consequence, inquiry is on foot to ascertain whether heated grain might not be substituted, with advantage for common seed.

American Republic.—We have been often interested by the geographical information respecting our remote Western Territory, afforded us by the St. Louis newspapers, and by the enlarged views of their future destiny, which the writers in those papers have afforded us. Sometimes, perhaps in their flights, they soar too high; sometimes, looking forward through the vista of futurity, they may forget the ground they tread upon. The following extract, from the St. Louis Enquirer, may serve to exemplify the magnificence of the views of the grandeur of the West, which are entertained in that country.

“ The Valley of the Mississippi, according to Mellish, contains one million five hundred thousand square miles.

"The Roman empire, according to Gibbon, contained in the time of Augustus Cæsar, one million six hundred thousand.

"That proud empire was then in the zenith of her power and splendour, and vainly supposed to have embraced the world within her limits; yet was but very little larger than the valley which is drained by the waters of the Mississippi.

"But the dominion of the American republic is not limited to 1, 500,000 square miles. The valley which exhibits that magnificent area is only a part of her empire; which also embraces two APPENDANT SLOPES, or borders, *one to the east, where the old thirteen United States are situated*, and the other to the west, where the banks of the Columbia and Multnomah, and the shore of the Pacific, have yet to invite the cultivating hand of the farmer, and the exploring genius of the East India merchant.

"These slopes, or borders, being COUNTED IN with the valley, will make the American republic near double the size of the Roman empire; and every man will see that she will be more powerful in proportion to her superior size, on account of her middle position between Europe and Asia, her compact form, and the natural union and indivisibility of all her parts."

Our anticipations of the future greatness of this republic; of its augmented population, intellect, and wealth, have been sometimes thought too sanguine. But, in their widest range, they never reached the period when "the old thirteen United States" were to be considered as a mere *appendage* to the states which are or shall be formed in the valley of the Mississippi; to be *counted in* as a mere *skirt* of the empire of the republic. This is a new view of the future destiny of the Atlantic states, and calculated to produce some *serious thoughts*. That this republic will, in time, be more powerful than the Roman ever was, we have never doubted; but, we hope, be its power what it may, it will never be employed as that of Rome was.

Christian Courage.—We are happy to perceive, that Charles Fenton Mercer, Esq. is re-elected to congress from Virginia, without opposition. This gentleman, it will be remembered, was originally chosen a representative, by a small majority, over general Armistead T. Mason, who lately fell in a duel, on which he had insisted, with Mr. M'Carty. The grave has closed over the remains of general Mason, and we have no disposition to rob him of its sacred immunities; but we discharge a paramount duty to the living, in publishing the following extract from an article which appeared, several months since, in the Greenfield Herald.

In the fall of the year 1817, the same general Mason challenged Col. Mercer to *fight* with him; and, in the cool and deliberate style of his communications to M'Carty, offered to resign his commission, that he might be at liberty to evade the laws, and have the precious privilege of shedding the blood of a fellow creature.

What was the answer of Mercer? Did he, with the same barbarous disposition, accede to the proposal, and hasten to select the weapons of slaughter by which an immortal soul might be sent, unprepared, to the tribunal of God? No—let it be known, and published through the land, to his honour, that, in defiance of public opinion and the opprobrium of being called (as he was in a subsequent letter of Mason's) *coward* and *hypocrite*, he had the *courage* as well as the *principle*, to fear God rather than man.

The following is an extract from his answer to the challenge: 'I proceed to tell you, that I am restrained from accepting the alternative which you propose, by considerations paramount to all human authority. I respect the public opinion too highly, perhaps; but I have now been for more than two years in communion with the Church in which I was born, and I cannot violate my solemn vows to God for the applause of the world. As a *man*, and more especially as a *Virginian*, I ought not to accept your challenge—as a *Christian*, I cannot.'

Who will say that Col. Mercer was deficient in that genuine courage which is not the property of every subaltern in society, but which belongs exclusively to the truly great and good? and we would ask, whether the custom of quelling would not soon be without an advocate in the country, if men, possessing equal influence with Col. Mercer, over the public sentiment, were, in similar cases, to imitate his example?—*R. Island American*.

House of Representatives, February 22, 1819. Connecticut Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.—The Committee, to whom was referred the petition of the Connecticut Asylum for the Education and Instruction of Deaf and Dumb persons, submitted the following report:

An association of a number of citizens of the state of Connecticut was formed in the year 1815, for the purpose of establishing a school for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. Finding great numbers of this unfortunate description of persons in our country, without education, and without any attempts being made to give them the education which they are capable of receiving, and actuated by a benevolent desire to rescue them, as far as was practicable from their state of ignorance and degradation, and to fit them for social intercourse and happiness, the associates, by voluntary contribution, raised a sum of money sufficient to defray the expense of sending the reverend Thomas H. Gallaudet to Europe, for the purpose of learning the modes of instruction practised there. Mr. Gallaudet went to England, to Scotland, and to France. In London, he did not find a disposition in the teachers to communicate instruction so readily, as the benevolence of his mission seemed to entitle him to expect; but he had the good fortune to meet there the abbe Sicard, the principal of the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb at Paris; a gentleman distinguished for talents, benevolence, and devotion, to the interests of

these unfortunate persons. The abbe assured him, that if he would go to Paris, every facility should be afforded him of acquiring a knowledge of their modes of instruction; which assurances he found fully realised upon going there. The abbe kindly took him into the school, and explained to him every thing relating to their modes of instruction and management; but Mr. Gallaudet found that the time which his arrangements would permit him to spend in Paris, would be much too short to enable him to acquire the knowledge necessary for an accomplished instructor, and having become acquainted with Laurent Clerc, a pupil of the abbe, and for eight years an assistant instructor, he engaged him to come to this country as an instructor in the school about to be established in Connecticut. They arrived here in August, 1816, and Mr. Clerc is still an assistant to Mr. Gallaudet, in the Connecticut Asylum. The legislature of Connecticut, in May, 1816, incorporated the said associates, by their aforesaid name. There are at present in the school more than fifty pupils, from the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, who are taught by five instructors, and who pay two hundred dollars per annum each, for tuition, board, washing, and lodging. The institution is open for the reception of pupils from every part of the Union; but its funds which have arisen almost entirely from voluntary contribution, are too small to admit of its becoming extensively useful: they are not sufficient, even to erect the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the present number of pupils.

Considering that this institution is calculated, not only to afford instruction to the deaf and dumb, who are to be found in all parts of our country, but also to qualify teachers for other schools, which may be established in other parts of the Union, and considering that it is the first attempt of the kind in the U. S. and that it has been raised to its present condition, by the care, and at the expense of charitable individuals, most of whom had no particular interest in its success, the committee are of opinion, that it is worthy of the patronage of Congress, and that the prayer of the petition ought to be granted, and for that purpose they report a bill.

Lizard embedded in Coal.—This animal, preserved in spirits, is now in the possession of Mr. James Scholes, engineer to Mr. Fenton's colliery near Wakefield. It is about five inches long, its back of a dark brown colour, and appears rough and scaly; its sides of a lighter colour, and spotted with yellow, the belly yellow, streaked with bands of the same colour as the back. The following are the circumstances attending its being found:—in August last, they were sinking a new pit or shaft, and after passing through measures of stone, gray bind, and blue stone, and some thin beds of coal, to the depth of 150 yards, they came upon that intended to

be worked, which is about four feet thick. When they had excavated about three inches of it, one of the miners, as he supposed, struck his pick or mattock into a crevice, and shattered the coal around into small pieces; he then discovered the animal in question, and immediately carried it to Mr. S. It continued very brisk and lively for about ten minutes, then drooped and died. About four inches above the coal, in which the animal was found, numbers of muscle shells, in a fossil state, lie scattered in a loose gray earth.

Increase of Immorality.—A late report of a Grand Jury presents a dreadful picture of the moral depravity existing in Baltimore: they state, that “they see with regret *crimes of every kind multiply daily*, and a probationary residence in the penitentiary of a few months or years, seems only to *stimulate the appetite and improve the genius* for new and more extensive schemes of villany.”

They also add, that “it would be in vain for the jury to *attempt to enumerate* the amount of wickedness and crime daily and hourly practised in this city.”

Slave trade in Portugal.—It is well known, that Mr. Clarkson, the strenuous advocate for the speedy and entire abolition of the slave trade, went to Aix-la-Chapelle, to endeavour to interest the congress of sovereigns, &c. in behalf of the unfortunate African race. At his interview with lord Castlereagh, his lordship expressed his hope, that Portugal might be brought to renounce the trade at the period which was to put an end to it on the part of Spain, namely, the 30th of May, 1820; but he doubted whether it would be possible to have it declared piracy from that time.—The duke of Wellington was most laudably energetic on the subject. He said, they must give it up. He saw no reason why it should not be declared piracy; it was its proper designation; he engaged to do his utmost to forward the object. The emperor Alexander was equally warm in behalf of the poor Africans; he said, it was not to be endured that Portugal should continue to resist the united wishes of Europe, by continuing the trade for a single day after all other nations had abandoned it. The miscreants, who should continue afterwards to carry it on, ought to be treated as pirates. He expressed himself particularly anxious that the rising community of blacks at Hayti should not be crushed or even molested. He delivered his sentiments on the other subjects, particularly Mr. Owen's scheme: he did not think it practicable, but gave Mr. Owen credit for his philanthropy. All his observations proved him to be a wise, good and humane man.



GENL PUTNAM

Drawn by Miss B. Hall from an
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Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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SEPTEMBER, 1819.

No. III.

MEMOIRS OF MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

(*With a Portrait.*)

FROM AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE,
BY GEN. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, who, through a regular gradation of promotion, became the senior major-general in the army of the United States, and next in rank to general Washington, was born at Salem, in the province (now state) of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718. His father, captain Joseph Putnam, was the son of Mr. John Putnam, who, with two brothers, came from the south of England, and were among the first settlers of Salem.

Mr. Putnam, before he attained the twenty-first year of his age, married Miss Pope, daughter of Mr. John Pope, of Salem, by whom he had ten children, seven of whom are still living. He lost the wife of his youth in 1764. Some time after he married Mrs. Gardiner, widow of the late Mr. Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, by whom he had no issue. She died in 1777.

In the year 1739, he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. Having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

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The first years, on a new farm, are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building a house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot: upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved him-

self to destroy the ferocious beast, least she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. Having accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head-foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musquet in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude, and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at

her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

Prosperity, at length, began to attend the agricultural affairs of Mr. Putnam. He was acknowledged to be a skilful and indefatigable manager. His fields were mostly enclosed with stone walls. His crops commonly succeeded because the land was well tilled and manured. His pastures and meadows became luxuriant. His cattle were of the best breed, and in good order. His garden and fruit-trees prolific. With the avails of the surplusage of his produce, foreign articles were purchased. Within doors he found the compensation of his labours in the plenty of excellent provisions, as well as in the happiness of domestic society.

But the time had now arrived which was to turn the instruments of husbandry into weapons of hostility, and to exchange the hunting of wolves, who had ravaged the sheep-folds, for the pursuit after savages, who had desolated the frontiers. Mr. Putnam was about thirty-seven years old when the war between England and France, which preceded the last, broke out in America. His reputation must have been favourably known to the government, since among the first troops that were levied by Connecticut in 1755, he was appointed to the command of a company in Lyman's regiment of provincials.

As he was extremely popular, he found no difficulty in enlisting his complement of recruits from the most hardy, enterprising, and respectable young men of his neighbourhood. The regiment joined the army, at the opening of the campaign, not far distant from Crown-Point. Soon after his arrival at camp, he became acquainted with the famous partizan captain, afterwards Major Rogers, with whom he was frequently associated in traversing the wilderness, reconnoitering the enemy's lines, gaining intelligence, and taking straggling prisoners, as well as in beating up the quarters and surprising the advanced pickets of their

army. For these operations, a corps of rangers were formed from the irregulars. The first time Rogers and Putnam were detached with a party of these light troops, it was the fortune of the latter to preserve, with his own hand, the life of the former, and to cement their friendship with the blood of one of their enemies.

The object of this expedition was to obtain an accurate knowledge of the position and state of the works at Crown-Point. It was impracticable to approach with their party near enough for this purpose, without being discovered. Alone the undertaking was sufficiently hazardous, on account of the swarms of hostile Indians who infested the woods. Our two partizans, however, left all their men at a convenient distance, with strict orders to continue concealed until their return. Having thus cautiously taken their arrangements, they advanced with the profoundest silence in the evening, and lay, during the night, contiguous to the fortress. Early in the morning they approached so close as to be able to give satisfactory information to the general who had sent them, on the several points to which their attention had been directed; but captain Rogers, being at a little distance from captain Putnam, fortuitously met a stout Frenchman, who instantly seized his fuzee with one hand, and with the other attempted to stab him, while he called to an adjacent guard for assistance. The guard answered. Putnam, perceiving the imminent danger of his friend, and that no time was to be lost, or farther alarm given by firing, ran rapidly to them, while they were yet struggling, and with the butt-end of his piece, laid the Frenchman dead at his feet. The partizans, to elude pursuit, precipitated their flight, joined the party, and returned without loss to the encampment. Not many occasions occurred for partizans to display their talents in the course of this summer. The war was chequered with various fortune in different quarters—such as the total defeat of general Braddock, and the splendid victory of sir William Johnson over the French troops, commanded by the baron Dieskau. The brilliancy of this success was necessary to console the Americans for the disgrace of that disaster. The time for which the colonial troops engaged to serve terminated with the

campaign. Putnam was re-appointed, and again took the field in 1756.

Few are so ignorant of war as not to know, that military adventures in the night are always extremely liable to accidents. Captain Putnam having been commanded to reconnoitre the enemy's camp at *the Ovens*, near *Ticonderoga*, took the brave lieutenant Robert Durkee as his companion. In attempting to execute these orders, he narrowly missed being taken himself in the first instance, and killing his friend in the second. It was customary for the British and provincial troops to place their fires round their camp, which frequently exposed them to the enemy's scouts and patrols. A contrary practice, then unknown in the English army, prevailed among the French and Indians. The plan was much more rational; they kept their fires in the centre, lodged their men circularly at a distance, and posted their centinels in the surrounding darkness. Our partizans approached the camp—and supposing the centries were within the circle of fires, crept upon their hands and knees with the greatest possible caution, until, to their utter astonishment, they found themselves in the thickest of the enemy. The centinels, discovering them, fired, and slightly wounded Durkee in the thigh. He and Putnam had no alternative. They fled. The latter being foremost, and scarcely able to see his hand before him, soon plunged into a clay-pit. Durkee, almost at the identical moment, came tumbling after. Putnam, by no means pleased at finding a companion, and believing him to be one of the enemy, lifted his tomahawk to give the deadly blow—when Durkee (who had followed so closely as to know him) inquired whether he had escaped unhurt. Captain Putnam, instantly recognizing the voice, dropped his weapon; and both, springing from the pit, made good their retreat to the neighbouring ledges, amidst a shower of random shot. There they betook themselves to a large log, by the side of which they lodged the remainder of the night. Before they lay down, captain Putnam said he had a little rum in his canteen, which could never be more acceptable or necessary; but, on examining the canteen, which hung under his arm, he found the enemy had pierced it with their balls, and that there was not a drop of liquor left. The next day he found fourteen bullet holes in his blanket.

The active services of captain Putnam, on every occasion, attracted the admiration of the public, and induced the legislature of Connecticut to promote him to a majority in 1757.

Lord Loudon was then commander in chief of the British forces in America. The expedition against Crown-Point, which from the commencement of hostilities, had been in contemplation, seemed to give place to a more important operation that was meditated against Louisbourg. But the arrival of the Brest squadron at that place prevented the attempt, and the loss of Fort William Henry served to class this with the two former unsuccessful campaigns. It was rumoured, and partially credited at the time, that general Webb, who commanded in the northern department, had early intimation of the movement of the French army, and might have effectually succoured the garrison. The subsequent facts will place the affair in its proper light.

A few days before the siege, major Putnam, with two hundred men, escorted general Webb from Fort Edward to Fort William Henry. The object was to examine the state of this fortification, which stood at the southern extremity of lake George. Several abortive attempts having been made by major Rogers and others in the night season, major Putnam proposed to go down the lake in open day-light, land at Northwest-Bay, and tarry on shore until he could make satisfactory discovery of the enemy's actual situation at Ticonderoga and the adjacent posts. The plan (which he suggested) of landing with only five men, and sending back the boats, to prevent detection, was deemed too hazardous by the general. At length, however, he was permitted to proceed with eighteen volunteers in three whale-boats: but before he arrived at Northwest-Bay, he discovered a body of men on an island. Immediately upon this he left two boats to fish at a distance, that they might not occasion an alarm, and returned himself with the information. The general, seeing him rowing back with great velocity, in a single boat, concluded the others were captured, and sent a skiff, with orders for him alone to come on shore. After advising the general of the circumstances, he urged the expediency of returning to make further discoveries, and bring off the boats. Leave was reluctantly given. He found his people, and, passing still onward, discovered (by the aid of a good perspec-

tive glass) a large army in motion. By this time several of the advanced canoes had nearly surrounded him, but by the swiftness of his whale-boats, he escaped through the midst of them. On his return, he informed the general minutely of all he had seen, and intimated, his conviction that the expedition must obviously be destined against fort William Henry. That commander, strictly enjoining silence on the subject, directed him to put his men under an oath of secrecy, and to repair, without loss of time, to return to the head-quarters of the army. Major Putnam observed, "he hoped his excellency did not intend to neglect so fair an opportunity of giving battle, should the enemy presume to land." "What do you think we should do here?" replied the general. Accordingly, the next day he returned, and the day after colonel Monro was ordered from fort Edward, with his regiment, to reinforce the garrison. That officer took with him all his rich baggage and camp equipage, notwithstanding major Putnam's advice to the contrary. The day following his arrival, the enemy landed and besieged the place.

[For the particulars of this siege see an account in the Port Folio for May, 1819.]

Not long after this misfortune, general Lyman succeeded to the command of fort Edward. He resolved to strengthen it. For this purpose one hundred and fifty men were employed in cutting timber. To cover them, captain Little was posted (with fifty British regulars) at the head of a thick swamp, about one hundred rods eastward of the fort—to which his communication, lay over a tongue of land, formed on the one side by the swamp and by a creek on the other.

One morning at day-break, a sentinel saw indistinctly several birds, as he conceived, come from the swamp and fly over him with incredible swiftness. While he was ruminating on these wonderful birds, and endeavouring to form some idea of their colour, shape and size, an arrow buried itself in the limb of a tree just above his head. He now discovered the quality and design of these winged messengers of fate, and gave the alarm. Instantly the working party began to retreat along the defile. A large body of savages had concealed themselves in the morass

before the guard was posted, and were attempting in this way to kill the centinel without noise, with design to surprise the whole party. Finding the alarm given, they rushed from the covert, shot and tomahawked those who were nearest at hand, and pressed hard on the remainder of the unarmed fugitives. Captain Little flew to their relief, and, by pouring on the Indians a well-timed fire, checked the pursuit, and enabled such of the fatigue-men as did not fall in the first onset, to retire to the fort. Thither he sent for assistance, his little party being almost overpowered by numbers. But the commandant, imagining that the main body of the enemy were approaching for a general assault, called in his outposts and shut the gates.

Major Putnam lay with his rangers on an island adjacent to the fort. Having heard the musketry, and learned that his friend captain Little was in the utmost peril, he plunged into the river at the head of his corps, and waded through the water towards the place of engagement. This brought him so near to the fort, that general Lyman, apprized of his design, and unwilling that the lives of a few more brave men should be exposed to what he deemed inevitable destruction, mounted the parapet and ordered him to proceed no further. The major only took time to make the best short apology he could, and marched on. This is the only instance in the whole course of his military service wherein he did not pay the strictest obedience to orders; and in this instance his motive was highly commendable. But when such conduct, even if sanctified by success, is passed over with impunity, it demonstrates that all is not right in the military system. In a disciplined army, such as that of the United States became under general Washington, an officer guilty of a slighter violation of orders, however elevated in rank, or meritorious in service, would have been brought before the bar of a court-martial. Were it not for the seductive tendency of a brave man's example, I might have been spared the mortification of making these remarks on the conduct of an officer, whose distinguishing characteristics were promptitude for duty and love of subordination, as well as cheerfulness to encounter every species of difficulty and danger.

The rangers of Putnam soon opened their way for a junction with the little handful of regulars, who still obstinately main-

tained their ground. By his advice, the whole rushed impetuously with shouts and huzzas into the swamp. The savages fled on every side, and were chased, with no inconsiderable loss on their part, as long as the day-light lasted. On ours only one man was killed in the pursuit. His death was immediately revenged by that of the Indian who shot him. This Indian was one of the runners—a chosen body of active young men, who are made use of, not only to procure intelligence and convey tidings, but also to guard the rear on a retreat.

We come to the campaign when general Abercrombie took the command at fort Edward. That general ordered major Putnam, with sixty men, to proceed by land to South-Bay, on lake George, for the purpose of making discoveries, and intercepting the enemy's parties. The latter, in compliance with these orders, posted himself at Wood-Creek, near its entrance into South-Bay. On this bank, which forms a jutting precipice ten or twelve feet above the water, he erected a stone parapet thirty feet in length, and masked it with young pine-trees, cut at a distance, and so artfully planted as to imitate the natural growth. From hence he sent back fifteen of his men, who had fallen sick. Distress for want of provisions, occasioned by the length of march, and time spent on this temporary fortification, compelled him to deviate from a rule he had established, never to permit a gun to be fired but at an enemy while on a scout. He was now obliged himself to shoot a buck, which had jumped into the creek, in order to eke out their scanty subsistence until the fourth day after the completion of the works. About ten o'clock that evening, one of the men on duty at the margin of the bay, informed him that a fleet of bark canoes, filled with men, was steering towards the mouth of the creek. He immediately called in all his centinels, and ordered every man to his post. A profound stillness reigned in the atmosphere, and the full moon shone with uncommon brightness. The creek, which the enemy entered, is about six rods wide, and the bank opposite to the parapet above twenty feet high. It was intended to permit the canoes in front to pass—they had accordingly just passed, when a soldier accidentally struck his firelock against a stone. The commanding officer in the van canoe heard the noise, and repeated several times the savage watch-word,—

OWISH! Instantly the canoes huddled together, with their centre precisely in front of the works, covering the creek for a considerable distance above and below. The officers appeared to be in deep consultation, and the fleet on the point of returning, when major Putnam, who had ordered his men in the most peremptory manner not to fire until he should set the example, gave the signal, by discharging his piece. They fired. Nothing could exceed the inextricable confusion and apparent consternation occasioned by this well-concerted attack. But, at last, the enemy finding, from the unfrequency (though there was no absolute intermission) in the firing, that the number of our men must be small, resolved to land below, and surround them. Putnam, apprehensive of this from the movement, sent lieutenant Robert Durkee, with twelve men, about thirty rods down the creek, who arrived in time to repulse the party which attempted to land. Another small detachment, under lieutenant Parsons, was ordered up the creek to prevent any similar attempt. In the mean time major Putnam kept up, through the whole night, an incessant and deadly fire on the main body of the enemy, without receiving any thing in return but shot void of effect, accompanied with dolorous groans, miserable shrieks, and dismal savage yells. After day-break he was advised that one part of the enemy had effected a landing considerably below, and were rapidly advancing to cut off his retreat. Apprised of the great superiority still opposed to him, as well as of the situation of his own soldiers, some of whom were entirely destitute of ammunition, and the rest reduced to one or two rounds per man, he commanded them to swing their packs. By hastening the retreat, in good order, they had just time to retire far enough up the creek to prevent being enclosed. During this long-continued action, in which the Americans had slain at least five times their own number, only one provincial and one Indian were wounded on their side. These unfortunate men had been sent off for camp in the night, with two men to assist them, and directions to proceed by Wood-Creek as the safest, though not the shortest route. But having taken a nearer way, they were pursued and overtaken by the Indians, who, from the blood on the leaves and bushes, believed that they were on the trail of our whole party. The wounded, despairing of mercy, and unable to

fly, insisted that the well soldiers should make their escape, which, on a moment's deliberation, they effected. The provincial, whose thigh was broken by a ball, upon the approach of the savages, fired his piece, and killed three of them; after which he was quickly hacked in pieces. The Indian, however, was saved alive. This man major Putnam saw afterwards in Canada, where he likewise learned that his enemy, in the rencounter at Wood-Creek, consisted of five hundred French and Indians, under the command of the celebrated partizan Molang, and that no party, since the war, had suffered so severely, as more than one half of those who went out never returned.

Our brave little company, reduced to forty in number, had proceeded along the bank of the creek about an hour's march, when major Putnam, being in front, was fired upon by a party just at hand. He, rightly appreciating the advantage often obtained by assuming a bold countenance on a critical occasion, in a stentorophonick tone, ordered his men to rush on the enemy, and promised that they should soon give a good account of them. It proved to be a scout of provincials, who conceived they were firing upon the French; but the commanding officer, knowing Putnam's voice, cried out, "that they were all friends."—Upon this the major told him abruptly, "that, friends or enemies, they all deserved to be hanged for not killing more when they had so fair a shot." In fact, but one man was mortally wounded. While these things were transacted, a faithful soldier, whose ammunition had been early exhausted, made his way to the fort, and gave such information, that general Lyman was detached with five hundred men to cover the retreat. Major Putnam met them at only twelve miles distance from the fort, to which they returned the next day.

In the winter of 1757, when colonel Haviland was commandant at fort Edward, the barracks adjoining to the north-west bastion took fire. They extended within twelve feet of the magazine, which contained three hundred barrels of powder. On its first discovery, the fire raged with great violence. The commandant endeavoured, in vain, by discharging some pieces of heavy artillery against the supporters of this flight of barracks, to level them with the ground. Putnam arrived from the island

where he was stationed at the moment when the blaze approached that end which was contiguous to the magazine. Instantly a vigorous attempt was made to extinguish the conflagration. A way was opened by a postern gate to the river, and the soldiers were employed in bringing water; which he, having mounted on a ladder to the eves of the building, received and threw upon the flame. It continued, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, to gain upon them. He stood, enveloped in smoke, so near the sheet of fire, that a pair of thick blanket mittens were burnt entirely from his hands; he was supplied with another pair dipt in water. Colonel Haviland, fearing that he would perish in the flames, called to him to come down. But he entreated that he might be suffered to remain, since destruction must inevitably ensue if their exertions should be remitted. The gailant commandant, not less astonished than charmed at the boldness of his conduct, forbade any more effects to be carried out of the fort, animated the men to redoubled diligence, and exclaimed, "if we must be blown up, we will go all together." At last, when the barracks were seen to be tumbling, Putnam descended, placed himself at the interval, and continued from an incessant rotation of replenished buckets to pour water upon the magazine. The outside planks were already consumed by the proximity of the fire, and as only one thickness of timber intervened, the trepidation now became general and extreme. Putnam, still undaunted, covered with a cloud of cinders, and scorched with the intensity of the heat, maintained his position until the fire subsided, and the danger was wholly over. He had contended for one hour and an half with that terrible element. His legs, his thighs, his arms, and his face were blistered; and when he pulled off his second pair of mittens, the skin from his hands and fingers followed them. It was a month before he recovered. The commandant, to whom his merits had before endeared him, could not stifle the emotions of gratitude, due to the man who had been so instrumental in preserving the magazine, the fort, and the garrison.

The repulse before Ticonderoga took place in 1758. General Abercrombie, the British commander in chief in America, conducted the expedition. His army, which amounted to nearly sixteen thousand regulars and provincials, was amply supplied with

artillery and military stores. This well appointed corps passed over lake George, and landed, without opposition, at the point of destination. The troops advanced in columns. Lord Howe having major Putnam with him, was in front of the centre. A body of about five hundred men, (the advance or pickets of the French army) which had fled at first, began to skirmish with our left. "Putnam," said lord Howe, "what means that firing?" "I know not, but with your lordship's leave will see," replied the former. "I will accompany you," rejoined the gallant young nobleman. In vain did major Putnam attempt to dissuade him, by saying—"My lord, if I am killed, the loss of my life will be of little consequence, but the preservation of your's is of infinite importance to this army." The only answer was, "Putnam, your life is as dear to you as mine is to me; I am determined to go." One hundred of the van, under major Putnam, filed off with lord Howe. They soon met the left flank of the enemy's advance, by whose first fire his lordship fell.—It was a loss indeed; and particularly felt in the operations which occurred three days afterwards. Putnam's party, having cut their way obliquely through the enemy's ranks, and having been joined by captain D'Ell, with twenty men, together with some other small parties, charged them so furiously in rear, that nearly three hundred were killed on the spot, and one hundred and forty-eight made prisoners. In the mean time, from the unskilfulness of the guides, some of our columns were bewildered. The left wing, seeing Putnam's party in their front, advancing over the dead bodies towards them, commenced a brisk and heavy fire, which killed a serjeant and several privates. Nor could they, by sounds or signs, be convinced of their mistake, until major Putnam, preferring (if Heaven had thus ordained it) the loss of his own life to the loss of the lives of his brave associates, ran through the midst of the flying balls, and prevented the impending catastrophe.

In the month of August five hundred men were employed, under the orders of majors Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South-Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood-Creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam.

Upon being some time afterwards, discovered, they formed a re-union, and concerted measures for returning to fort Edward. Their march through the woods was *in three divisions by FILES*: the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by captain D'Ell. The first night they encamped on the banks of *Clear River*, about a mile from old fort Ann, which had been formerly built by general Nicholson. Next morning major Rogers, and a British officer, named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct, or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in centre, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of shrubs and under-brush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partizan Molang, who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and an half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hastened to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favourable to his project. Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket, into the common forest, when the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack upon the right of his division. Surprised, but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up; but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood-Creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Successful as he commonly was, his conduct did not always pass without unfavourable imputation. Notwithstanding, it was a current saying in the camp, "that Rogers always *scent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action," yet, in justice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in re-

lating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma upon the conduct of the former.

Major Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well-proportioned savage. This *warrior*, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war-hoop, sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

The intrepid captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance: the savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partizans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand. This change of ground occasioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced, and so obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle swerved in favour of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humour. He found Putnam bound. He might have dispatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head, or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him—the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breadth distance from the mark. When the Indian

had finished his amusement, a French bas-officer (a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and, levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it—it missed fire. Ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honour or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently, and repeatedly, pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the but of his piece. After this dastardly deed he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Eil and Harman, seconded by the persevering valour of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them. As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled upon him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party (who were excessively fatigued) halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature; and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched, that the blood dropped fast from them. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance, he entreated the Irish interpreter to implore, as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would knock him on the head and take his scalp at once, or loose his hands. A French officer, instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian who captured him, and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of mocasons, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

That savage chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom, besides innumerable other outrages, they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with a tomahawk in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush, with other fuel, at a small distance, in a circle round him. They accompanied their labours, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until, at last, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached. This sight, at the very idea of which all but savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by correspondent yells, dances, and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution, and composed his mind, as far as the circumstances could admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang; but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and of their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past—nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things—when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himself—to whom a savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose noctur-

nal powwas and hellish orgies he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit; but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage soaked some of the biscuit in water, and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to loose his captive (the refreshment being finished) he took the mocasons from his feet, and tied them to one of his wrists: then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner—his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then a number of tall, but slender poles were cut down, which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot: on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning. During this night the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling when he reflected on this ludicrous group for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

The next day he was allowed his blanket and mocasons, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given which he sucked through his teeth. At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The savages, who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took other opportunity of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

After having been examined by the marquis de Montcalm, major Putnam was conducted to Montreal by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

At this place were several prisoners. Colonel Peter Schuyler, remarkable for his philanthropy, generosity, and friendship, was of the number. No sooner had he heard of major Putnam's arrival, than he went to the interpreter's quarters, and inquired whether he had a provincial major in his custody? He found major Putnam in a comfortless condition—without coat, waistcoat, or hose—the remnant of his cloathing miserably dirty and ragged—his beard long and squalid—his legs torn by thorns and briers—his face gashed with wounds and swollen with bruises. Colonel Schuyler, irritated beyond all sufferance at such a sight, could scarcely restrain his speech within limits, consistent with the prudence of a prisoner and the meekness of a christian. Major Putnam was immediately treated according to his rank, cloathed in a decent manner, and supplied with money by that liberal and sympathetic patron of the distressed.

The capture of Frontenac by general Bradstreet afforded occasion for an exchange of prisoners. Colonel Schuyler was comprehended in the cartel. A generous spirit can never be satisfied with imposing tasks for its generosity to accomplish. Apprehensive if it should be known that Putnam was a distinguished partizan, his liberation might be retarded, and knowing that there were officers who, from the length of their captivity, had a claim of priority to exchange, he had, by his happy address, induced the governor to offer, that whatever officer he might think proper to nominate should be included in the present cartel. With great politeness in manner, but seeming indifference as to object, he expressed his warmest acknowledgments to the governor, and said, "There is an old man here, who is a provincial major, and wishes to be at home with his wife and children; he can do no good here or any where else: I believe your excellency had better keep some of the young men, who have no wife or children to care for, and let the old fellow go home with me." This justifiable finesse had the desired effect.

We now arrive at the period when the prowess of Britain, victorious alike by sea and by land, in the new and in the old world, had elevated that name to the zenith of national glory. The conquest of Quebec opened the way for the total reduction of Canada. On the side of the lakes, Amherst having captured the posts of

Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, applied himself to strengthen the latter. Putnam, who had been raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and present at these operations, was employed the remainder of this and some part of the succeeding season, in superintending the parties which were detached to procure timber and other materials for the fortification.

In 1760, general Amherst, a sagacious, humane, and experienced commander, planned the termination of the war in Canada, by a bloodless conquest. For this purpose, three armies were destined to co-operate, by different routes, against Montreal, the only remaining place of strength the enemy held in that country. The corps formerly commanded by general Wolfe, now by general Murray, was ordered to ascend the river St. Lawrence; another, under colonel Haviland, to penetrate by the Isle Aux Noix; and the third, consisting of about ten thousand men, commanded by the general himself, after passing up the Mohawk-river, and taking its course by the lake Ontario, was to form a junction by falling down the St. Lawrence. In this progress, more than one occasion presented itself to manifest the intrepidity and soldiership of lieutenant-colonel Putnam. Two armed vessels obstructed the passage, and prevented the attack on Oswegatchie. Putnam, with one thousand men, in fifty batteaux, undertook to board them. This dauntless officer, ever sparing of the blood of others, as prodigal of his own, to accomplish it with the less loss, put himself (with a chosen crew, a beetle and wedges) in the van, with a design to wedge the rudders, so that the vessels should not be able to turn their broadsides, or perform any other manœuvre. All the men in his little fleet were ordered to strip to their waistcoats, and advance at the same time. He promised, if he lived, to join and show them the way up the sides. Animated by so daring an example, they moved swiftly, in profound stillness, as to certain victory or death. The people on board the ships, beholding the good countenance with which they approached, ran one of the vessels on shore, and struck the colours of the other.

It now remained to attack the fortress, which stood on an island, and seemed to have been rendered inaccessible by an high abattis of black-ash, that every where projected over the water. Lieutenant-colonel Putnam proposed a mode of attack, and offered his

services to carry it into effect. The general approved the proposal. Our partizan, accordingly, caused a sufficient number of boats to be fitted for the enterprize. The sides of each boat were surrounded with fascines, musket proof, which covered the men completely. A wide plank, twenty feet in length, was then fitted to every boat in such manner, by having an angular piece sawed from one extremity, that, when fastened by ropes on both sides of the bow, it might be raised or lowered at pleasure. The design was, that the plank should be held erect, while the oarsmen forced the bow with the utmost exertion against the abattis; and that afterwards being dropped on the pointed brush, it should serve as a kind of bridge to assist the men in passing over them. Lieutenant-colonel Putnam having made his disposition to attempt the escalade in many places at the same moment, advanced with his boats in admirable order. The garrison perceiving these extraordinary and unexpected machines, waited not the assault, but capitulated. Lieutenant-colonel Putnam was particularly honoured by general Amherst, for his ingenuity in this invention, and promptitude in its execution. The three armies arrived at Montreal within two days of each other; and the conquest of Canada became complete without the loss of a single drop of blood.

At no great distance from Montreal stands the savage village called Cochnawaga. Here our partizan found the Indian chief who had formerly made him prisoner. That Indian was highly delighted to see his old acquaintance, whom he entertained in his own well-built stone house with great friendship and hospitality; while his guest did not discover less satisfaction in an opportunity of shaking the brave savage by the hand, and proffering him protection in this reverse of his military fortunes.

Colonel Putnam, at the expiration of ten years from his first receiving a commission, after having seen as much service, endured as many hardships, encountered as many dangers, and acquired as many laurels as any officer of his rank, with great satisfaction laid aside his uniform, and returned to his plough. The various and uncommon scenes of war in which he had acted a respectable part, his intercourse with the world, and intimacy with some of the first characters in the army, joined with occa-

sional reading, had not only brought into view whatever talents he possessed from nature, but, at the same time, had extended his knowledge, and polished his manners, to a considerable degree. Not having become inflated with pride, or forgetful of his old connexions, he had the good fortune to possess entirely the good will of his fellow citizens. No character stood fairer in the public eye for integrity, bravery, and patriotism. He was employed in several offices in his own town, and not unfrequently elected to represent it in the general assembly. The year after his return to private life, the minds of men were strangely agitated, by an attempt of the British parliament to introduce the memorable stamp act in America. This germe of policy, whose growth was repressed by the moderate temperature in which it was kept by some administrations, did not fully disclose its fruit until nearly eleven years afterwards. All the world knows how it then ripened into a civil war.

Nothing could exceed the celerity with which the intelligence flew every where, that blood had been shed by the British troops. The country, in motion, exhibited but one scene of hurry, preparation and revenge. Putnam, who was ploughing when he heard the news, left his plough in the middle of the field, unyoked his team, and without waiting to change his clothes, set off for the theatre of action.

He was now promoted to be a major-general on the provincial staff, by his colony; and in a little time, confirmed by congress, in the same rank on the continental establishment. Not long after this period, the British commander in chief found the means to convey a proposal, privately, to general Putnam, that if he would relinquish the rebel party, he might rely upon being made a major-general on the British establishment, and receiving a great pecuniary compensation for his services. General Putnam spurned at the offer; which, however, he thought prudent at that time to conceal from public notice.

The provincial generals having received advice that the British commander in chief designed to take possession of the heights on the peninsula of Charles-Town, detached a thousand men in the night of the 16th of June, under the orders of General Warren, to

intrench themselves upon one of these eminences, named Bunker-Hill.*

In this battle, the presence and example of general Putnam, who arrived with the reinforcement, were not less conspicuous than useful. He did every thing that an intrepid and experienced officer could accomplish. The enemy pursued to Winter-Hill—Putnam made a stand, and drove them back under cover of their ships.

The premature death of Warren, one of the most illustrious patriots that ever bled in the cause of freedom; the veteran appearance of Putnam, collected, yet ardent in action; together with the astonishing scenery and interesting group around Bunker-Hill, rendered this a magnificent subject for the historic pencil. Accordingly Trumbull, formerly an aid-de-camp to general Washington, afterwards deputy-adjutant-general of the northern army, now an artist of great and deserved celebrity has finished this picture with that boldness of conception, and those touches of art which demonstrate the master. Heightened in horror by the flames of a burning town, and the smoke of conflicting armies, the principal scene, taken the moment when Warren fell, represents that hero in the agonies of death, a grenadier on the point of bayoneting him, and colonel Small, to whom he was familiarly known, arresting the soldier's arms; at the head of the British line, major Pitcairn is seen falling dead into the arms of his son; and not far distant general Putnam is placed at the rear of our retreating troops, in the light blue and scarlet uniform he wore that day, with his head uncovered, and his sword waving towards the enemy, as it were to stop their impetuous pursuit. In nearly the same attitude he is exhibited by Barlow in that excellent poem, the Vision of Columbus.

“ There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains
Calls the third host, the tardy rear sustains,
And, 'mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
Waves back his sword, and dares the foll'wing war.”†

* For an account of this battle, see the Port Folio for July, 1818.

† The writer of this Essay had occasion of remarking to the poet and the painter, while they were three thousand miles distant from each other, at

After this action, the British strongly fortified themselves on the peninsulas of Boston and Charles-Town; while the provincials remained posted in the circumjacent country in such a manner as to form a blockade. In the beginning of July, general Washington, who had been constituted by congress, commander in chief of the American forces, arrived at Cambridge, to take the command. Having formed the army into three grand divisions, consisting of about twelve regiments each, he appointed major-general Ward to command the right wing, major-general Lee the left wing, and major-general Putnam the reserve. General Putnam's alertness in accelerating the construction of the necessary defenses was particularly noticed and highly approved by the commander in chief.

The strength of position on the enemy's part, and want of ammunition on our's, prevented operations of magnitude from being attempted. Such diligence was used in fortifying our camps, and such precaution adopted to prevent surprise, as to ensure tranquillity to the troops during the winter. In the spring, a position was taken so menacing to the enemy, as to cause them, on the 17th of March, 1776, to abandon Boston, not without considerable precipitation and dereliction of royal stores.

which distance they had formed and executed the plans of their respective productions, the similarity observable in their descriptions of general Putnam. These *Chiefs d'œuvres* are mentioned not with a vain presumption of adding eclat or duration to works which have received the seal of immortality, but because they preserve, in the sister arts, the same illustrious action of our hero. I persuade myself I need not apologize for annexing the beautiful lines from the poem in question, on the death of general Warren.

"There, hapless Warren, thy cold earth was seen:

There spring thy laurels in immortal green;
Dearest of chiefs that ever press'd the plain,
In freedom's cause, with early honours, slain,
Still dear in death, as when in fight you mov'd,
By hosts applauded and by heav'n approv'd;
The faithful muse shall tell the world thy fame,
And unborn realms resound th' immortal name."

As a part of the hostile fleet lingered for some time in Nantasket-Road, about nine miles below Boston, general Washington continued himself in Boston, not only to see the coast entirely clear, but also to make many indispensable arrangements. His excellency, proposing to leave major-general Ward, with a few regiments, to finish the fortifications intended as a security against an attack by water, in the mean time dispatched the greater part of the army to New-York, where it was most probable the enemy would make a descent. Upon the sailing of a fleet with troops in the month of January, major-general Lee had been sent to the defence of that city; who, after having caused some works to be laid out, proceeded to follow that fleet to South-Carolina. The commander in chief was now exceedingly solicitous that these works should be completed as soon as possible, and accordingly gave the necessary orders.*

Invested with these commands, general Putnam travelled by long and expeditious stages to New-York. His first precaution, upon his arrival, was to prevent disturbance, or surprise in the night season. With these objects in view, after posting the necessary guards, he issued his orders. He instituted, likewise, other wholesome regulations to meliorate the police of the troops, and to preserve the good agreement that subsisted between them and the citizens.

Notwithstanding the war had now raged, in other parts, with unaccustomed severity for nearly a year, yet the British ships at New-York, one of which had once fired upon the town to intimidate the inhabitants, found the means of being supplied with fresh water and provisions. General Putnam resolved to adopt effectual measures for putting a period to this intercourse, and accordingly expressed his prohibition in the most pointed terms.

Congress having intimated a desire of consulting with the commander in chief, on the critical posture of affairs, his excellency repaired to Philadelphia accordingly, and was absent from the twenty-first of May until the sixth of June. General Putnam, who commanded in that interval, had it in charge to open all letters directed to general Washington, *on public service*, and,

* See Port Folio, for July, 1818.

if important, after regulating his conduct by their contents, to forward them by express; to expedite the works then erecting; to begin others which were specified, to establish signals for communicating an alarm; to guard against the possibility of surprise; to secure well the powder-magazine; to augment, by every means in his power, the quantity of cartridges; and to send brigadier-general lord Stirling to put the posts in the *highlands* into a proper condition of defence. He had also a *private and confidential instruction*, to afford whatever aid might be required by the provincial congress of New-York, for apprehending certain of their disaffected citizens; and as it would be most convenient to take the detachment for this service from the troops on Long-Island, under the command of brigadier-general Greene, it was recommended that this officer should be advised of the plan, and that the execution should be conducted with secrecy and celerity, as well as with decency and good order. In the records of the army are preserved the daily orders which were issued in the absence of the commander in chief, who, on his return, was not only satisfied that the works had been prosecuted with all possible dispatch, but also that the other duties had been properly discharged.

On the twenty-second day of August, the van of the British landed on Long-Island, and was soon followed by the whole army, except one brigade of Hessians, a small body of British, and some convalescents, left on Staten-Island. Our troops on Long-Island had been commanded during the summer by general Greene, who was now sick; and general Putnam took the command but two days before the battle of Flatbush. The instructions to him, pointing in the first place to decisive expedients for suppressing the scattering, unmeaning, and wasteful fire of our men, contained regulations for the service of the guards, the brigadiers and the field-officers of the day; for the appointment and encouragement of proper scouts, as well as for keeping the men constantly at their posts; for preventing the burning of buildings, except it should be necessary for military purposes, and for preserving private property from pillage and destruction. To these regulations were added, in a more diffuse, though not less spirited and professional stile, reflections on the distinction of an army from a mob; with exhortations for the soldiers to conduct them-

selves manfully in such a cause, and for their commander to oppose the enemy's approach with detachments of his best troops; while he should endeavour to render their advance more difficult by constructing abbatiss, and to entrap their parties by forming ambuscades. General Putnam was within the lines, when an engagement took place on the 27th, between the British army and our advanced corps, in which we lost about a thousand men in killed and missing, with the generals Sullivan and Lord Stirling made prisoners. But our men, though attacked on all sides, fought with great bravery; and the enemy's loss was not light.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MOONSHINE.

BY THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY.

Velut inter ignes Luna minores.

HORACE.

Like Moonshine when the Lamps are out. TIM. VARNISH, F. L. S.

BY THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE gentle reader of our pages, if he has ever had the good luck to increase his knowledge of natural history by stumbling over a hornet's nest, may form some notion of the situation of authors on their first appearance before the public. The buzz and general commotion of the venomous insects that sally forth on the first attack of their hive, are a perfect type of the din and persecution that surround the wight who has dared to tread within the purlieus of a printing office. Assailed on all sides by their stings and their hummings, you know not whether to advance or retreat, amid the shower of hail shot that whizzes by you. If you turn to the right, you are followed by a band of them whose piano song "makes no music to your ear;" and if you face about to avoid these, you will have half a dozen others hit you *forte* in the forehead. The only way to escape their fury, is to fall flat upon the ground until the storm is passed over.

Such is the situation to which already the Moonshine-weavers find themselves exposed. No sooner did our first number make its appearance than all the drones in the community began in full chorus to sound the alarm, and every critic wasp sharpened his sting and advanced to the assault. We must confess, that though we have not many among us who are chicken-hearted, we were somewhat appalled when we saw the formidable battalia opposed to us; and we felt, by anticipation, the smarting of a thousand wounds.

In another quarter we witnessed a different scene. The *geese* were all in an uproar. These sagacious animals readily preceived that the promulgation of the Egyptian secret would expose them to be bridled and hoodwinked by every Moonshine-monger—and in one voice they began to scream out their apprehensions. No truant spaniel could have created greater confusion in the flock. Some hissed, some screamed, some clapped their wings, and some waddled off as fast as their fears could carry them. Hogarth's musician would have gone into convulsions at the discord, and I found it necessary for myself, (who am accustomed to the harmony of the spheres) to stop my ears with cotton. Such is the terror produced by perils that we are not accustomed to, that though this gentle race has, without a murmur, submitted to be *roasted* from time immemorial, yet at the first hint of bridles every gander felt himself impelled to exert himself in defence of his liberty. * * * * *

IN CONTINUATION,

By VINCENT LUNARDI, Esq. *Sec. Lun. Soc.*

Our worthy president had written thus far when he received an order to go up and snuff the moon, leaving to me the office of concluding his account of our persecutions. My readers must understand that these observations were made in anticipation of what was to happen, being actually written before our first number was sent to the press; for we had no doubt that the moment we appeared in print the whole world would be interested about us. As soon as I found the task of writing this number devolved on myself, not having the same gift of foresight with our presi-

dent, I resolved to wait until the day of publication rather than venture to predict what should take place.

On Saturday morning, then, I arose with the sun, shaving myself with such expedition as to slice off the point of my chio, and having repaired the damage with court plaister, put on my new wig and sallied out to hear what the world said of us. I had scarce got into the street when I saw several of the *litterati* of the city hurrying along as if in eager pursuit of something. "Now, said I to myself, shall I witness the triumph of our society; with what anxiety do these gentlemen haste to the bookseller's to peruse our pages!" I stopped the first I met and asked him why he went so fast, "I am afraid, answered he, that I shall find nothing fit to eat if I do not make haste to the market," and left me. The next gave me a similar answer, and so did the third. I remained confused and mortified. "Strange! thought I, that intellectual food and even Moonshine, should be neglected, for the sake of the vulgar gratification of a dinner!" Home I went again, muttering to myself all the way, and lamenting the degeneracy of these latter times. After a while I began to comfort myself with supposing that my friends had been too much occupied to hear of our work at so early an hour, and resolved to go out again after breakfast. I gulped down my coffee, seized my hat, and marched forth a second time. The good people of the town were all busy in settling the weather, inquiring the price of six per cents, or retailing the last news from the Patriots. Nobody spoke of us or our productions. The critics were silent on the subject, and the *geese*,* good souls! seemed to be under no kind of apprehension. My surprise rose to astonishment, and I actually began to entertain doubts of the infallibility of our worthy president. I at last bent my way to the publisher's, and there received some alleviation of my chagrin by being told that more than two thirds of our edition had been already disposed of. But how to account for the silence of the world? I must confess it posed me.

* These are not the bipeds to which the world is indebted for the article of *goose quills*, but another genus, *without feathers*, not yet described by naturalists. They are, by metempsychosis, the Dandies of the present day.

In the midst of my reveries I met with Peter Pry, a member of our society. Peter is one of those men, who are said to have a very ingenious turn. Even when a boy he evinced his talent for inquiry by taking to pieces his father's gold repeater, in order to discover its structure, and although the old gentleman grumbled very much at the watchmaker's bill for the many repairs which were necessary to set it a going again, he could not help praising the lad's ingenuity, and predicted that he would prove a man of great penetration. From his own actual observation he ascertained that roast beef was prepared by turning it on a spit before the fire, but that to boil the piece, it was necessary to put it in a pot with water. The motives of human action were also the subjects of his research, and he was often driven out of the room by his elder sister, when hiding himself under a table to find out what it was that she and her lover, Mr. Meadows, were so fond of talking about. When he entered into business, he soon distinguished himself by some notable speculations. On hearing that at a certain port provisions were very scarce, he immediately concluded that it would be profitable to send some there for sale, but unfortunately made the mistake of dispatching his vessel to a town in the Mediterranean, instead of one of the same name in the West-Indies. In political matters his penetration is unrivalled, for when a suspicious editor had asserted, that there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark," he took up Worcester's Gazetteer, to look for Denmark; but not finding it among the United States of America, he observed that the frequent accession of new states to the Union rendered it necessary that a new edition of that useful work should be published every year. Peter had no sooner learned my difficulties, than, without the aid either of an almanack or a slate and pencil, he began to tell me that it was owing to our work appearing at this particular time of the year that it experienced so much neglect. "Consider, my dear sir," said he, "that at this time many of our belles, have gone to the country, and you certainly would not have their admirers eat, drink, sleep, or think of any thing else during their absence. Besides, there is another reason for it: we do not publish by subscription. Could we but once have induced the good folks of the town, to sign an obligation to patronize the work, before they

knew any thing about it, they would afterwards in self-defence, have extolled it to the skies. Publish it then by subscription. If you wish to succeed, publish it by subscription"—Such was my friend Peter's advice; but as our aim is not so much to secure applause as to merit it, it has not so much weight with me as he wished for. I was still anxious to hear something of our work.

I at last ventured to ask some of the critics if they had seen this new importation of Moonshine, and by dint of questioning, contrived to make it the subject of conversation. The acumen of all the party was immediately exerted to settle the important question, "who are the authors?" So great was their scepticism that not one of the company could be induced to believe that it was the Man in the Moon himself who wrote the article that bears his name. At last, after making him the representative of half the town, it was unanimously agreed that, seeing they were all of different opinions, not more than one of them could be the right one, and this every individual asserted was his own.

This weighty affair being put to rest, we proceeded to discuss the merits of the production. As all the world knows that a reputation for critical discernment can be acquired only by showing how much better any thing might have been done, they will readily conclude that amendments in plenty were offered. Every man wished the work to be just such another as he would have written; and every one endeavoured, like Procrustus, to pare it down to his own standard. There was, however, one who was more insufferably troublesome than all the rest. He persisted in praising the work without reserve or qualification. On the type and paper he dwelt with ecstasy; the style, he asserted, was just such as he would have used himself; and he quoted a score of witty passages (as he called them) which the writers as little intended to be witty as they did that they should be sublime. I had, by this time, heard enough of criticism, and made my escape before he had concluded.

In the evening, I made a tour among my female acquaintances, and in their commendations received an ample recompense for the mortifications I had experienced in the morning. It befits not me to repeat the many flattering marks of approbation that our

endeavours to please them received. In our future numbers they shall see that the Lunarians are not insensible of the value of their applause, nor of the merit of the donors.

V. L.

The following is by a member of our society, who is said to be a young man of some promise. The verses are supposed, by some, to relate to a certain stream of water in the neighbourhood of this city; but on this head I shall not venture to give my opinion, seeing that the author hath not named it in his performance. I would, however, advise him not to go to sleep again by the water-side, exposed to the night air, or he may chance to catch cold.

COPERNICUS PTOLEMY, V. P. L. S. L. L. D.
F. S. N. A. &c. &c. &c.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY EDWIN ARION, F. L. S.

STILL was the night, and every gale
Had died along the winding vale;
Smooth was the surface of the flood
And echo slumber'd by the wood;
The broad full moon's unclouded light
Shone on each turret's vane-topp'd height,
Flash'd frequent from the bubbling rill,
And gleam'd upon the distant hill;
When by the stream of humble name,
Which might a higher title claim,
With loitering steps I bent my way,
As chance or fancy bade me stray.
The murmur of the distant town
Had less and less each moment grown,
The hurrying tread was heard no more,
The din of rattling wheels was o'er,
And not a sound met fancy's ear
Save such as fancy loves to hear.

MOONSHINE.

The distant watch-dogs bay'd the moon;
The beetle humm'd his drowsy tune;
Where o'er the rocks the water fell
The sound oft rose in solemn swell;
As oft lull'd to a softer strain,
Then, fitful, murmur'd loud again.
Where from the casement stream'd a light
The flute's soft voice stole on the night,
With mellow breathings sad and slow,
And swelling tones and warblings low;
Meet notes to sooth a lover's care,
Or rapt enthusiast ling'ring there.

On such an hour alone to stray
And feel not inspiration's sway,
Requires a heart of dullest mould
That faintly moves a bosom cold—
A warmer glow my veins had known,
And fancy found me all her own.

Led by her hand I trac'd the stream,
That glitter'd in the lunar beam,
Now rushing o'er a rocky bed,
In smooth expanse now calmly spread;
Where every beech upon its side
Threw a dark shadow o'er the tide.
Much did I muse if other times
In Grecian or in Tuscan climes,
Had suffered such a stream so long
To rest unhonoured by a song?
For never stream that yet arose,
More beauteous and more limpid flows.
No stream can boast of cooler shades
Upon its banks, nor fairer maids.
Long since Ilyssus' attic wave
A theme to many a poet gave;
On Arno's banks the muse appear'd,
The song on Tajo's shores was heard;

And oft the breeze at eventide
Sighs through the harp on Arun's side;
Yet equal charms this stream adorn,
With name uncouth, of song forlorn.
Fir'd with the theme my pulse beat high,
The frenzy glisten'd in my eye.
"Be mine the task, I cried, to give
These waters in my lay to live:
For not unknown to me the glow,
The warmth divine that poets know:
And not in vain my verse may claim
Some portion of approving fame.
Be mine the stream's due praise to bear
Where none would else its merits hear;
And it shall bid my humble lay
Endure to many a distant day.
And while its waves shall roll, so long
Upon its banks be sung my song."
The thought was dear, and still it grew
To endless length with visions new.
Advent'rous fancy dar'd to climb
The dizzy heights of after time,
And in succession bade appear
Long deeds of every future year;
I saw this stream unknown so long
Swell proudly to my plausible song;
I saw the nymphs its margin rove
And Dryads start from every grove.
Warm inspiration sudden came,
And touch'd my bosom with his flame,
And fires which had been long conceal'd
Burst forth again, to view reveal'd.
Then rose my former pride of song,
By graver studies banished long.
My soul pursued its ancient themes,
And rioted in blissful dreams;
Spurn'd the low toil of vulgar care
And sordid lucre's golden glare;

And would have left c'en India's throne
To range the green wood-path alone,
Or on the sandy beach to stray
And count the sea-shells on my way,
Or by the spreading oak reclin'd
To listen to the murmuring wind.
Short fever of the heated brain!
I was the poet all again.

But ah! how quick each scene decays
Gilded by fancy's meteor rays!
Cold thought but cross'd my wilder'd head,
And all the fond illusion fled.

When each warm thought that hope supplies
Chill'd by reflection sudden dies,
How sick! how sad the bosom feels!
While dull disgust upon it steals.
I felt my idle schemes were wrong,
And almost curs'd my love of song.
" 'Twas hence, I cried, my troubles grew,
'Twas hence, that first remorse I knew!
For many a long past hour may cry
'Twas wasted as it flitted by,
In restless toil, or raptures vain,
While framing some poetic strain.
In vain did fortune's fav'ring gale
To wealth impel the swelling sail,
I reck'd nor winds nor leading star,
But left the golden port afar.
No more the passing hours shall view
These fancies rest with me anew.
Romantic thoughts! and waking dreams!
Wild frenzies! visionary schemes!
With you, no more I seek to dwell,
But bid you and the muse farewell."

While thus I mus'd, with anxious mind,
I sate against a rock reclin'd,

Till o'er me sleep his mantle threw,
 And steep'd my senses in his dew.
 But though I slept, a vivid dream
 Still bade each object present seem,
 Still on the bank the moon-beams shone,
 The stream still rush'd o'er beds of stone.
 The trees that rose aloft in air
 Still rais'd their tufted foliage there.

Nor yet the thought within my breast
 Had with my body sunk to rest,
 My firm resolves I still renew'd
 Still wish'd I ne'er the muse had woo'd,
 And said that her fallacious ray
 Should never tempt me more to stray.
 Still as I slept methought a breeze
 Wav'd the tall summit of the trees,
 The water rose with sudden swell,
 Then to its former limits fell.
 When from the stream a gentle sound
 Was heard distinctly all around:
 "No! poet—no!"—it seem'd to say,
 "Thou must not yet neglect the lay.
 What though proud wealth may shun the place,
 And power avert her frowning face,
 Yet where the muses haunt the green,
 Are tranquil hope and pleasure seen;
 And there shall fame's proud laurel spread
 Its envied shadow o'er thy head;
 And inspiration cherish long,
 The conscious pride of sacred song.
 These shady groves, these limpid streams,
 Do not produce mere idle dreams.
 Can wealth an equal joy impart
 To the pure feelings of the heart?
 Can power's imperial state compare
 To health's gay smile and virtue fair?
 And if these still retreats should prove
 Unequal to excite thy love,

Cannot these waters boast with pride
 Of living beauties on their side?
 Does not young love from many an eye
 Bid his most potent arrows fly?
 Cannot such charms thy bosom move?
 Or hast thou never learned to love?
 Then go—and if the fair in vain
 May strive thy stubborn heart to gain,
 Then may'st thou boast, and boast secure
 Thou ne'er wilt be a poet more."
 I wak'd, and morn with growing red
 Had all the eastern sky o'erspread,
 Along the vale gay zephyrs play'd,
 The birds a cheerful concert made.
 Homeward I bent my lingering way,
 And could not to myself but say
 "My dream, I fear, too true will prove;
 I am a poet, and I love."

By TIMOTHEUS VARNISH, F. L. S.

We have delayed the publication of the present number that the following epigram may be included in it. It had been suggested that some little *jeu d'esprit* which had some *point* in it, would be a very pretty ornament to our second paper, and we had, very fortunately, in our society, a gentleman who is famous for a repartee or an *extempore* copy of verses, and who always keeps a stock of them ready-written to serve on all occasions. He volunteered his services, and promised to supply us with one; but not having any prepared that had been sported less than six times already, and having only a week to accomplish it, he could not finish more than two lines of a tetrastich. He came to me in great tribulation and desired my assistance, which (having Byshe's rhyming dictionary in my pocket) I was able to afford him: but I assure the public that they are very much indebted to me for this condescension, for it obliged me to suspend my labours on the ninety-third, and last book of my grand epic poem on the wars of the Eskimaux and the copper Indians. I have also given them

a Latin motto with a translation thereof; which if they do not find apply to this number, will, perhaps, fit some other before the conclusion of our career.

By TIM. VARNISH, & Co.

IMPROMPTU,

On being asked whether our paper (Moonshine) would succeed:

Indeed, my dear friend, I could wish that it might;

But I fear it will go to the d—l:

For most men love darkness far better than light;

Because all their doings are evil.*

RULES OF THE LUNARIAN SOCIETY,

RELATIVE TO THE ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

In order to give the world an opportunity of participating in all the benefits of our Institution, we have resolved that every person who can produce proofs of having acquired a great deal of Moonshine, or of being able to use it properly, shall be admitted as a member. With this view we publish the following extracts from our proceedings:

1. All young gentlemen who can dance better than their dancing masters, and all young ladies who have spent not less than seven years under a music master, shall be judged to possess a sufficient quantity of Moonshine to entitle them to become members.

2. All gentlemen who can drive a gig well, tie on a cravat, or dress a bowl of sallad in the newest stile, shall be considered as sufficiently skilled in Moonshine to be eligible.

3. Any gentleman who has been to London or to Paris, and can tell long stories about actors and actresses, kings and emperors, and coffee-houses and taverns, has, without doubt, employed his time so as to collect Moonshine enough to entitle him to a seat.

* The learned Copernicus Ptolemy asserts, that all those who say that this epigram wants *point*, are mistaken, for it contains several *points*, viz. one period, one colon, two semicolons, and two commas. Q. E. D.

4. Every gentleman who keeps a high-mettled horse and performs the immense labour of travelling from one end of Chesnut-street to the other, twenty times on a Sunday morning, is supposed to know something about Moonshine.——N. B. It is recommended to gentlemen who ride only once a week to take the rowels out of their spurs.


5. All lawyers who give the jury one of Curran's or Burke's orations, when they are trying a case of trespass or assault and battery, are qualified to become members of our society.

6. All persons who bought U. S. stock at 158 dollars, probably acquired with it Moonshine enough to render them eligible.

7. Every new member who shall be found to possess more than one idea, shall give the excess to the public stock to be divided among the poor members.

We have many other regulations, but shall, for the present, omit them, and hasten to the last, which is

All persons unfit for any thing else shall be admitted into the Lunarian society.

 p. 94 ante. In the sonnet, l. 3 from the end should read thus:

Thy converse unaffected, sweet and gay:—



Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee, &c. &c. By T. Edward Bowdich, Esq. Conductor. 4to. pp. 512. 1819.

[From the British Critic.]

WE consider this volume, though ostentatiously and sometimes unintelligibly put together, by far the most important addition to our knowledge of Africa, which we have received since the time of Bruce. Every other expedition into that hitherto ill-fated and impenetrable continent, has miscarried in its objects, and proved destructive to its conductors. But in that which is before us, though we have no means of conjecturing from any documents with which Mr. Bowdich has presented us, what has been the permanent effect of the mission in which he was employed, we find an accredited European embassy stationary for some months in the court of a powerful African monarch, received with all

possible respect, admitted to much public and private confidence and possessing full opportunities of obtaining a near insight into the manners and policy of the extraordinary people with whom it was resident. These opportunities, it is but just to say, were carefully and diligently improved, and with a few allowances for a little *decoration*, which we cannot help thinking the original papers have received in their arrangement for the press, we confess, that we have met with no relation for a long time which has so powerfully arrested our attention, and at once so much awakened, and so well gratified our curiosity.

The European settlements on the coast of western Africa, are situated as is well known in the Fantee country; on the rear of this lies that of Assin, which again borders on the Ashantee kingdom. The Ashantees do not appear to have been known to our settlers before the year 1700, when they are mentioned by Barbot as a very formidable people, and Messrs. Dalzel and Lucas at later periods respectively corroborate this assertion. It was not, however, till so late as 1807 that the full extent of their power was displayed, when in consequence of unprovoked and treacherous aggressions on the part of the Fantees, an Ashantee army penetrated to the coast, and totally depopulated the hostile territory. In this invasion the Dutch fort of Cormantine, without any regard to the sacred rights of neutrality, was sacked and pillaged; and it was only owing to the determined skill and valour of governor White, and his scanty, but *heroic* garrison, that the English castle at Annamaboe escaped the same fate. Five officers, with four free mulattoes, and twenty men, including soldiers, artificers, and servants, stood a siege of several days; the cannon of the fort was of little use, and the principal security of the defenders consisted in their musquetry; two of the officers, after the governor had been obliged to retire in consequence of his wounds, fired nearly three hundred ball cartridges in endeavouring to drive the assailants from one of the gates. An endeavour in which it is little probable that they would have succeeded if a lucky shot had not killed the bearer of a torch at the moment he was applying it to the wood work, and extinguished the flame by his corpse which fell upon it. The achievements of this little handful of our countrymen can scarcely meet with their deserved fame *carant quia Vate sacro*; but they are not likely to be forgotten by their enemies;—the slaughter among the Ashantees was tremendous, little less than three thousand men; and it must be remembered that these troops were not only barbarians impenetrable to any fear of death, and maddened by a spirit of fatalism which drove them to the very muzzles of our guns; but that they were well disciplined and seasoned in war, and so skilful in the use of fire arms that if any of their opponents appeared at an embrasure it was certain destruction.

A reinforcement was at length received from Cape Coast Castle, and a friendly communication established with the invaders;

all misunderstanding was speedily removed, and as soon as the king became sensible of the friendly intention of the British settlers, he paid every imaginable respect to their flag; content with the punishment which he had inflicted on the miserable Fantees, and alarmed by the rapid progress of disease in his camp, he broke up his quarters, and retired in triumph to his capital; in 1811 however, and in 1816 his invasions were renewed. The Fantee population was nearly annihilated, and Cape Coast Castle itself, though not absolutely attacked, underwent severe privations from a protracted blockade. Under these circumstances it became a matter of great importance to the interest of the African committee to conciliate the friendship of so powerful and so troublesome a neighbour; and a mission was resolved upon, embracing, as far as possible, scientific as well as political objects, and the main purpose of which was to procure the ratification of a treaty of alliance, and to obtain permission for the residence of a British agent at the court of Coomassie.

Our principal quarrel with Mr. Bowdich is, that he has left us to collect all this previous history, without which his own narrative is occasionally obscure, just as we can: and that we know nothing of the objects of his mission, till we discover the causes of it in an interesting appendix at the end of the volume, extracted from Mr. Meredith's account of the Gold Coast. The gentlemen who were attached to Mr. Frederick James, the chief of this embassy, were Mr. Bowdich, as a man of science, Mr. Hutchison, a writer, and Mr. Tedlie, an assistant surgeon. The bearers of the baggage and two native soldiers, appear to have been their only companions. They left Cape Coast Castle on the morning of the 22d of April, 1817, and proceeded to Annamahoe. The next day they travelled about fifteen miles, much impeded by the ruggedness of their path, and the perversity of their carriers; they rested at Payntree's croom that night, and the following day, and pursued their journey by easy stages till the 19th of May through a country, with whose unpronounceable names we will not fatigue the reader, and by a route which is impossible to trace, as Mr. Bowdich has not favoured us with a map.

Within a mile of the capital the approach of the embassy was announced to the king, who desired the plenipotentiaries to rest at a little croom called Patiasoo *till he had finished washing*. At two o'clock they entered Coomassie.

"Passing under a fetich, or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles. Upwards of 5000 people, the greater part warriors, met us with awful bursts of martial music, discordant only in its mixture, for horns, drums, rattles, and gong-gongs were all exerted with a zeal bordering on phrenzy, to subdue us by the first impression. The smoke which encircled us from the incessant discharges of musquetry, confined our glimpses to the foreground; and we were halted whilst the

captains performed their Pyrrhic dance, in the centre of a circle formed by their warriors; where a confusion of flags, English, Dutch, and Danish, were waved and flourished in all directions; the bearers plunging and springing from side to side, with a passion of enthusiasm only equalled by the captains, who followed them, discharging their shining blunderbusses so close, that the flags now and then were in a blaze; and emerging from the smoke with all the gesture and distortion of maniacs. Their followers kept up the firing around us in the rear. The dress of the captains was a war cap, with gilded rams horns projecting in front, the sides extended beyond all proportion by immense plumes of eagles' feathers, and fastened under the chin with bands of cowries. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes and saphies* in gold and silver; and embroidered cases of almost every colour, which flapped against their bodies as they moved, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells, and knives: long leopards tails hung down their backs, over a small bow covered with fetishes. They wore loose cotton trowsers, with immense boots of a dull red leather, coming half way up the thigh, and fastened by small chains to their cartouch or waist belt; these were also ornamented with bells, horses tails, strings of amulets, and innumerable shreds of leather; a small quiver of poisoned arrows hung from their right wrist; and they held a long iron chain between their teeth, with a scrap of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in their left hands, covered with red cloth and silk tassels; their black countenances heightened the effect of this attire, and completed a figure scarcely human." p. 31.

This exhibition continued about half an hour, when they were allowed to proceed at a slow pace encircled by warriors, till they arrived at the palace; here the bearers deposited the presents and baggage in a house assigned for them, and they were again squeezed up a long street to an open-fronted house, where they were desired by a royal messenger to wait a further invitation from the king.

"Here our attention was forced from the astonishment of the crowd to a most inhuman spectacle; which was paraded before us for some minutes; it was a man whom they were tormenting previous to sacrifice; his hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like the figure of 8; one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other hung to his head by a small bit of skin; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife was thrust under each shoulder blade; he was led with a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins, and drums beat before him; the feeling this horrid barbarity excited must be imagined." p. 33.

* "Scraps of Moorish writing, as charms against evil."

At length a scene of most unparalleled magnificence burst upon them at once. In an area of more than a mile in circumference sat the king, surrounded by his warriors and tributaries. More than a hundred bands of music announced their arrival by flourishing the peculiar war tunes of their respective chiefs, and the mingled tones of drums, horns, trumpets, and flutes, blended in the wildest melody. Enormous canopies of the most showy coloured cloths and silks, each large enough to shelter at least thirty persons, crowned with various devices of gold, or stuffed animals, and glittering with looking glasses in their fringes, were waved up and down by their bearers. After pursuing their course through this blazing circle, to which we are little able to do justice in an abstract, and whose parallel is only to be found in the Arabian Nights, they were desired to seat themselves under a tree, and receive the compliments of the whole assembly in return. It was near eight o'clock before the king himself approached; he inquired their names a second time, and wished them good night. It was long however, before they were able to retire, and they were then conducted to a spacious but ruinous building which once belonged to a son of a former king, who unable to endure the severity of disgrace, had destroyed himself at an advanced age.

The next morning they had their first audience of the king, and at an ensuing interview the whole fate of the embassy seems to have been in imminent danger from want of presence of mind on the part of the conductor Mr. James. Mr. Bowdich's spirited promptitude remedied this indiscretion, and his representations to the seat of government procured the recall of his superior officer, and his own appointment in his room. We cannot pretend to explain the nature of this transaction; for Mr. Bowdich has involved it in some very fine writing, and describes his own act to be "*tutelary* to the object of the mission;" perhaps he will be the less angry with us for venturing to find fault with his stile, when we assure him, which we do with all possible sincerity, that we are fully convinced of his high diplomatic merits. He saved the mission from failure, and perhaps from outrage; and in consequence he was enabled to procure for us much information, which is altogether very valuable.

Under Mr. Bowdich's auspices the negotiation proceeded favourably; the king frequently visited him at his quarters, and on one occasion, after looking over some botanical engravings, observed, that "White men tried to know so much they would spoil their heads by and by." An invitation to his levee was a great treat, for to avoid an exposure to the rudeness of the populace they confine themselves much to their residence, the longest court of which was but 14 feet. The frequency of executions and of human sacrifices must have added much to the unpleasantness of their situation. One morning a girl was beheaded for insolence

to one of the king's sons, and a man for transgressing the law by *picking up gold, which he had let fall in the market place*; all that falls there being allowed to accumulate till the soil is washed on important exigencies of state. The next day a son of the king's, only ten years of age, shot himself, and at his funeral *custom* on the same afternoon, two men and one girl were immolated, their heads and trunks being left in the market place till dark.

Baba, the chief Moor, notwithstanding Mr. Bowdich's early prejudice against his swarthy brethren, received him with much kindness. The information which was obtained in this quarter appears to leave but little doubt as to the truth of the received account of the much lamented Mungo Park's death, however it may differ in assigning it to accident rather than to the hostility of the natives.

"I visited him the next day, when he sent hastily for a Moor, who he told me was very learned, and just come from Timbuctoo. This man expressing no surprise when he first saw me, Baba explained it, by telling me, spontaneously, that this Moor had seen three white men before, at Boussa. I eagerly inquired the particulars of the novelty, and they were again repeated to Baba, and were thus interpreted: 'that some years ago, a vessel with masts, suddenly appeared on the Quolla or Niger near Boussa, with three white men, and some black. The natives encouraged by these strange men, took off provisions for sale, were well paid and received presents besides: it seems the vessel had anchored. The next day perceiving the vessel going on, the natives hurried after her, (the Moor protested from their anxiety to save her from some sunken rocks, with which the Quolla abounds) but the white men mistaking, and thinking they pursued for a bad purpose, deterred them. The vessel soon after struck, the men jumped into the water and tried to swim, but could not, for the current, and were drowned. He thought some of their clothes were now at Wauwaw, but he did not believe there were any books or papers.'" p. 90.

On the 29th of August, king Sai Tootoo Quamina affixed his mark to the heads of a commercial agreement, or as Mr. Bowdich more technically arrays it in the language of diplomacy, "The preliminaries of a general treaty were signed by the king in council." Before this event, however, it was necessary to prepare the way, after the ceremonial of more civilized countries, by an entertainment of eating. The ambassadors were invited to a magnificent dinner given by the swarthy monarch at his country palace at Sallagha. In the centre of the royal garden, an area, equal to one of the large squares in London, four huge umbrellas of scarlet cloth were fixed, and under these the dining table, covered with massy plate, silver forks, knives and spoons. A large silver waiter in the middle, supported a roasted pig, and around it were roasted ducks, fowls, stews, peas,

puddings, &c. On the ground on one side were soups and vegetables, and answering them on the other, fruits, sugar-candy, Port and Maderia wine, spirits, and Dutch cordial. The banquet was most handsomely served, and exquisitely dressed. The king viewed it from a short distance with much satisfaction, and was particularly pleased, as we have no doubt our fair countrywomen will be, when after the healths of our respective monarchs, they toasted "The handsome women of England and Ashantee." The table cloth and napkins were thrown as largesse to the servants, and the ambassadors retired to Coomassie, laden with a cold pig and some cold fowls for their supper.

On the 7th of September, the treaty itself was finally ratified; after declaring with as much sincerity as is usual in these solemn documents, that there shall be perpetual peace and harmony between the two nations: it stipulates among other things that a British officer shall be permitted constantly to reside at Coomassie; that the king shall commit the care of his children's education to the governor of Cape Coast Castle, and that diligent inquiry shall be made after, and every assistance afforded to the expedition under major Peddie. Mr. Hutchison was immediately nominated the resident, and the remaining members of the Mission, its objects being completed, prepared for their return, in which, after some serious obstructions, partly from the natives, who on the day fixed for the departure of the embassy, committed some most unprovoked outrages, and partly from the natural difficulties of the country which they had to traverse, they fortunately succeeded.

In this expedition there were many obstacles in the way of correct geographical observation. Allowing fifteen miles for each day's journey, the distance from Annamaboe to Coomassie is 146 miles, and by a mean of the observations of the eclipses of Jupiter's first and second satellites, the longitude of the latter town is $2^{\circ} 11' W.$ its latitude $6^{\circ} 34' 50'' N.$ The king's table is daily supplied with fish; carried by relays of men from lake Boosma-quee, three journies distant, whose waters are unpleasant to drink, and which, in direct opposition to Mr. Prince's celebrated Tyrian dye, "give a reddish hue to the hair of the people who wash in it." But we must refer our readers to the work itself for the additions which Mr. Bowdich has made to our knowledge of African geography. It would be unjust, even if it were not impossible, to abridge his valuable chapter on this interesting and obscure subject.

The present king is represented as an amiable and also an able man. He has increased his dominion, his prerogative, and his revenue. He has shown himself inclined to humanity, by limiting the human sacrifices at his mother's funeral, in spite of the pressing importunities of the four great families who form the aristocracy of the state, to extend them according to precedent. His manner is dignified, and he is very studious to preserve the impression made by it, having twice dismissed the embassy from

an audience, once with an apology that he had been unusually irritated after he sent for them, another time, that the arrival of some agreeable news had induced him "to drink more than fitted him to hear such great palavers as theirs." Mr. Bowdich pronounces him to be a *profound logician*; he is courteous, inquisitive, ambitious, and just. Surely these are all characteristics of a great king.

On occasions of more than usual pomp, his costume must be very imposing.

"The king walked abroad in great state one day, an irresistible caricature; he had on an old fashioned court suit of general Daendels' of brown velveteen, richly embroidered with silver thistles, with an English epaulette sewn on each shoulder, the coat coming close round the knees, from which the flaps of the waistcoat were not very distant, a cocked hat bound with gold lace, in shape just like that of a coachman's, white shoes, the long silver headed cane we presented to him, mounted with a crown, as a walking staff, and a small dirk round his waist." p. 122.

A complaint had been made to him of the wrongs of an Ashantee, whom the governor of Cape Coast Castle was falsely said to have flogged to death. His answer to the governor's denial of this calumny is somewhat curious.

"The king assures you, that anticipating a permanent union of the English and Ashantees, so far from allowing the death of one man to retard it, he should take no notice if a thousand were flogged to death by you, as reported here, well knowing the insolence of the lower order of Ashantees, which is as vexatious to him as to you."

Great men have not been wanting on the European continent also, who have considered the sacrifice of thousands of the canaille by no means a dear purchase for political advantages.

On one occasion, the king expressed much regret that he could not make more frequent visits to the quarters of the embassy. Their conversation, he said, entertained him more than any thing else, because it told him of so many things black men never heard of; but when he wished to come, his great men checked him, saying, it did not become so great a king to want strangers, but that he ought to send for them, and make them wait a long time when they came to his palace. The linguists appear to be some of the most important officers about the Ashantee court, and the king is very properly jealous in preserving their privileges, and particular in his choice of them. An old linguist of the late king having died at a distant croom, Sai Tootoo Quamina sent a present of gold to make his custom; part of this was embezzled by the officer to whom it was intrusted; on discovery, he was disgraced, and would have been put to death, if his rank had not forbidden these extremities. The king observed to the culprit, "my brother's linguist did him great good, so when he and my brother, who now live with God, make God recollect all, and tell him the

shame you put on him for me in so burying him, God will kill me." The history of the present second linguist, Agay, will sufficiently prove the king's shrewdness.

"Agay, when a boy, carried salt from Aquoomo to Coomassie for sale; he was afterwards taken into the service of Aquootoo, caboceer of that place, against whom the government had instituted a palaver, but wrongfully. Agay accompanied the caboceer when he was sent for to Coomassie for judgment. After the king's messengers had spoken, misrepresenting the case in preference to confessing the king to be in the wrong, and the caboceer was confused, this boy suddenly rose, and said, to use the words of the narrators, 'King, you have people to wash you, to feed you, to serve you, but you have no people to speak the truth to you, and tell you when God does not like your palaver.' The assembly cried out unanimously, that the boy might be hurried away and his head taken off; but the king said, 'no! let him finish;' and Agay is said to have spoken three hours, and to have disclosed and argued the palaver to the king's conviction, and his master's acquittal. He was retained to attend the king, but treated with no particular distinction. A serious palaver occurring between two principal men, it was debated before the council, who were at a loss to decide, but inclined to the man whom the king doubted; judgment was suspended. In the interim the king sent Agay, privately, to the house of each, to hear their palavers in turn, tête-à-tête: he did so, and when the king asked him who he thought was right, he confirmed his impression. 'Now,' said the king, 'I know you have a good head.' Agay was then made a linguist, and presented with a house, wives, slaves, and gold. Sometime afterwards, the king confessing a prejudice against a wealthy captain, his linguists, always inclined to support him, said, 'If you wish to take his stool from him, we will make the palaver;' but Agay sprung up, exclaiming, 'No, king! that is not good; that man never did you any wrong; you know all the gold of your subjects is your's at their death, but if you get all now, strangers will go away and say, only the king has gold, and that will not be good, but let them say the king has gold, all his captains have gold, and all his people have gold, then your country will look handsome, and the bush people fear you.' For this the king made him second linguist, and much increased his property. When Amanqua had the command of the army against Cudjo Cooma, the king asked him which linguist he would take, he replied, Adoossee or Otee; the king said, no! I will give you this boy, he has the best head for hard palavers. Amanqua urged that he was too young, the king told him he was a fool to say so. He then made Amanqua take fetich with him to report the merits of Agay faithfully, who distinguished himself so much, that he is always employed in difficult foreign palavers." p. 248.

The laws of Ashantee, as they regard the commerce of the sexes, are unusually severe; even to praise the beauty of another man's wife is forbidden, as leading to adultery by implication. Especial privileges on this head are reserved for the king's sisters; they may marry or intrigue with whom they please, provided always that they be eminently strong or personable men.

The Ashantees themselves believe that their kings and caboceers after death enjoy an eternal state of luxury with the Deity, and with this impression kill a number of both sexes at their funeral customs, to administer to their pleasures. The Moors also, who live among them, imagine that in a future state every man is rewarded according to his rank. This reminds us of the creed of captain Viats, the Polish officer, who was executed in Charles the second's time for the murder of Mr. Thynn. He died "confident that God would *consider a gentleman*, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in, and would not take it ill of a soldier, who lived by his sword, to revenge the affront offered him by another." The trial by ordeal is commonly practised in cases of theft; an angry bead is placed in water, the person who drinks places his right-foot against the right foot of the accused, and invokes the power of the bead to kill him if he be guilty. On all occasions when they drink, they spill a little on the ground, as a libation to the fetish, and on rising from their seats, the attendants carefully lay them on their sides, to prevent the devil, whom, contrary to our notions, they believe to be white, from slipping, like Banquo, into their master's places. Persons accused of witchcraft, or of having a devil, are tortured to death.

The decease of a person is announced by a discharge of musquetry proportioned to his rank, and in an instant a croud of slaves burst from the house, to secrete themselves from sacrifice till the custom is over. The following is a description of the diabolical rites which the embassy witnessed at the custom of Quatchie Quofie's mother.

"We walked to Assafoo about twelve o'clock; the vultures were hovering around two headless trunks, scarcely cold. Several troops of women, from fifty to a hundred in each, were dancing by, in movements resembling skaiting, lauding and bewailing the deceased in the most dismal, yet not discordant strains; audible, from the vast number, at a considerable distance. Other troops carried the rich cloths and silks of the deceased on their heads, in shining brass pans, twisted and stuffed into crosses, cones, globes, and a fanciful variety of shapes only to be imagined, and imposing at a small distance the appearance of rude deities. The faces, arms, and breasts of these women were profusely daubed with red earth in horrid emulation of those who had succeeded in besmearing themselves with the blood of the victims. The crowd was overbearing; horns, drums, and muskets, yells, groans, and screeches invaded our hearing with as many horrors as were

crowded on our sight. Now and then a victim was hurried by, generally dragged or run along at full speed; the uncouth dress, and the exulting countenances of those who surrounded him, likening them to as many fiends. I observed apathy, more frequently than despair or emotion, in the looks of the victims. The chiefs and captains were arriving in all directions, announced by the firing of muskets, and the peculiar flourishes of their horns, many of which were by this time familiar to us; they were then habited plainly as warriors, and were soon lost to our sight in the crowd. An old Odumato passed in his hammock, he bade us observe him well when he passed again: this prepared us in a small degree. Presently the king's arrival in the market place was announced, the crowd rolled towards it impetuously, but the soldiery hacked on all sides indiscriminately, and formed a passage for the procession. Quatchie Quofie hurried by, plunging from side to side like a Bacchanal, drunk with the adulation of his bellowing supporters; his attitudes were responsive to the horror and barbarism of the exultations which inspired them. The victims, with large knives driven through their cheeks, eyed him with indifference; he them with a savage joy, bordering on phrenzy: insults were aggravated on the one, flattery lavished on the other. Our disgust was beguiled for an instant by surprise. The chiefs who had just before passed us in their swarthy cloths, and the dark gloomy habits of war, now followed Quatchie Quofie, glistening in all the splendour of their fetish dresses: the sprightly variety of their movements ill accorded with the ceremony. Old Odumata's vest was covered with fetish, cased invariably in gold or silver. A variety of extraordinary ornament and novel insignia, courted and reflected the sun in every direction. It was like a splendid pantomime after a Gothic tragedy.

"We followed to the market place. The king, and the chiefs not immediately connected with Quatchie Quofie, were seated under their canopies, with the usual insignia and retinue, and lined about the half of a circle, apparently half a mile in circumference; the soldiery completed it, their respective chiefs situated amongst them. Thirteen victims, surrounded by their executioners, whose black shaggy caps and vests gave them the appearance of bears rather than men, were pressed together by the crowd to the left of the king. The troops of women, before described, paraded without the circle, vociferating the dirge. Rum and palm wine were flowing copiously, horns and drums were exerted even to frenzy. In an instant there was a burst of musketry near the king, and it spread and continued incessantly, around the circle, for upwards of an hour. The soldiers kept their stations, but the chiefs, after firing, bounded once round the area with the gesture and extravagance of madmen; their panting followers enveloping them in flags, occasionally firing in all the attitudes of a scaramouch; and incessantly bellowing the strong names of their exulting chief, whose musket they snatched from his hands directly he had fired.

An old hag, described as the head fetish woman of the family, screamed and plunged about in the midst of the fire as if in the greatest agonies. The greater the chief the heavier the charge of powder he is allowed to fire; the heaviest charge collected was that fired by the king on the death of his sister, eighteen ackies, or an ounce avoirdupoise. Their blunderbusses and long guns were almost all braced closely with the cordage of the country, they were generally supported by their attendants whilst they fired; several did not appear to recover it for nearly a minute; Odumata's old frame seemed shaken almost to dissolution. Many made a point of collecting near us, just within the circle, and firing as close as possible to startle us; the frequent bursting of their muskets made this rather alarming as well as disagreeable. The firing abated, they drank freely from the bowls of palm wine. religiously pouring a small quantity on the ground before they raised them to their lips." p. 284.

"The executioners wrangled and struggled for the office, and the indifference with which the first poor creature looked on, in the torture he was from the knife passed through his cheeks, was remarkable: the nearest executioner snatched the sword from the others, the right hand of the victim was then lopped off, he was thrown down, and his head was sawed rather than cut off; it was cruelly prolonged, I will not say wilfully. Twelve more were dragged forward, but we forced our way through the crowd, and retired to our quarters. Other sacrifices, principally female, were made in the bush where the body was buried. It is usual to 'wet the grave' with the blood of a freeman of respectability. All the retainers of the family being present, and the heads of all the victims deposited in the bottom of the grave, several are unsuspectingly called on in a hurry to assist in placing the coffin or basket, and just as it rests on the heads or skulls, a slave from behind stuns one of these freemen by a violent blow, followed by a deep gash in the back part of the neck, and he is rolled in on the top of the body, and the grave instantly filled up. A sort of carnival, varied by firing, drinking, singing, and dancing, was kept up in Assafoo for several days; the chiefs generally visiting it every evening, or sending their linguists with a dash of palm wine or rum to Quatchie Quofie; and I was given to understand, that, but for the approaching war and the necessary economy of powder, there would have been eight great customs instead of one." p. 287.

At the death of a king, all the customs which have been made for the subjects who have died during his reign, with all their dreadful accompaniments, must be repeated. Every member of the royal house affects temporary insanity, and ranging about the streets with musquets, fires promiscuously among the crowd. The custom for Sai Quamina was repeated weekly for three months; each time two hundred slaves were sacrificed, and twenty five barrels of powder expended.

The king is allowed 3333 wives: a mystical number, but for the sake of domestic peace, he is seldom attended by more than six at one time. Sometimes, in order to complete his list, he *con-saws* or betroths himself to an infant at the breast. When his majesty spits, the boys with elephants' tails sedulously wipe it up, or cover it with sand. When he drinks, he spills a great quantity of palm wine on his beard, of the length of which he is remarkably proud, and draws his fingers repeatedly through it while it is yet dropping. When he sneezes, every person present places the two first fingers across his forehead and breast. Ambassadors to foreign powers are treated with a regard to economy; which demands the serious consideration of the Foreign office. They are fitted out with all possible regard to splendour of suite and attire; but on their return, every thing (except the additional wives which have been granted them) is surrendered to the public treasury. The public criers, in order to render them more conspicuous, are always deformed or maimed, and are dressed in a monkey-skin cap, with a gold plate in front, and the tail hanging down behind. Each of the great captains has a peculiar flourish on his horn, adapted to some short sentence. The king's, "I pass all kings in the world." Apokoo's, "Ashantees, do you do right now?" Gimma's, "While I live no harm can come." Bundahema's, "I am a great king's son." Amanqua's "No one dares trouble me." And every midnight the king's horns perform a particular strain, meaning "King Sai thanks all his captains and all his people for to day."

We remember to have heard from an eye-witness, that one of the maniac *sans-culottes*, during the early revolutionary massacres, entered a coffee-house in Paris with the reeking heart of a royalist, which he devoured with the most savage exultation; he was not however original in his enormity.

"Several of the hearts of the enemy are cut out by the fetish men who follow the army, and the blood and small pieces being mixed, (with much ceremony and incantation,) with various consecrated herbs, all those who have never killed an enemy before eat a portion, for it is believed that if they did not, their vigour and courage would be secretly wasted by the haunting spirit of the deceased. It was said that the king and all the dignitaries partook of the heart of any celebrated enemy; this was only whispered; that they wore the smaller joints, bones, and the teeth of the slain monarchs was evident as well as boasted. One man was pointed out to me, as always eating the heart of the enemy he killed with his own hand. The number of an army is ascertained or preserved in cowries or coin by Apokoo. When a successful general returns, he waits about two days at a short distance from the capital, to receive the king's compliments, and to collect all the splendour possible for his *entrée*, to encourage the army and infatuate the people. The most famous generals are distinguished by the addition of warlike names, more terrific than glorious, as

they designate their manner of destroying their prisoners. Apokoo was called Aboäwassa, because he was in the habit of cutting off their arms. Appia, Sheäboo, as he beats their heads in pieces with a stone. Anamqua, Abiniowa, as he cuts off their legs." p. 300.

We cannot omit to mention two usages, from the singular illustration which they afford of similar habits recorded in Scripture. About ten days after the Yam custom, a sheep and a goat are sacrificed in the palace in the afternoon, and blood is then poured over the door-posts. It is scarcely possible but that this rite must be connected with some obscure tradition of the Jewish passover. The other usage strikingly calls to mind one of our Saviour's parables.

"It is a frequent practice of the king's to consign sums of gold to the care of rising captains, without requiring them from them for two or three years, at the end of which time he expects the captain not only to restore the principal, but to prove that he has acquired sufficient of his own, from the use of it, to support the greater dignity the king would confer on him. If he has not, his talent is thought too mean for further elevation. Should he have no good traders amongst his dependents, (for if he has there is no difficulty) usury and worse resources are countenanced, and thought more credible than a failure, ascribed to want of talent rather than to a regard of principle." p. 295.

In architecture, if we may judge by Mr. Bowdich's drawings, they are by no means unskilled, whether we regard taste or convenience. One of the king's favourite projects is to build a palace, roofed with brass pans, beaten into flat surfaces, and laid over an ivory frame-work. The windows and the doors to be cased in gold, and the door-posts and pillars to be made of ivory. Coomassie, without its suburbs is an oblong, four miles in circumference. Four of the principal streets are half a mile long, and from 50 to 100 yards wide. Some of their names are amusing. There is the prison-street and the cannon-street, and that above the quarter in which the embassy resided, is called Osamarandiduüm, literally, "with a thousand muskets you could not fight those who live there." The population of the whole kingdom is roughly estimated by Mr. Bowdich at more than a million of souls.

Mr. Bowdich has given two chapters on the language and the music of the Ashantees; for the former his materials are necessarily scanty, but it appears a highly figurative tongue. One expression, their *good night*, may suffice as a specimen. Wooäü d'tcherrimong, "Sleep till the lighting of the world." In his account of their music, it is impossible not to be struck with the extraordinary resemblance between the *Donce eram gratus Tibi* of Horace and the following song:

"1st Woman. My husband likes me too much,
He is good to me,
But I cannot like him,
So I must listen to my lover.

- "1st Man. My wife does not please me,
I tire of her now;
So I will please myself with another,
Who is very handsome.
- "2nd Woman. My lover tempts me with sweet words,
But my husband always does me good,
So I must like him well,
And I must be true to him.
- "2nd Man. Girl you pass my wife handsome,
But I cannot call you wife;
A wife pleases her husband only,
But when I leave you, you go to others." p. 369.

We shall conclude this article, the interest of which has induced us to protract it to a more than usual length, with an anecdote, placing his sable majesty's generosity in a distinguished point of view.

"His majesty, some years ago, took one of Apokoo's daughters to wife; she is now one of the finest women in Coomassie, and must have been a great beauty. It was discovered by the chief eunuch that she had intrigued with one of the attendants: It was told the king that one of his wives had proved false; 'let her die instantly,' said he in rage; the slave whispered him, 'it is Apokoo's child.' He rose in silence, and went to the harem, and the culprit being sent for, the king turned his head away, while he folded his cloth around him, and lifting the curtain to let her pass, he exclaimed, 'go, you are free! your father was my father, he is my friend, and for his sake, I forget you; when you find any man good enough for you, let me know and I will give him gold.' Her father has not allowed her to marry again." p. 418.

Our difficulty in this review has arisen chiefly from the narrowness of our limits. Where almost every thing is new and worthy of relation, it is not an easy task to reject. We confidently recommend our readers therefore to this work at large, assuring them that we have been compelled to omit a vast portion of matter of extraordinary interest and information. The strange mixture of savage and civilized habits, of the grotesque and the horrible, the magnificent and the barbarous, throws a living character of the whole length picture, which we cannot hope to transfer to the miniature; and we should be most unjust if we did not repeat, that we know not when this species of literature has received so valuable an accession to its treasures.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ORIGINAL LETTERS.

The following letter was addressed by the *Marquis La Fayette* to *Lieutenant-colonel Presley Neville*, the distinguished gentleman of whom we gave an obituary notice in our Number for last March.

He was at one time the most popular man in the western part of this commonwealth. He was once elected to the Assembly by an *unanimous* vote; the only instance perhaps that ever occurred in the U. S. except in the case of general Washington. Aware of this fact, how could we behold him suffering in the collisions of party, without an expression of regret?

On board of the Alliance, 7th January, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I have every ground to hope that you will arrive safe in France, I however think you will be glad to know that in case of a misfortune, I have many friends in England who would oblige you with all their power. Had you the bad luck of being made a prisoner you might apply to colonel Fitzpatrick, lord Bentick, Mr. George Hanger, the duke of Dorset, or any other of the gentleman whose names you have often heard mentioned by me. Provided they know that you belong to my family, and are an officer I have a great regard for, you may trust they will do what they can for your speedy relief, and add this obligation to all the marks of affection, I have already received from them.

Very sincerely, I am, dear sir, your's

LA FAYETTE.

Lt. Col. Neville.

(Enclosed in the above.)

I do certify that Lieutenant-colonel Neville has been in my family since the month of December, 1777, and has hitherto served as my aid-de-camp. That gentleman's unbounded zeal, gallant bravery, uncommon talent and abilities, entitle him to universal esteem, and have been displayed on several occasions in a manner which has rendered me the greatest service, and must do him the highest honour. Given on board the frigate Alliance.

Boston, the 7th of January 1779.

LA FAYETTE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
NEW READINGS IN SHAKSPEARE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE long intermission which I have allowed to my critical labours, may lead you to suppose that "my words and performances are no kin together." I therefore resume my task of restoring the original purity and elegance of Shakspeare, by removing the absurd blunders, with which two centuries and a half have encumbered him, to the great detriment of his fame. While thus successfully engaged in clearing off these spots from the face of our great poetical sun, I consider the brilliancy so restored as reflected back in a small degree on me his humble assistant. My head, that has laboured to increase and beautify his laureate wreath, may fairly claim a sprig or two for its own decoration. But "brevity is the soul of wit," and I proceed to my subject.

In act 4. sc. 1. Macbeth consulting the witches in the cave, receives this injunction: "Be bloody, bold and resolute." This is no doubt mighty fine, and affords the player or reciter a happy opportunity for a display of deliberate emphasis, where each of the epithets receives the same well weighed mark of respect. This undeserved equality I destroy, and give an entire new turn to the line, by banishing the comma which has been foisted in; and reading it thus, "be *bloody bold*, and resolute," meaning that Macbeth should be bloody bold and bloody resolute:—a mode of expression which is common even in our days of refinement.

Act 2. sc. 3. Othello "besetted round with villanies," goaded on by the artful suggestions of Iago to murder his own wife, discovers (only a few minutes too late!) that she is innocent and himself a ruined dupe. "Perplexed in the extreme," in an agony of despair, he exclaims "who can control his fate!" As he is just made sensible how *wrong-headed* he has been, it obviously should be, "who can control his *fate*!"

Othello act 2 sc. 3. Iago having planned the destruction of Cassio by involving him in a complicated drunken frolic, and recounting to himself his several arrangements to bring this about,

mentions, "three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits" whom he has flustered with drink. A strange title for drunken brawlers who were to be the tools of his villainy! My correction will restore the harmony and consistency of the whole passage, and must be admitted to be the true original wording:

"Three lads of Cyprus, *swilling* noble spirits
The very elements of this warlike Isle
Have I to night flustered with flowing cups,
And they watch too."

In act V. sc. 5. Hamlet, having just had an interview with the ghost of his father, very wisely concludes to go mad. His friends who watched with him on guard and were privy to his ghostly conference, are informed by him of his crazy intentions, and on the spot sworn to secrecy on every thing relating to the subject; the said swearing being solemnly attested by the ghost from below ground. In proposing the oath Hamlet says,

"Never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance, hereafter, may think fit
To put an antick disposition on, &c."

As the thought of playing crazy had just popped into Hamlet's head, he had not time to arrange and methodize his madness; and among other sudden suggestions was that of going stark naked to appear staring mad. His language should be accordingly,

"How strange or odd soever I bare myself."

Romeo and Juliet, act. 5. sc. 1.

"I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brow
Culling of simples."

It should be "*Gulling* of simples." The propriety of the correction is too manifest to require comment; and it is so happy that I think Warburton would say that it entitles me to rank with the author himself.

In the same play act 2. sc. 4. when Benvolio says, "here comes Romeo;" the merry Mercutio adds, "without his rose, like a dried herring." Mercutio's wit here lies like fire in the flint, and requires a little critical address to bring it out. Romeo

in love, gives vent to his sighs by a perpetual repetition of O me! and, me O! The latter probably most frequent, suggests to Mercutio, the absence of Ro, or roe, as he chuses to apply it.

My next selection, has baffled the critical skill of my learned predecessors, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Stevens, and I may "gall their kibes," by following their attempts; but my complete success where they have failed, entitles me to the honour gained, even though it may cast a shade on their illustrious names. It is in Othello act 5. sc. 2. where he is going to destroy his wife, and is endeavouring to lull that "still small voice" within, which opposes his design—He says,

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause—yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of her's than snow
And smooth as monumental alabaster."

Well may Johnson say that this soliloquy is obscure. But when amended by me it is plain, and carries with it a good sound argument to his revolting soul, which he is addressing, and which, after so unanswerable a reason, cannot, in decency, say another word in defence of the unfortunate lady:

"It is *because it is the case*, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is because," &c.

DOGBERRY, JUNIOR.

ADVICE.

It is not often that a man can have so much knowledge of another as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently whose superiority either of power or understanding, may entitle them to inspect our lives. It is therefore very probable that he, who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause, and that his prescriptions avail nothing because he knows not which of the passions or desires is vitiated.

POETRY.

Robert Herrick was the Moore of his day. However alloyed by the poetical vices of the era in which he lived, for lightness, delicacy and fancy, he is scarcely to be excelled; not to mention the vein of bewitching tenderness which runs throughout his gayest trifles. The following little poem, the idea of which is borrowed from Propertius, and which we are aware has been quoted more than once, is a pleasing specimen of his best manner.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also;
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee:
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.
Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour unto thee.

THE SEASON.

THE season, 'tis granted, is not very gay;
But we cannot in justice complain of the weather,—
For if changes delight us, we have in one day,
Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter, together.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

BY HERRICK.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
 Lately made of flesh and blood,
 Who as soon fell fast asleep
 As her little eyes did peep.
 Give her strewings, but not stir
 The earth that lightly covers her.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, a poet of considerable genius, thus describes
 the protean powers and ubiquity of Love:—

OFT in a voice he creeps down through the ear;
 Oft in a blushing cheek he lights his fire;
 Oft shrouds his golden flame in likeliest hair;
 Oft in a smooth soft skin doth close retire;
 Oft in a smile, oft in a silent tear:
 And if all fail, yet Virtue's self he'll hire;
 Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move.
 Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
 When Love and Virtue's self become the darts of Love?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO MY GLASS.

I HAVE lov'd thee, dearly lov'd thee,
 Since my soul delight could know;
 How delicious I have prov'd thee,
 Let my red *cheek* blushing show.

Ten long years, to banish sorrow,
 I have fill'd thee o'er and o'er;
 Never thinking of to-morrow
 Every day I lov'd thee more!

Play nor business could not charm me
 I no joy in love could see,
 Nor could *sober* thoughts alarm me,
 Save the thought of losing thee.

When unhallow'd hands have touch'd thee,
 I have sigh'd with jealous pain;
 When a thirsty lip has drain'd thee,
 I have fill'd thee oft again!

ORLANDO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"THERE'S NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN."

This world is but a silly stage,
 Illusions through it glancing;
 The hopes of youth the fears of age,
 By turns the war'ring mind engage,
 There's nothing true but dancing!

The light that gleams o'er hero's swords
 Is false, as 'tis entrancing;
 And still less rapture love affords,
 For courting is a waste of words,
 There's nothing bright but dancing!

Poor mortals! in a world of pain,
 Their sorrow still enhancing—
 Who break their heart for love or gain,
 When 'twould be better far to sprain
 Or break their ancles dancing! ORLANDO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

THE following lines are proposed in a German Journal to be translated into any other language, so that the number of lines and words do not exceed those in the original: (two lines and twenty words.)

"Sohn! Du weintest am Tage der Geburt, es lachten die Freunde;
 Tracht, dass am Todestag, wahren sie weinen, du lachst."

My attempt in two lines and seventeen words is respectfully submitted:

"When I was born I cry'd, while others smil'd;
 O! may I dying smile, while others weep."

HERMANOPHILUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Song of the French Crusaders, on their march to Palestine.

[From *La Gaule Poétique*.]

Celui de nous qui mourra,
 Pourra bien dire à Dieu
 Si tu es mort pour moi,
 Ne suis je pas mort pour toi?

FROM THE PITTSBURG GAZETTE.

A Pittsburg Merchant to his correspondent in the West.

Go where *credit* waits thee,
 But while *cash* elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me!
 When the *gain* thou meetest,
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me!

Other *duns* may press thee,
 Older *debts* distress thee,
 All who curse or bless thee,
 Nearer hand may be;
 But when those thou fearest,
Duns and *death* are nearest,
 Oh! then remember me!

When at the dawn thou rovest,
 To the shop thou lovest,
 Oh! then remember me;
 Think when homeward floating,
 Friend, I paid thy *doating*,
 Oh! then remember me!

Oft as evening closes,
 When thine eye reposes,
 On letter that encloses,
 A *draft* I've drawn on thee;
 Think of him who drew it,
 Him who should not rue it,
 Oh! then remember me!

When around thee quaking,
Stanchest *firms* are breaking,

Oh! then remember me!

And when serv'd with *ticket*,
In the gay hearth stick it,

But oh! remember me!

Then should music stealing,
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,

Draw one note for thee;

Let thy memory tell thee,

Notes I used to sell thee,

Oh! then remember me!

ORLANDO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

YE merchants, lawyers, bankers, all,
Who court of stocks the rise and fall,
Who trade or who are breaking;
Ye dandies spruce, and dashing blades,
Ye widows, wives, and pretty maids,
Whose heads or hearts are aching.

No longer let your sinews rust,
No longer grope in smoke and dust,
Yourselves and friends to frighten;
Come, doff blue devils and the dumps,
And wisely cheerful stir your stumps,
To Bedford or to Brighton.

There Pleasure, like a fairy queen,
With roguish eye and playful mien,
On flowery couch reposes;
Or leads the dance thro' shady bowers,
And treads at every step on flowers
Like "love among the roses."

To Bedford hie—there every lass,
Can quaff with ease the fifteenth glass,

And bless the teeming fountain,
 Then lightly trip the devious way
 Where rattlesnakes and poets stray,
 Along the Rocky Mountain.

Come, shut your shops and pack your trunks,
 Ladies and bucks are stingy hunks;
 Get up the nag or carriages
 Grasp all the joy you can to-day,
 And let to-morrow bring what may,
 As some folks do in marriage.

Let every maiden cut a splash,
 Let every wife her husband's cash,
 Or else his credit borrow;
 The golden rule that fashion makes,
 For dandies, belles, and married rakes,
 Is "spend to-day and pay to-morrow."

'Tis wise in bliss to spend' each day,
 No matter who'll the piper pay,
 Your sweethearts or your spouses:
 And if their notes protested are,
 Why we'll protest against dull care,
 A plague on all their houses!

Come, haste from pebble-stones and bricks,
 From lawyers' quirks, and merchants' tricks
 And quibbling punsters witty:
 Come rove with me through forest green
 For Heaven decks the silver scene
 The devil rules the city.*

ORLANDO.

* God made the country, man made the town.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

In a former number of the Port Folio, we exhibited the lord chancellor of England in the act of reviewing lord Byron; in the ensuing article our readers will find the great lexicographer in the hands of another legal critic.

EXCISE.

The following curious little document is the opinion of lord Mansfield, when attorney general, upon Dr. Johnson's explanation of the word Excise:—

CASE.

Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published a book, entitled "A Dictionary of the English Language, in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed a history of the Language, and an English grammar."

Under the title "Excise" are the following words:—

Excise, n. s. (*accije*, Dutch: *excisum*, Latin.) a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but *wretches* hired by those to whom "*Excise*" is paid.

The people should pay a rateable tax for their sheep, and an *Excise* for every thing which they should eat.—HAYWARD.

"Ambitious now to take *excise*

"Of a more fragrant paradise."—CLEVELAND.

EXCISE.

"With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,

"And on all trades, like Cassawar, she feeds."—MARVEL.

"Can hire large houses and oppress the poor

"By farm'd Excise."—DRYDEN'S Juvenal, Sat. 3.

The author's definition being observed by the commissioners of Excise, they desire the favour of your opinion:

Qu.—Whether it will not be considered as a libel; and if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers and publishers thereof, or any and which of them, by information or how otherwise?

OPINION.

"I am of opinion that it is a libel; but under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition; and in case he dont, threaten him with an information.

(Signed)

"W. MURRAY.

"29th Nov. 1755."

ON SALT AS A MANURE.

A letter to the Farmers and Graziers of Great Britain, to explain the advantages of using SALT, in the various branches of agriculture, and in feeding all kinds of Farming stock. By Samuel Parkes. London, printed 1819. Philadelphia, reprinted by Mathew Carey & Son, 1819. 50 cents, 88 pages 8 vo.

THE advantage of giving common culinary salt (muriate of soda) to cattle has long been known, and the practice has been universally followed by most American farmers. They have found that it not only preserves the digestive powers of stock, but promotes their disposition to take on fat by increasing their appetites; that it expels the various sorts of worms with which their stomach and intestinal canal are very liable to be infested, and even removes various sorts of indispositions to which they are subject. The practice of salting hay has been long followed, and the utility of salt as a manure, has been also known, although less partially adopted in the United States. Whatever may have been the knowledge on these subjects in England, the farmers and graziers were prevented from applying it, by the enormous duties which the British government imposed upon this article, and the very great strictness with which it was collected.* Until lately the tax amounted to 30*l.* sterling, (\$133 20) on salt per ton; a sum that effectually prohibited the British farmers from using it for any other purpose, than curing meat, and for the table. It is now reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.* per bushel for agricultural uses. From the facts related by sir Thomas Bernard and others on this subject, it would appear that the wretched negroes of Brazil, are not more narrowly watched when employed in searching for diamonds, at Mandango, of which Mr. Mawe has given such curious details,* than the manufacturers, or miners† employed in this article of first necessity are in England, by the officers of government.

A conviction of the hardships under which the farmers, and the people of the sea coast more particularly, laboured, for the want

* Travels into the interior of Brazil. Vide Port Folio for May 1816.

† In England salt is obtained by 1, evaporating sea water, or 2, brine springs, and 3, by digging up, or blasting the solid rock salt.

of the duties being lessened, induced some benevolent gentlemen to collect all the information extant on the subject of the various uses to which salt could be applied, of the injury which the country sustained by the restrictions under which the use of salt was held, and of the benefits which the nation at large, and especially the farming interest would derive from the free use of that article. This information, embodied by the late sir Thomas Bernard, was published by him in a pamphlet in the year 1816, and to this, and to a letter which Mr. Horne of Liverpool addressed to Mr. Vansittart, "may be attributed the whole of the investigations which afterwards took place before the board of trade, and the committee of the house of commons."—The interest, however, which Mr. Parkes, a manufacturing chymist in London, and the author of the pamphlet under consideration, took in the business, and the exertions he had previously made to open the eyes of the public to the subject, ought not to pass unnoticed.—He had been instrumental in exciting the attention of the worthy baronet above mentioned to the consideration of the salt question; and the public are certainly much indebted to him for the excellent remarks he has made on it in the present pamphlet, and for collecting all the official documents contained therein.

The contents of the pamphlet are 1. An advertisement from the author, stating the progress of the measures respecting the enactment of laws diminishing the restrictions under which the use of the article had laid; his own agency in the business; the opposition of Mr. Pitt to the diminution of the duties; and the increase of it, even after he was informed of the fact, that the "salt duties were, in their consequences, detrimental to the public in a degree far exceeding the payment of the tax itself."

2. A letter to the farmers and graziers from Mr. Parkes, on "the expediency of manuring arable and pasture lands with salt, and of administering the substance to horses, sheep and cattle, as a condiment for their food, and as an efficacious means of preserving them in health and vigour." He quotes a remarkable fact from sir Hugh Platt, who wrote 150 years ago, of a fine crop of grain that was produced from grain that accidentally fell into salt water, and after remaining there until low tide, was sown from ne-

cessity, the owner not being able to buy fresh seed,* the practice of manuring lands in Cornwall with sea-sand for the sake of the salt that it contains:—of fattening hogs in the United States:—and refers to the undeniable evidence delivered to the board of trade of England, that common salt uniformly promotes digestion in horses and cattle, and occasions them to make a rapid progress in fattening. The quantities that may be daily administered with safety, he says, are as follows:—

To neat cattle 4oz. per day, mixed with steamed chaff or other food. The same quantity to horses,—3oz. to heifers,—1oz. to calves, and 2oz. per head weekly to sheep. The salt to be spread upon slates or tiles in the field where the sheep are fed.—Half of the above quantities are to be given in the morning, and half in the after part of the day.

3. Then follows a long appendix containing 1, "Extracts from old writers of credit on the employment of common salt in agriculture, and feeding cattle. The author quotes Pliny, Glauber the German chymist, Jonston the learned Polish naturalist, and physician; Gervase Markham, the learned writer in the reign of James I. and Charles I. C. Parker, the translator of Glauber's works.—Lord Bacon; the eminent agriculturist Evelyn; Leuwenhock; Dr. Bury, Dr. Cox and Dr. Plott of England, all of whom adduce facts to show that salt is highly beneficial as a manure, whether applied by itself, or in the form of sea-sand, or brine from the salt springs.

4. He next gives quotations from modern writers on husbandry on the same point; and cites a pamphlet written by the late John Hollingshead, M. P., in which it is stated, among other things that Mr. Beck gardener in Chorley, has constantly made use of salt in his garden for upwards of thirty years, principally upon his *onions*, and he invariably found that salt excelled every other kind of manure for the purpose. In another case, a

* Dr. Mease relates three facts of a similar nature; from Tull, from Mr. Barton of Fredrick county, Virginia, and from the Farmer's Magazine of Edinburgh. In these instances the crops from the pickled grain remained free from smut, while other crops, the produce of unsalted seed, were much affected with that disease.—See Memoirs of Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture. vol. 1. p. 58.

farmer in Sussex, spread salt upon a wet and rushy piece of ground, without limitation as to quantity; and the effect was, at first, a total disappearance of every species of vegetation, but in a short time after, it produced the largest quantity of mushrooms ever seen upon an equal space of ground in that county; which in the spring following were succeeded by a most plentiful crop of grass: and although the salt was laid upon it upwards of twenty years ago, this part is still far superior to the rest of the field. A letter dated 1764, is also given from "a considerable North American planter to the editor of the *Museum Rusticum*," a British miscellany devoted to agricultural subjects, respecting the great benefit of salt to cattle. It appears, by this letter, that the utility of salt in fattening cattle was early known to the American farmers, and also in curing hay when wet with rain.

The authority of Mr. J. C. Curwin is adduced in support of the power of salt in preserving sheep from that destructive disease, the rot, to which these animals are peculiarly subject, in England; and also in the "Black-scur," a complaint which is very destructive to them in Scotland. It appears from the communication of Mr. C. Addams, to the editor of the *Farmer's Journal*, that it is equally successful with him. Two drachms are enough for one lamb, and three and a half drachms for a full grown sheep.

The great authority of sir John Sinclair is next brought forward; and ample extracts are inserted from the papers printed and circulated by that eminent and steady friend to agriculture.

Testimonials on the effects of salt in feeding horses, sheep, cattle, &c. then follow:—Facts from French writers, Arthur Young, sir John Sinclair on the agriculture of the Netherlands, Landt's description of the Feroe Islands, the publication of sir Thomas Bernard's letter on salt, Ashe's Travels in America, Lord Somerville and Mr. Hollinshead before mentioned, are given, which leave no doubt as to the question, of salt being highly useful to cattle. But there is one little useful insect, to which we should never suspect salt to be in any way applicable, and that is the bee. We learn, however, from sir John Sinclair's letter to Mr. Arburthnot, that bees are very fond of it. A lady, whose bees were perishing with wet, was induced to spread some salt, thinly on a dry substance near the hives, and she found it was regularly con-

sumed by them, and that while all the bees in the neighbourhood either perished or were unproductive, her bees thrived and produced a great quantity of honey.

5. The Evidence delivered before the Board of Trade in April, 1817, is then spread before the reader. On this occasion lord Kenyon delivered his testimony on the utility of salt sparingly applied, for fallows and arable land, and when mixed with compost, for grass land. Sir Thomas Bernard speaks of its being much used in Cheshire and the adjoining counties, and refers to bishop Watson's Chymical Essays for the fact of near three thousand tons of refuse salt being annually sold at Northwich for manure.—Other gentlemen add their testimony to the same point.

6. We are then presented with "extracts from minutes of evidence taken before the select committee of the House of Commons on the salt laws." The examination of the persons brought before the committee is very particular, and full of curious matter. Some of it indeed, does not immediately interest the American farmer, inasmuch as the questions touch upon points about which he takes no concern, viz. the great hardship of the British laws on salt; but the answers will be amusing, and he will be able to draw a comparison between his own unrestrained situation, and the fetters, clogs and drawbacks which press upon the British farmer. Mr. Curwen says that "it has long been the practice in the North of England to use a quantity of salt or sea-water in the steeping of corn (grain,) to prevent smut;" and Mr. Bernard, on the authority of Dr. Paris, adds that the very great prevalence of worms as a disease among the poor people of Cornwall, is ascribed to their not using salt with their potatoes and fish, the chief articles of their subsistence; the high price of the salt depriving them of the use of it entirely!"

7. Annexed to this edition is a note by Dr. Mease, on the use of salt in the United States, by which it appears that it has long been the practice of the American farmer to sow salt as a manure for flax:—that it has also been useful for carrots, and that the farmers on the brackish rivers of our coast find the salt grass an excellent manure for Indian corn. As a condiment for cattle it is universally known, and the practice of salting hay is also general. One very remarkable experiment is mentioned by

him, viz. of fresh clover having been put up in two large stacks, in the midst of rain, and being salted in the proportion of rather more than one bushel to the ton, it was perfectly cured, and eaten greedily during the winter by some thriving steers. "The hay exhaled a saccharine odour, and the leaves and blossoms adhered to the stalks firmly."—Farmers will, no doubt, remember this fact, in case a wet season overtakes them while they are cutting their grass.

This pamphlet was sent from London, to Judge Peters, the president of the "Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture," and published by M. Carey and Son at his request. As the object is not profit, but to diffuse the information contained in the pamphlet, the price of it has been fixed at a low rate; and as it abounds in information which is of radical importance to the agricultural part of the community, we hope that the laudable intentions of the worthy president and the patriotic publishers will be abundantly gratified. Judge Peters has long been distinguished by his zeal in the promotion of this branch of our national wealth, and we know no one who is more ready than Mr. Carey to employ the peculiar advantages of his occupation in aid of objects which enhance the public welfare.

RIDICULE.

THE assertion of Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the test of truth, is foolish. If ridicule be applied to any position as the test of truth, it will then become a question whether such ridicule be just, and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the test of ridicule. Two men fearing, one a real, and the other a fancied danger, will be, for a while, equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representations; and the true state of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terror is rational, and whose is ridiculous, who is to be pitied, and who to be despised.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful knowledge.—VOL. I. From *Miner's Village Record*.

THIS volume, containing about 500 pages, we have just perused.—It is chiefly occupied by matters relating to the Indians. Three hundred pages are taken up by "An account of the History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian nations who once inhabited Pennsylvania and the neighbouring states"—by the Rev. JOHN HECKEWELDER.

The narrow limits of the *Record* permit us to give but a very imperfect view of so large a volume, but it is too interesting to pass without notice.

Mr. Heckewelder is a Moravian minister of the gospel; who now resides at Bethlehem, but who has spent forty years of his life as a missionary among the Indians. A learned, and an inquiring man, doing good among this people and possessing their confidence, his opportunities have been better than those of any person living, to give the views which he has now presented to the public; and his character is a sure pledge for the fidelity of the work.

From the volume, we learn, that according to the Indian tradition, this part of the continent east of the Mississippi, was formerly inhabited by a race of Indians called Alligewi, that they lived in large towns, had fortifications, and were numerous and warlike. But some centuries ago, two distinct people, the Lenni Lenape, or Delaware Indians, and the Mengwe, or Mingoes, (known better to us as the Iroquois or Six Nations) came over the Mississippi, conquered the Alligewi, and divided the country between themselves. The Mengwe settled along the southern limits of the great lakes; the Lenni Lenape extended themselves along the Ohio, across the Allegany to the Patowmac, Susquehanna, Delaware, Hudson, and along the sea coast to the eastern limits of the continent. From these two people sprung all the recent nations and tribes. The language, origin, and many of the customs of these nations were different; wars often raged between them; and the Mengwees sometimes eat the flesh of their enemies, which was never practised by the Lenni Lenape. Sometime after the white people arrived, more by fraud than force, the Lenni Lenape or Delawares were induced by the Mengwees, and the Dutch, to lay down the hatchet, to wear petticoats, and to consider themselves women—warriors no longer. This astonishing metamorphosis, we confess is not satisfactorily accounted for. Some facts, not known to the reverend author, we are compelled to believe, existed in relation to the subject.

The stories of the battles between the natives and the white people; and the gradual recession of the former, until they are

nearly extinct, are generally known. Though Mr. Heckewelder refers to many of the wars which have taken place, he does not pretend to go into detail upon the subject. A wide field is here left open for some other historian; for it would be extremely interesting, though painful, to mark step by step, their protracted struggles for empire and life.

A great many passages present themselves, which we should be glad to extract.—Speaking of their signs and hieroglyphics, the following is introduced:

“I shall conclude this chapter with an anecdote, which will at once show how expressive and energetic is this hieroglyphic writing of the Indians. A white man in the Indian country, met a Shawanos riding a horse which he recognized for his own, and claimed it from him as his property. The Indian calmly answered ‘Friend! after a little while, I will call on you at your house, when we shall talk of this matter.’ A few days afterwards, the Indian came to the white man’s house, who insisting on having his horse restored, the other then told him: ‘Friend! the horse which you claim belonged to my uncle who lately died; according to the Indian custom I have become heir to all his property.’ The white-man not being satisfied, and renewing his demand, the Indian immediately took a coal from the fire-place, and made two striking figures on the door of the house, the one representing the white man taking the horse, and the other, himself, in the act of scalping him; then he coolly asked the trembling claimant ‘whether he could read this Indian writing?’ The matter thus was settled, and the Indian rode off.”

Indian Names.—“Indians, who have particularly distinguished themselves by their conduct, or by some meritorious act, or who have been the subjects of some remarkable occurrence, have names given to them in allusion to those circumstances. Thus, I have known a man whose name would signify in our language *the beloved lover*, and one who was named *Met by love*. Another, a great warrior, who had been impatiently waiting for day-light to engage the enemy, was afterwards called *Caused day-light*, or *Make day-light appear*. So, one who had come in with a heavy load of turkies on his back, was called *The carrier of Turkies*, and another whose shoes were generally torn or patched, was called *Bad-shoes*. All those names are generally expressed in one single word, in compounding which the Indians are very ingenious. Thus, the name they had for the place where Philadelphia now stands, and which they have preserved notwithstanding the great change which has taken place, is *Kuequenaku*,* which means, *The grove of the long pine trees*.

“They have proper names, not only for all towns, villages, mountains, valleys, rivers, and streams, but for all remarkable

* According to the power of the English alphabet, it should be written Koo-ek-wen-aw-koo.

spots, as for instance, those which are particularly infested with gnats or musketoes, where snakes have their dens, &c. Those names always contain an allusion to such particular circumstance, so that foreigners, even though acquainted with their language, will often be at loss to understand their discourse.

"To strangers, white men for instance, they will give names derived from some remarkable quality which they have observed in them, or from some circumstance which remarkably strikes them. When they were told the meaning of the name of *William Penn*, they translated it into their own language by *Miquon*, which means a feather or quill. The Iroquois, called him *Onas*, which in their idiom means the same thing.

"The first name given by the Indians to the Europeans who landed in Virginia was *Wapsid Lenape* (white people;) when, however, afterwards they began to commit murders on the red men, whom they pierced with swords, they gave to the Virginians the name *Mechanschicau*, (long knives,) to distinguish them from others of the same colour.

"In New England, they at first endeavoured to imitate the sound of the national name of the *English*, which they pronounced *Yen-gees*. They also called them *Chauquaquock*, (men of knives) for having imported these instruments into the country, which they gave in presents to the natives. They thought them better men than the Virginians, but when they were afterwards cruelly treated by them, and their men shipped off to sea, the Mohicans of that country called them *Tschachgoos*: and when next the people of the middle colonies began to murder them, and called on the Iroquois to insult them and assist in depriving them of their lands, they then dropped that name, and called the whites by way of derision, *Schwannack*, which signifies *salt beings*, or *bitter beings*; for in their language the word *Schwan*, is in general applied to things that have a salt, sharp, bitter, or sour taste. The object of this name, as well as of that which the Mohicans gave to the eastern people, was to express contempt as well as hatred or dislike, and to hold out the white inhabitants of the country as hateful and despicable beings. I have, however, in many instances observed that the Indians are careful not to apply this opprobrious name to any white person whom they know to be amicably disposed towards them, and whom they are sure to be a good, honest, well-meaning man. I have heard them charge their children not to call a particular white man *Schwannack*, but *Friend*. This name was first introduced about the year 1730. They never apply it to the *Quakers*; whom they greatly love and respect since the first arrival of *William Penn* into the country. They call them *Quakels*, not having in their language the sound expressed by our letter R. They say they have always found them good, honest, affable and peaceable men, and never have had reason to complain of them."

Kindness to the Women.—"In the year 1762, I was witness to a remarkable instance of the disposition of Indians to indulge their wives. There was a famine in the land, and a sick woman expressed a great desire for a mess of Indian corn. Her husband, having heard that a trader at lower Sandusky had a little, set off on horse back for that place, one hundred miles distant; and returned with as much corn as filled the crown of his hat, for which he gave his horse in exchange, and came home on foot, bringing his saddle back with him. Squirrels, ducks and other little delicacies, when most difficult to be obtained, are what women in the first stage of their pregnancy generally long for. The husband in every such case will go out and spare no pains nor trouble, until he has procured what is wanted.

In other cases, the men and their wives do not in general trouble themselves with each other's business; but the wife knowing that the father is very fond of his children, is always preparing to tell him some diverting anecdote of one or the other of them especially if he has been absent for some time." ♦

The song of the Lenape warriors going against the Enemy.

"O poor me!
 Who am going to fight the enemy,
 And know not whether I shall return again,
 To enjoy the embraces of my children
 And my wife.
 O poor creature!
 Whose life is not in his own hands,
 Who has no power over his own body,
 But tries to do his duty
 For the welfare of his nation.
 O! thou Great Spirit above!
 Take pity on my children
 And on my wife!
 Prevent their mourning on my account!
 Grant that I may be successful in this attempt—
 That I may slay my enemy,
 And bring home the trophies of war
 To my dear family and friends,
 That we may rejoice together.
 O! take pity on me!
 Give me strength and courage to meet my enemy,
 Suffer me to return again to my children,
 To my wife
 And to my relations!
 Take pity on me and preserve my life
 And I will make to thee a sacrifice.

"The song of the Wyandot warriors, as translated to me by an Indian trader:—'Now I am going upon an errand of pleasure—

O! God take pity on me, and throw good fortune in my way—grant that I may be successful.”

Is the reader acquainted with the opinion and projects of captain Symmés? He maintains that the earth is hollow—that there is an entrance into it at the North pole; and that it is inhabited. In the following extract we probably find the source from which he has derived these strange notions, for he has resided many years in the vicinity of the Indians.

Indian Mythology.—The Indians consider the earth as their universal mother. They believe that they were created within its bosom, where for a long time they had their abode, before they came to live on its surface.

Among the Delawares, those of the *Minet*, or *Wolf* tribe say, that in the beginning they dwelt in the earth under a lake, and were fortunately extricated from this unpleasant abode by the discovery which one of their men made of a hole through which he ascended to the surface; on which, as he was walking, he found a deer, which he carried back with him into his subterraneous habitation: that there the deer was killed, and he and his companions found the meat so good, that they unanimously determined to leave their dark abode, and remove to a place where they could enjoy the light of heaven, and have such excellent game in abundance.

The other tribes, the *Unamis* or *Tortoise*, and the *Unalachtigos* or *Turkey*, have similar notions, but reject the story of the lake, which seems peculiar to the *Minsi* tribe.

These notions must be very far extended among the Indians of North America generally, since we find that they prevail also among the Iroquois, a nation so opposed to the Delawares, as has been shown in the former parts of his work, and whose language is so different from theirs, that not two words, perhaps, similar or even analogous of signification may be found alike in both. On this subject I beg leave to present an extract from the manuscript notes of the late Rev. Christopher Pylæus, whom I am always fond of quoting with respect, as he was a man of great truth, and well acquainted with the Six Nations and their idioms. The account that he here gives of the traditions of that people concerning their original existence, was taken down by him in January 1743, from the mouth of a respectable Mohawk chief named *Sganarady*, who resided on the Mohawk river.

“*Tradition.*—That they had dwelt in the earth where no sun did shine. That *Ganawagahha* (one of them) having accidentally found a hole to get out of the earth at, he went out, and that in walking about on the earth he found a deer, which he took back with him, and that both on account of the meat tasting so very good, and the favourable description he had given them of the country above, and on the earth, their mother concluded it best for them all to come out: that accordingly they did so, and immediately set about planting corn, &c.

Without supposing that the Indian traditions will add much weight in the public mind, to the opinions entertained by our new philosopher; there is another fact which has lately come to light, and which is well calculated to encourage capt. Symmes to undertake an expedition for discovery, towards the North. We allude to the new people found by capt. Ross, in the discovery ships the last summer, in latitude 76° . These people pointed to the North, as the place of their residence, and stated that they had come down for the purpose of fishing; they did not believe that capt. Ross came from the south, "because," said they, "it is a great mass of ice." It follows that they must live in a country not a mass of ice, for they deem such an one uninhabitable, and that north of the place where they were found, the climate becomes milder and inhabitable. Besides, it is worthy of remark that they mentioned their country as having a great deal of water, not ice. These facts, highly important certainly show, that far north of the regions which we have heretofore deemed inhabitable, where we have considered winter robed in snows and crowned by storms, to reign in the awful despotism of desolation, the climate undergoes a favourable change, the cause of which it is not easy, from known philosophical principles, to account for.

Capt. Symmes in one of his essays states, that north of any inhabited part of the country, it has long been observed that reindeer migrate—that after being a considerable time absent they return, sleek and fat; from which he infers, fairly too, that they must find a milder climate, fitted to raise food for them, and consequently fitted for the habitation of man. The facts stated by capt. Ross confirm his conclusion and render it a matter very desirable that the expedition projected by capt. Symmes should be undertaken.

But to return.

Mr. Heckewelder remarks that insanity is not common among the Indians; that suicide sometimes occurs and is attributed to derangement of intellect.

"Suicide is not considered by the Indians either as an act of heroism or of cowardice, nor is it with them a subject of praise or blame. They view this desperate act as the consequence of mental derangement, and the person who destroys himself is to them an object of pity. Such cases do not frequently occur. Between the years 1771 and 1780, four Indians of my acquaintance took the root of the may-apple, which is commonly used on such occasions, in order to poison themselves, in which they all succeeded except one. Two of them were young men who had been disappointed in love, the girls on whom they had fixed their choice, and to whom they were engaged, having changed their minds and married other lovers. They both put an end to their existence. The two others were married men. Their stories, as pictures of Indian manners, will not, perhaps, be thought uninteresting."

"One of those unfortunate men was a person of excellent character, respected and esteemed by all who knew him. He had a wife and two children of whom he was very fond: they lived very happily together at about half a mile from the place where I resided. He often came to visit me, and as he was of a most amiable disposition, I was pleased with his visits, and always gave him a hearty welcome. When I thought he was too long without coming, I went myself to the delightful spot which he had judiciously selected for his dwelling. Here I always found the family cheerful, sociable and happy, until some time before the fatal catastrophe happened, when I observed that my friend's countenance bore the marks of deep melancholy, the sad cause of which I knew not then. His wife had received the visits of another man; he foresaw that he would soon be obliged to separate from her, and he shuddered when he thought that he must also part from his two lovely children; for it is the custom of the Indians, that when a divorce takes place between husband and wife, the children remain with their mother, until they are of a proper age to choose for themselves. One hope however still remained; the sugar making season was at hand, and they were shortly to remove to their sugar camp, where he flattered himself his wife would not be followed by the disturber of his peace, whose residence was about ten miles from thence. But this hope was of short duration: they had hardly been a fortnight in their new habitation, when, as he returned one day from a morning's hunt, he found the unwelcome visitor at his home, in close conversation with his faithless wife. This last stroke was more than he could bear: without saying a single word, he took off a large cake of his sugar, and with it came to my house, which was at the distance of eight miles from his temporary residence. It was on Sunday, at about ten o'clock in the forenoon that he entered my door with sorrow strongly depicted on his countenance. As he came in he presented me with his cake of sugar, saying, "My friend! you have many a time served me with a good pipe of tobacco, and I have not yet done any thing to please you. Take this as a reward for your goodness, and as an acknowledgment from me as your friend." He said no more, but giving me with both his hands a warm farewell squeeze, he departed and returned to the camp. At about two o'clock in the afternoon a runner from thence passing through the town to notify his death at the village two miles farther, informed us of the shocking event. He had immediately on his return, staid a short time in his house, indulging in the last caresses to his dear innocent children: then retiring to some distance, had eaten the fatal root, and before relief could be administered by some persons who had observed him staggering from the other side of the river, he was on the point of expiring, and all succours were vain."

The facts here disclosed, we confess, are new to us in Indian character. The men have generally been considered as extremely

regardless of their wives; cold, almost to indifference, to the sex, and scarcely sensible to the passion of love or jealousy. The latter part of the conclusion is much strengthened, by many anecdotes mentioned in the tour of Lewis and Clark. Though the stories here told were of a fatal and melancholy character, yet we are glad to be set right upon this subject. A people whose young men do not love with ardour, and whose married men are indifferent to the conduct of their wives, would command little respect, and no sympathy. But they are not indifferent to the most generous and ennobling impulses of our nature. Thy empire, Woman! extends to the forest of the savage, as well as the walk of civilization;

“ And *Love* supreme reigns lord of all.”

On the whole, from Mr. Heckewelder's account, we deduce this character of the American Indian. That he is a faithful friend—hospitable—brave—a good husband, according to the habits of his people—a kind father, and dutiful to parents—respectful to age—affectionate to the young,—that he acknowledges with gratitude the goodness and superintending providence of the great Manitto—that he is wise in council—cunning—patient under fatigue and privation; but revengeful for injuries, and extremely superstitious. In fine that he possesses the elements of a noble character; and that his virtues far preponderate over his vices.

The volume is interesting; the style improves every page, to the conclusion; and is always perspicuous. Numerous illustrative anecdotes are introduced in a happy manner: the work is a valuable acquisition to our knowledge upon the subject to which it relates, and highly creditable to the reverend author.

Having concluded our review of Mr. Heckewelder's account of the history, manners, customs, &c. of the Indians, we shall now proceed to the second part of the volume, which contains the correspondence of the author and Peter S. Duponceau, Esq. corresponding Secretary to the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society, respecting the language of the American Indians.

This part of the volume contains about one hundred pages; and is far more interesting than the reader would imagine. A dry dissertation upon languages, the analysis of words of the most unutterable combination of letters, the conjugation of Indian verbs, &c. might well be deemed repulsive; but Mr. Duponceau is a very learned man, and devoted with all the ardour of genius to the development of the power and beauty of the Indian languages. Mr. Heckewelder has for forty years been conversant with these languages, and has felt the full influence of their power and beauty, but heretofore has found no one who entered into inquiries respecting the subject with animating interest.—The pleasure, on one side of learning, and on the other, of communicating facts and principles, seems to have awakened in the bosom of the two gentlemen a passion, warm as love, in which the reader early sympathizes; and he is led on from

page to page, and from letter to letter, until at length he closes the volume with regret.

We have no intention, gentle reader, to enter deeply into this learned disquisition. But we cannot help thinking that these gentlemen have overrated the power and excellence of the Indian language; for it seems impossible that nations without civilization, without science or arts, without books, not having even an alphabet, should possess a language so far superior to their wants; but the weight of opinion seems to be against us.

From a letter written by Mr. Heckewelder to Mr. Duponceau, dated Bethlehem, August 12, 1816, we make the following extract—

"As you wish to be acquainted with the manner in which our North American Indians compound their words, I shall endeavour to satisfy you as well as I am able. The process is much the same as that which Egede has described with respect to the Greenland language, and this strongly corroborates your opinion respecting the similarity of forms or at least of those of North America. In the Delaware and other languages that I am acquainted with, parts or parcels of different words, sometimes a single sound or letter are compounded together in an artificial manner, so as to avoid the meeting of harsh or disagreeable sounds, and make the whole word fall in a pleasant manner on the ear. You will easily conceive that words may be thus compounded and multiplied without end, and hence the peculiar richness of the American languages. Of this I can give you numerous examples. In the first place, the word "*nadholineen*." It is a simple short word, but means a great deal. The ideas conveyed by it are these: "Come with the canoe, and take us across the river or stream." Its component parts are as follow: The first syllable, "*nad*" is derived from the verb "*naten*" to fetch: the second, *hol*, from "*amochol*" a canoe or boat: *ineen* is the verbal termination for "*us*," as in "*milineen*," give us:—the simple ideas, therefore, contained in this word, are, "*fetch canoe us*," but its usual and common acceptance means, "come and fetch us across the river with a canoe." I need not say that this verb is conjugated through all its moods and tenses. *Nadholawall* is the form of the third person of the singular of the indicative present, and means, "He is fetched over the river with a canoe," or simply, "He is fetched over the river."

From *wunifach*, a leaf, *nach*, a hand, and *guim*, a nut growing on a tree, (for there is a peculiar word to express nuts of this description and distinguish them from other nuts,) is formed *wunachguim*, and the ideas which by this name are intended to be conveyed are these: "The nut of the tree the leaves of which resemble a hand, or have upon them the form of a hand." If you will take the trouble to examine the leaves of an oak tree, you will find on them the form of a hand with outspread fingers. On the same principle are formed,

M'sim, *hickory nut*,
 Ptucquim, *walnut*,
 Wapim, *cheenut*,
 Schauwemin, *beechnut*, p. 407.

and many others.

The tree which we call "*Spanish oak*" remarkable for the largeness of its leaves, they call "*Amanganaschquinischi*," "the tree which has the largest leaves shaped like a hand." If I were to imitate the composition of this word in English and apply it to our language I would say, *Largehandleafnuttree*, and softening the words after the Indian manner, it would perhaps make *Larjandiffentree*, or *Larjandlennuttree*, or something like it. Of course in framing the word, an English ear should be consulted."

In reply to the letter from which this is only a short extract, Mr. Duponceau answers in the following animated stile:

"The more I become acquainted with this extraordinary language, the more I am delighted with its copiousness, and with the beauty of its forms. Those which the Hispano-Mexican grammarians call transitions are really admirable. If this language was cultivated and polished as those of Europe have been, and if the Delawares had a Homer or Virgil among them, it is impossible to say how far the art could be carried with such an instrument. The Greek is admired for its compounds: *but what are they to those of the Indians?* How many ideas they can combine and express together in one single locution! and that too by a regular series of grammatical forms, by innumerable varied inflexions of the same radical word, with the help of pronominal affixes! All this, my dear sir, is combined with the most *exquisite skill*, in a perfectly regular order and method, and with fewer exceptions or anomalies than I have found in any other language."

And after noticing some Indian verbs, the learned Secretary thus proceeds:

Nor are the participles less rich or less copious. Every verb has a long series of participles, which when necessary can be declined and used as adjectives. Let me be permitted to instance a few from the causative verb *wulamalessohen*, "to make happy." I take them from Zeisberger.

Wulamalessohaluwed,
He who makes happy.
 Wulamalessohalid,
He who makes me happy.
 Wulamalessohalquon,
He who makes thee happy.
 Wulamalessohalat,
He who makes him happy.
 Wulamalessohalquenk,
He who makes us happy.

Wulamalessohalqueek,
He who makes you happy.
 Wulamalessohalquichtit,
He who makes them happy. p. 416.

Now comes another participial-pronominal-vocative form: which may in the same manner be conjugated through all the *objective* persons. *Wulamalessohalian!* THOU WHO MAKEST ME HAPPY!

"I will not proceed further; but permit me to ask you, my dear sir, what Tibullus or Sappho would have given to have had at their command a word at once so tender and so expressive? How delighted would be Moore, the poet of the loves and graces, if his language, instead of five or six tedious words slowly following in the rear of each other, had furnished him with an expression like this, in which the lover, the object beloved, and the delicious sentiment which their mutual passion inspires, are blended, are fused together in one comprehensive appellative term? And is it in the language of *savages* that these beautiful forms are found! What a subject for reflection, and how little do we know as yet of the astonishing things this world contains!"

Sufficient has been quoted, we think, to let the reader into the spirit of the correspondence.

Among the inquiries propounded to Mr. H. was the meaning, among other words, of *Papoose*. In reply Mr. H. says

"*Papoose* I do not know: it is not a word of the Delaware language, yet it is possible that it may be used by some Indian nations, from whom we may have borrowed it. I have been told that the Mahiccanni of New England made use of this word for a *child*."

We are happy to have it in our power to suggest the probable derivation of this word, which we do with great diffidence.

PAPOOSE is not an Indian word; but of Latin extraction. The learned reader will recollect that after the long and desolating wars, which had prevailed at Rome, a law was proposed by POPPÆUS to promote marriages, and increase the number of children, to restore the wasted population of the empire. The law was from its proposer called the Pappean law, and hence the offspring, or the children it produced, were called Papeousi—and a single child, Pappeousus; from which Papoose is most clearly and naturally derived. Some of our learned fathers at the eastward, undoubtedly gave the name to the Indian children, and it was thence adopted by the Mohegans.

If it be true, as is supposed by the learned gentleman, that the language of the American Indians has more expression, sweetness, and power, even than the Greek, it is certainly important that it should be preserved and taught.

A proposition has lately been made by our worthy friend *Paul Allen Esq.* of Baltimore, that an American costume be adopted, totally different in its formation from any in use. We like the plan—But how much more important to our national character would it be, that we should adopt an *American Language!* The English might then be taught like the Greek, Latin, French, or German, at our colleges, while the Iroquois or Leni Lenape would be the common language of the country. To be sure this would be a work of time, and the change should be gradual. Why should the German, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Swede, give up his native language to the English? Let us destroy every vestige of our ancient colonial dependence, and break away from the bondage of language, as we have from the tyranny of trans-atlantic government.—The best English authors would soon be translated, with all the additional beauties of the new idiom. We are enraptured at the thought, and long to grow young again to write love letters in that exquisitely delicate tongue. For instance,

I love you	pretty	maid
K'dahoatell	wulissa	wusdochqueu
open the door	and	let me in.
pisgeu	woak	tauwunni.

Soft! come in my beloved friend
 Pisellissul undach'aal n'tschutti.

The first step we think should be to establish a professorship of the Delaware or Iroquois language, in each of our colleges. The most proficient young men should be sent out into the Indian country, to perfect themselves in the pronunciation, and to obtain all the additional information in their power; on their return they should be employed as teachers, and in all the schools the American language should be taught, with the most particular care. After a certain time the laws should be printed in this language, the proceedings of our courts conducted therein, and a perfect knowledge of it to be an indispensable qualification for any office under the State or the United States' government. The transition would be gradual, easy, and in a century the new tongue would be spoken fluently, throughout the whole republic.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Labour.—"It is estimated that there are 20,000 persons daily seeking work in Philadelphia. In New-York, 10,000 able bodied men are said to be wandering the streets, looking for it, and if we add to them the women who desire something to do, the amount cannot be less than 20,000."

"The above," says the New-York American, "is from Niles' Register." Of Philadelphia, we know nothing, but hope very sincerely, that the 20,000 persons, who daily seek work there, are lucky enough to find it. As it regards New-York, the story has no better foundation than Mr. Bristed's statement of our poor list,* on whose authority, the English Reviewers burthen this unfortunate city, with the annual support of 15,000 paupers. Our population may be about 120,000. If we have 10,000 able-bodied men out of employ, and wandering in search of it, and as many women "*who desire something to do*", and allot to these 10,000 couple the moderate burthen of three children each, it gives a total of 50,000 beings, or nearly half our population, either street walkers or dependent on street walking for their daily support; a very flattering picture of a flourishing city; rather worse than Naples, where the Lazzaroni are estimated at only 40,000. Had this account been published by an Englishman we should have ascribed it to John Bull's propensity to vilify and underrate us, where it interferes with his interest. But how are we to account for so bare-faced an insult on the public credulity, from the patriotic Mr. Niles? Does he wish to persuade the people against their senses, that they are starving to death, and that nothing can save them but manufactures? *That* seems to be the drift of all the exaggerated accounts of public distress, with which our papers teem; accounts, generally, false in toto, and even where they have any foundation in fact, greatly amplified and misrepresented. Yet although they bear on their very face the stamp of falsehood, statements similar to the above are circulated without hesitation through the public papers, from one end of the Union to the other, and they are gladly seized on by our *well-wishers* in England, as proofs of the deplorable condition of a country which they hate and fear.

Prairie du Chien is a village of three or four hundred souls at the confluence of the Ouiconsin and the Mississippi, about 500 miles above St. Louis. It took its origin about a century ago, under cover of the military post which the French government had established at that place. The aborigines were the stock from which the inhabitants grew; and at present it may be assumed as a fact, that the entire native population of the village is of Indian descent. We had been familiar with the name of this village, but had thought little about the inhabitants, their genealogy, or condition in life, until a recent advertisement offering flour for sale, manufactured of wheat grown at *Prairie du Chien*, caught our attention, and put us on the track of inquiry.

It was then found, that there was a community of aborigines, and their descendants, living in houses like white people, speaking the French language, rearing domestic animals, cultivating gardens

* It is equally absurd in this city. On what data does Mr. Niles make such ridiculous statements? Ed. P. F.

and orchards, raising corn and wheat above their wants, offering bread to our troops, and furnishing a company of 80 men, who are enrolled among the militia of the United States. After all, these interesting facts might have passed off from the memory, without leading to any serious reflection or conclusion, had not the recommendation contained in the president's message revived the recollection of Mr. Crawford's plan for civilizing the aborigines of this continent. That plan was given to the public two years ago. A class of wittling politicians immediately opened their paragraph batteries upon it, and some minds were found in every place vacant enough to laugh at what was new or strange to them. But, happily, such men are not trusted, in Republican government, with the destiny of their species; and, while they laughed, considerate men were looking with pain upon the mortifying fact, that, under the progress of the American government, whole nations of human beings had disappeared from the face of the earth; and reflecting with shame, that the work of destruction must go on, until statesmen of an elevated order should rise among us, to devise and interpose the means of salvation. Mexico and South America present the spectacle of Indian families and their descendants living in towns and villages, and practising the arts of civilized life; and so does St. Louis, and every other town and village of Upper Louisiana, which owes its origin to the settlements of the French.—Reverting to *Prairie du Chien*, a question presents itself in the comparative depopulation of that village,—for it was once four times more populous than it is at present,—the answer to which may solve the difficulty of civilizing the Indians. In the war of 1756 it had a population of 1400 or 1500 souls; at present about 300 or 400. The French were then their masters; the Americans now; and a multitude of deserted and mouldering habitations attest the fact of this depopulation, on a spot which is formed by nature to be prolific of life and health! These are the facts, and the friends of an unfortunate race should inquire for the cause which has driven back into the woods, at the approach of the American Eagle, the same people who had quit the forest to come and cluster themselves beneath the walls of a French fort. *Prairie du Chien* is at present the scite of an American post. Col. Chambers and major Morgan of the rifle, under the auspices of general Smith, formed the inhabitants into a company of militia. The offer to furnish 300 barrels of flour annually to the American troops, is a proof that the harmony of the village has been consulted by those officers, and that its condition is improving. No doubt, with proper encouragement, it will soon furnish the annual supplies to the fort at the *Prairie*, and the one which is about to be established at the falls of St. Anthony. The posts on the Upper Missouri may in like manner derive their supplies from the aboriginal inhabitants. The Mandans have furnished corn for 40 years to the forts and factories of the British fur companies on the river Asiniboia, and the lake Winnipeg. Doubt-

less they will do the same to the American forts in their neighbourhood and at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, if we are fortunate enough to avoid hostilities at the outset, and to gain their friendship by the mildness and generosity of our conduct.

Purity of Parliament.—The Quarterly Review occasionally makes itself merry at the expense of this country by copying some of our advertisements of stray husbands and run-away wives. That the readers of the Port Folio, may enjoy a similar amusement, we present them with a paragraph from the West Briton, a paper published at Truro, in “the free and independent county of Cornwall.”—*To gentlemen of fortune.* Any two gentlemen, who would wish to secure seats in the next parliament, may be accommodated at the borough of Launceston. There are fifteen votes, majority eight. All letters, directed for A. B.” &c. &c. &c.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have animadverted, heretofore, on the character of lord Byron's muse, and are therefore not surprised to learn that this nobleman could find no bookseller in London so reckless of his good name as to become the publisher of “Don Juan,” a poem which is revolting to the best interests of well regulated society, pure religion, and good manners. With such views of this flagitious performance, it is scarcely necessary to express our mortification in announcing that it has found in this city, what the metropolis of England could not furnish. We have heard of one bookseller who would not permit this book to be sold in his store, and if a sense of what is due to public decency do not induce others to imitate so laudable an example, we hope the Philadelphian publisher and all other venders of such insidious vehicles of licentiousness and immorality, may be intimidated by the language of the law, which says emphatically “religion is a part of the common law, and therefore whatever is an offence against that, is an offence against the common law.” See the *King v. Curl*, Stra. 776—S. C. 1 Barnard. 30.

Messrs. *Carey & Son* propose to publish Lavoisne's complete Genealogical, Historical, Chronological and Geographical Atlas; being a general guide to History, both ancient and modern. To

the original work there will be added a chart of the United States and one of South America.

They have lately published the History of the Wars of the French revolution from the commencement of hostilities, in 1792 to the conclusion of the definitive treaty of peace in 1815, by EDWARD BAINES, with notes; and an original history of the late war with Great Britain, by an American gentleman. With 37 portraits and 15 maps. 4 vols. 8 vo. \$18.

Mr. H. S. Tanner, an industrious and accurate artist of this city, is engaged in constructing maps of the several States of the Union, intended for the new American Atlas, now publishing. He solicits information on those points which belong to this interesting subject, and we should hope that the patriotism, if not the interest of individuals, would prevent him from soliciting in vain. New counties, alterations of old lines, post offices, the latitude and longitude of new towns, roads, canals, bridges, Indian antiquities, natural curiosities, mineral springs, mountains, and *above all* errors in existing maps—these are the topics on which Mr. Tanner invites the correspondence of all who feel an interest in the undertaking in which he is employed.

Sir Richard Philips informs us (Month. Mag. July 1819) that the *Quarterly Review*, "published within the month, is more than usually dull and trifling;" moreover that "the *Edinburgh Review* contains a more than usual number of able articles on subjects of great public interest, and never appeared more superior to all rivalry than in its last number."

The Savans of Paris have commenced a Greek Journal in that city, the object of which is to communicate European knowledge to the descendants of Homer and Aristotle. Such is the mutability of human affairs!

Helen Maria Williams is the author of letters on the events which have passed in France since the year 1815. The pen of Mad. de Genlis is also still in motion.

A code of laws, elegantly printed in Moldavian and Greek, has just been published at Jassi.

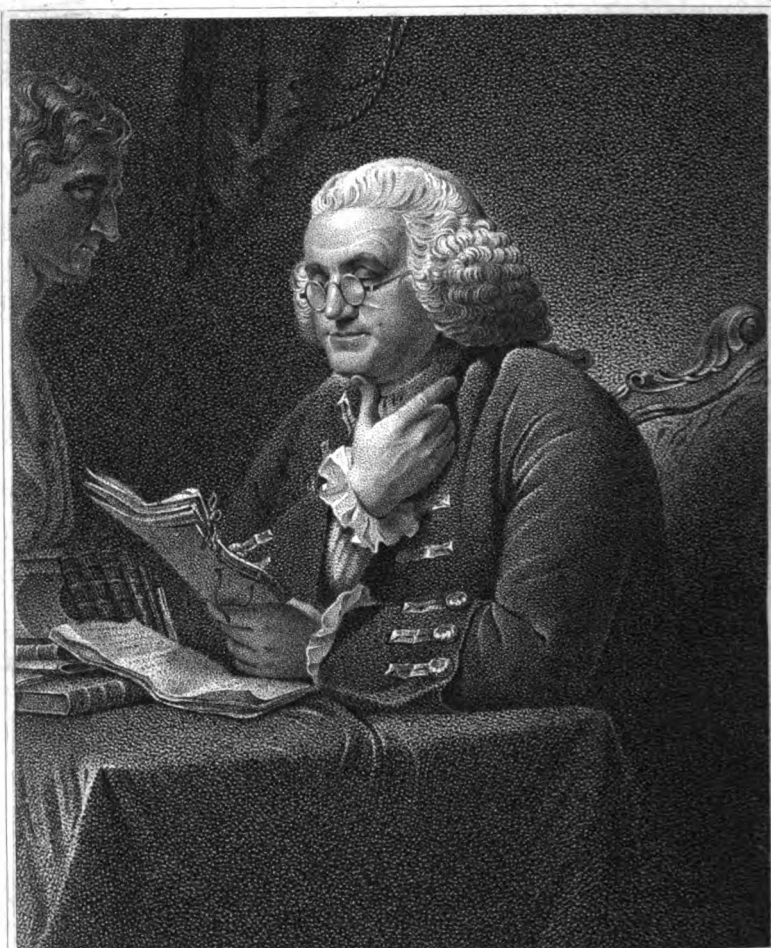
Vakaresho, a nobleman, has translated into modern Greek the "Death of Cæsar," by Voltaire; and it has been played with great success by the Greek actors at the German theatre in Bucharest.

The New-York "Ladies' Literary Cabinet" for May 22nd gives the titles of no less than fourteen literary periodical publications in that city, and asserts that *New-York will encourage literature*. Of these journals the *Medical Repository* alone finds its way to Philadelphia. The *Academician* has disappeared; we know nothing of the others.

The American Philosophical Society have again called the attention of the literary world to the premium which was entrusted to their care, by Mr. Magellan of London. This gentleman gave the sum of 200 guineas, the interest of which should be annually disposed of in premiums to the authors of the best discoveries or most useful inventions, relating to navigation, astronomy or natural philosophy, mere natural history only excepted. Experimental essays on native American dyes or pigments, accompanied by specimens,—plans for navigating our rapid rivers against the stream,—the general natural history of the ranges of American mountains in the country east of the Mississippi,—the natural history and chemical qualities of the hot and warm springs of the United States, &c. would claim the attention of the Society and perhaps produce some useful results.

A second edition, considerably enlarged, of the *Conversations on the Bible*, will shortly be put to press.

J. E. Hall, the editor of the Port Folio, proposes to continue the Law Journal under the title of the *Journal of Jurisprudence* as soon as a number of subscribers is obtained sufficient to defray the expense. Besides other important matters, it will be so modelled as to form a complete ANNUAL DIGEST OF ALL THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DECISIONS.



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Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

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OCTOBER, 1819.

No. IV.

MEMOIRS OF MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

FROM AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE,
BY GEN. DAVID HUMPHREYS.

(Continued from p. 204.)

THE unfortunate battle of Long-Island, the masterly retreat from thence, and the actual passage of part of the hostile fleet in the East-River, above the town, precluded the evacuation of New-York. A promotion of four major-generals, and six brigadiers, had previously been made by congress. After the retreat from Long-Island, the main army, consisting, for the moment, of sixty battalions, of which twenty were continental, the residue levies and militia, conformably to the exigencies of the service, rather than to the rules of war, was formed into fourteen brigades. Major-general Putnam commanded the right grand division of five brigades, the majors-general Spencer and Greene the centre of six brigades, and major-general Heath the left, which was posted near King's-bridge, and composed of two brigades. The whole never amounted to twenty thousand effective men; while the British and German forces, under sir William Howe, exceeded twenty-two thousand: indeed the minister had asserted in parliament, that they would consist of more than thirty thousand. Our two centre divisions, both commanded by general Spencer, in the sickness of general Greene, moved towards Mount Washington,

Harlaem heights, and Horn's Hook, as soon as the final resolution was taken in a council of war, on the twelfth of September, to abandon the city. That event, thus circumstanced, took effect a few days after.

On Sunday, the fifteenth, the British, after sending three ships of war up the North-River, to Bloomingdale, and keeping up, for some hours, a severe cannonade on our lines, from those already in the East-River, landed in force, at Turtle Bay. Our new levies, commanded by a state brigadier-general, fled without making resistance. Two brigades of general Putnam's division, ordered to their support, notwithstanding the exertion of their brigadiers, and of the commander in chief himself, who come up at the instant, conducted themselves in the same shameful manner. His excellency then ordered the Heights of Harlaem, a strong position, to be occupied. Thither the forces in the vicinity, as well as the fugitives, repaired. In the mean time general Putnam, with the remainder of his command, and the ordinary out-posts, was in the city. After having caused the brigades to begin their retreat by the route of Bloomingdale, in order to avoid the enemy, who were then in the possession of the main road leading to Kings bridge, he galloped to call off the pickets and guards. Having myself been a volunteer in his division, and acting adjutant to the last regiment that left the city, I had frequent opportunities, that day, of beholding him, for the purpose of issuing orders, and encouraging the troops, flying, on his horse covered with foam, wherever his presence was most necessary. Without his extraordinary exertions, the guards must have been inevitably lost, and it is probable the entire corps would have been cut in pieces. When we were not far from Bloomingdale, an aid-de-camp came from him at full speed, to inform us that a column of British infantry was descending upon our right. Our rear was soon fired upon, and the colonel of our regiment, whose order was just communicated for the front to file off to the left, was killed on the spot. With no other loss we joined the army, after dark, on the Heights of Harlaem.

Before our brigades came in, we were given up for lost by all our friends. So critical indeed was our situation, and so narrow the gap by which we escaped, that the instant we had passed, the

enemy closed it by extending their line from river to river. Our men, who had been fifteen hours under arms, harassed by marching and countermarching, in consequence of incessant alarms, exhausted as they were by heat and thirst, (for the day proved insupportably hot, and few or none had canteens, insomuch, that some died at the brooks where they drank) if attacked could have made but feeble resistance.

Next morning several parties of the enemy appeared upon the plains in our front. On receiving this intelligence, general Washington rode quickly to the out-posts, for the purpose of preparing against an attack, if the enemy should advance with that design. Lieutenant-colonel Knowlton's rangers, a fine selection from the eastern regiments, who had been skirmishing with an advanced party, came in, and informed the general that a body of British were under cover of a small eminence at no considerable distance. His excellency, willing to raise our men from their dejection by the splendor of some little success, ordered lieutenant-colonel Knowlton, with his rangers, and major Leitch, with three companies of Weedon's regiment of Virginians, to gain their rear; while appearances should be made of an attack in front. As soon as the enemy saw the party sent to decoy them, they ran precipitately down the hill, took possession of some fences and bushes, and commenced a brisk firing at long shot. Unfortunately Knowlton and Leitch made their onset rather in flank than in rear. The enemy changed their front, and the skirmish at once became close and warm. Major Leitch having received three balls through his side, was soon borne from the field; and colonel Knowlton, who had distinguished himself so gallantly at the battle of Bunker-Hill, was mortally wounded immediately after. Their men however undaunted by these disasters, stimulated with the thirst of revenge for the loss of their leaders, and, conscious of acting under the eye of the commander in chief, maintained the conflict with uncommon spirit and perseverance. But the general, seeing them in need of support, advanced part of the Maryland regiments of Griffith and Richardson, together with some detachments from such eastern corps as chanced to be most contiguous to the place of action. Our troops this day, without exception behaved with the greatest intrepidity. So bravely did they re-

pulse the British, that sir William Howe moved his *reserve*, with two field pieces, a battalion of Hessian grenadiers, and a company of chasseurs, to succour his retreating troops. General Washington, not willing to draw on a general action, declined pressing the pursuit. In this engagement were the second and third battalions of light infantry, the forty-second British regiment, and the German chasseurs, of whom eight officers, and upwards of seventy privates were wounded, and our people buried nearly twenty, who were left dead on the field. We had about forty wounded: our loss in killed, except of two valuable officers, was very inconsiderable.

An advantage, so trivial in itself, produced, in event, a surprising and almost incredible effect upon the whole army. Amongst the troops not engaged, who during the action, were throwing earth from the new trenches, with an alacrity that indicated a determination to defend them, every visage was seen to brighten, and to assume, instead of the gloom of despair, the glow of animation. This change, no less sudden than happy, left little room to doubt that the men, who ran the day before at the sight of an enemy, would now, to wipe away the stain of that disgrace, and to recover the confidence of their general, have conducted themselves in a very different manner. Some alteration was made in the distribution of corps to prevent the British from gaining either flank in the succeeding night. General Putnam, who commanded on the right, was directed in orders, in case the enemy should attempt to force the pass, to apply for a reinforcement to general Spencer, who commanded on the left.

General Putnam, who was too good an husbandman himself not to have a respect for the labours and improvements of others, strenuously seconded the views of the commander in chief in preventing the devastation of farms, and the violation of private property. For under pretext that the property in this quarter belonged to friends to the British government, as indeed it mostly did, a spirit of rapine and licentiousness began to prevail, which, unless repressed in the beginning, foreboded, besides the subversion of discipline, the disgrace and defeat of our arms.

Our new defences now becoming so strong as not to admit insult with impunity, and sir William Howe, not choosing to place

too much at risk in attacking us in front, on the 12th day of October, leaving lord Percy with one Hessian and two British brigades, in his lines at Haerlem, to cover New-York, embarked with the main body of his army, with an intention of landing at *Frog's Neck*, situated near the town of West-Chester, and little more than a league above the communication called King's-bridge, which connects New-York Island with the main. There was nothing to oppose him; and he effected his debarkation by nine o'clock in the morning. The same policy of keeping our army as compact as possible; the same system of avoiding being forced to action; and the same precaution to prevent the interruption of supplies, reinforcements or retreat, that lately dictated the evacuation of New-York, now induced general Washington to move towards the strong grounds in the upper part of West-Chester county.

About the same time general Putnam was sent to the western side of the Hudson, to provide against an irruption into the Jerseys, and soon after to Philadelphia, to put that town into a posture of defence. Thither I attend him, without stopping to dilate on the subsequent incidents, that might swell a folio, though here compressed to a single paragraph; without attempting to give in detail the skilful retrograde movements of our commander in chief, who, after detaching a garrison for fort Washington, by pre-occupying with extemporaneous redoubts and entrenchments, the ridges from *Mile-Square* to *White-Plains*, and by folding one brigade behind another, in rear of those ridges that run parallel with the *Sound*, brought off all his artillery, stores, and sick, in the face of a superior foe; without commenting on the partial and equivocal battle fought near the last mentioned village, or the cause why the British, then in full force, (for the last of the Hessian infantry and British light-horse had just arrived) did not more seriously endeavour to induce a general engagement; without journalizing their military manœuvres in falling back to King's-bridge, capturing fort Washington, fort Lee, and marching through the Jerseys; without enumerating the instances of rapine, murder, lust, and devastation, that marked their progress, and filled our bosoms with horror and indignation; without describing how a division of our dissolving army, with general

Washington, was driven before them beyond the Delaware; without painting the naked and forlorn condition of these much injured men, amidst the rigours of an inclement season; and without even sketching the consternation that seized the States at this perilous period, when general Lee, in leading from the north a small reinforcement to our troops, was himself taken prisoner by surprise; when every thing seemed decidedly declining to the last extremity, and when every prospect but served to augment the depression of despair—until the genius of one man, in one day, at a single stroke, wrested from the veteran battalions of Britain and Germany the fruits acquired by the total operations of a successful campaign, and re-animated the expiring hope of a whole nation, by the glorious enterprize at Trenton.

While the hostile forces, rashly inflated with pride by a series of uninterrupted successes, and fondly dreaming that a period would soon be put to their labours, by the completion of their conquests, had been pursuing the wretched remnants of a disbanded army to the banks of the Delaware, general Putnam was diligently employed in fortifying Philadelphia, the capture of which appeared indubitably to be their principal object. Here, by authority and example, he strove to conciliate contending factions, and to excite the citizens to uncommon efforts in defence of every thing interesting to freemen. His personal industry was unparalleled. His orders, with respect to extinguishing accidental fires, advancing the public works, as well as in regard to other important objects, were perfectly military and proper. But his health was, for a while, impaired by his unrelaxed exertions.

The commander in chief having, in spite of all obstacles, made good his retreat over the Delaware, wrote to general Putnam from his camp above the falls of Trenton, on the very day he re-crossed the river to surprise the Hessians, expressing his satisfaction at the re-establishment of that general's health, and informing him, that if he had not himself been well convinced before of the enemy's intention to possess themselves of Philadelphia, as soon as the frost should form ice strong enough to transport them and their artillery across the Delaware, he had now obtained an intercepted letter which placed the matter beyond a doubt. He added, that if the citizens of Philadelphia had any regard for

the town, not a moment's time was to be lost until it should be put in the best possible posture of defence; but least that should not be done, he directed the removal of all public stores, except provisions necessary for immediate use, to places of greater security. He inquired whether, if a party of militia could be sent from Philadelphia to support those in the Jerseys, about Mount-Holly, it would not serve to save them from submission? At the same time he signified, as his opinion, the expediency of sending an active and influential officer to inspire the people, to encourage them to assemble in arms, as well as to keep those already in arms from disbanding; and concluded by manifesting a wish that colonel Forman, whom he desired to see for this purpose, might be employed on the service.

The enemy had vainly, as incautiously, imagined that to overrun was to conquer. They had even carried their presumption on our extreme weakness, and expected submission so far as to attempt covering the country through which they had marched with an extensive chain of cantonments. That link, which the post at Trenton supplied, consisted of a Hessian brigade of infantry, a company of chasseurs, a squadron of light dragoons, and six field pieces. At eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-sixth of December, general Washington, with twenty-four hundred men, came upon them, after they had paraded, took one thousand prisoners, and re-passed the same day, without loss, to his encampment. As soon as the troops were recovered from their excessive fatigue, general Washington re-crossed a second time to Trenton. On the second of January, lord Cornwallis, with the bulk of the British army, advanced upon him, cannonaded his post, and offered him battle: but the two armies being separated by the interposition of Trenton Creek, general Washington had it in his option to decline an engagement, which he did for the sake of striking the masterly stroke that he then meditated. Having kindled frequent fires around his camp, posted faithful men to keep them burning, and advanced sentinels, whose fidelity might be relied upon, he decamped silently after dark, and, by a circuitous route, reached Princeton at nine o'clock the next morning. The noise of the firing, by which he killed and captured between five and six hundred of the British brigade in that town, was the first

notice lord Cornwallis had of this stolen march. General Washington, the project successfully accomplished, instantly filed off for the mountainous grounds of Morris-Town. Meanwhile, his lordship, who arrived, by a forced march, at Princeton, just as he had left it, finding the Americans could not be overtaken, proceeded, without halting, to Brunswick.

On the fifth of January, 1777, from Pluckemin, general Washington dispatched an account of this second success to general Putnam, and ordered him to move immediately, with all his troops, to Crosswick's, for the purpose of co-operating in recovering the Jerseys; an event which the present fortunate juncture, while the enemy were yet panic-struck, appeared to promise. The general cautioned him, however, if the enemy should still continue at Brunswick, to guard with great circumspection against a surprise; especially as they having recently suffered by two attacks, could scarcely avoid being stirred with resentment to attempt retaliation. His excellency farther advised him to give out his strength to be twice as great as it was; to forward on all the baggage and scattering men belonging to their division destined for Morris-Town; to employ as many spies as he should think proper; to keep a number of horsemen, in the dress of the country, going constantly backwards and forwards on the same secret service; and, lastly if he should discover any intention or motion of the enemy that could be depended upon, and might be of consequence, not to fail in conveying the intelligence, as rapidly as possible by express, to head-quarters. Major-general Putnam was directed soon after to take post at Princeton, where he continued until the spring. He had never with him more than a few hundred troops, though he was only at fifteen miles distant from the enemy's strong garrison of Brunswick. At one period, from a sudden diminution, occasioned by the tardiness of the militia turning out to replace those whose time of service was expired, he had fewer men for duty than he had miles of frontiers to guard. Nor was the commander in chief in a more eligible situation. It is true, that while he had scarcely the semblance of an army, under the specious parade of a park of artillery, and the imposing appearance of his head-quarters, established at Morris-Town, he kept up, in the

eyes of his countrymen, as well as in the opinion of his enemy, the appearance of no contemptible force.

In the battle of Princeton, captain M'Pherson, of the 17th British regiment, a very worthy Scotchman, was desperately wounded in the lungs, and left with the dead. Upon general Putnam's arrival there, he found him languishing in extreme distress, without a surgeon, without a single accommodation, and without a friend to solace the sinking spirit in the gloomy hour of death. He visited, and immediately caused every possible comfort to be administered to him. Captain M'Pherson, who, contrary to all appearances, recovered, after having demonstrated to general Putnam the dignified sense of obligations which a generous mind wishes not to conceal, one day, in familiar conversation, demanded, "Pray sir, what countryman are you?"—"An American," answered the latter.—"Not a Yankee?" said the other.—"A full-blooded one," replied the general. "By G—d, I am sorry for that," rejoined M'Pherson, "I did not think there could be so much goodness and generosity in an American, or, indeed, in any body but a Scotchman."

While the recovery of captain M'Pherson was doubtful, he desired that general Putnam would permit a friend in the British army at Brunswick to come and assist him in making his will. General Putnam, who had then only fifty men in his whole command, was sadly embarrassed by the proposition. On the one hand, he was not content that a British officer should have an opportunity to spy out the weakness of his post; on the other, it was scarcely in his nature to refuse complying with a dictate of humanity. He luckily bethought himself of an expedient which he hastened to put in practice. A flag of truce was dispatched with captain M'Pherson's request, but under an injunction not to return with his friend until after dark. In the evening lights were placed in all the rooms of the college, and in every apartment of the vacant houses throughout the town. During the whole night, the fifty men, sometimes altogether, and sometimes in small detachments, were marched from different quarters by the house in which M'Pherson lay. Afterwards it was known that the officer who came on the visit, at his return, reported that general Put-

nam's army, upon the most moderate calculation, could not consist of less than four or five thousand men.

The principal officers, stationed at a variety of well-chosen, and at some almost inaccessible positions, seemed all to be actuated by the same soul, and only to vie with each other in giving proofs of vigilance, enterprise and valour. From what has been said respecting the scantiness of our aggregate force, it will be concluded, that the number of men, under the orders of each, was indeed very small. But the uncommon alertness of the troops, who were incessantly hovering round the enemy in scouts, and the constant communication they kept between the several stations most contiguous to each other, agreeably to the instructions of the general in chief, together with their readiness in giving, and confidence of receiving such reciprocal aid as the exigencies might require, served to supply the defect of force.

This manner of doing duty not only put our own posts beyond the reach of sudden insult and surprise, but so exceedingly harassed and intimidated the enemy, that foragers were seldom sent out by them, and never except in very large parties. General Dickenson, who commanded on general Putnam's left, discovered, about the 20th of January, a foraging party, consisting of about four hundred men, on the opposite side of the *Mill-Stone*, two miles from Somerset court-house. As the bridge was possessed and defended by three field-pieces, so that it could not be passed, general Dickenson, at the head of four hundred militia, broke the ice, crossed the river where the water was about three feet deep, resolutely attacked, and totally defeated the foragers. Upon their abandoning the convoy, a few prisoners, forty wagons, and more than a hundred draft-horses, with a considerable booty of cattle and sheep, fell into his hands.

Nor were our operations on general Putnam's right flank less fortunate. To give countenance to the numerous friends of the British government in the county of Monmouth appears to have been a principal motive with sir William Howe for stretching the chain of his cantonments, by his own confession, previously to his disaster, rather too far. After that chain became broken, as I have already related, by the blows at Trenton and Princeton, he was obliged to collect, during the rest of the winter, the use-

less remains in his barracks at Brunswick. In the meantime, general Putnam was much more successful in his attempt to protect our dispersed and dispirited friends in the same district; who, environed on every side by envenomed adversaries, remained inseparably rivetted in affection to American independence. He first detached colonel Gurney, and afterwards major Davis, with such parties of militia as could be spared, for their support. Several skirmishes ensued, in which our people had always the advantage. They took, at different times, many prisoners, horses and wagons from foraging parties. In effect, so well did they cover the country, as to induce some of the most respectable inhabitants to declare, that the security of the persons, as well as the salvation of the property of many friends to freedom, was owing to the spirited exertions of these two detachments; who at the same time that they rescued the country from the tyranny of tories, afforded an opportunity for the militia to recover from their consternation, to embody themselves in warlike array, and to stand on their defence.

During this period, general Putnam having received unquestionable intelligence that a party of refugees, in British pay, had taken post, and were erecting a kind of redoubt at Lawrence's Neck, sent colonel Nelson, with one hundred and fifty militia, to surprise them. That officer conducted the enterprize with so much secrecy and decision, as to take the whole prisoners.

A short time after this event lord Cornwallis sent out another foraging party towards Bound-Brook. General Putnam, having received notice from his emissaries, detached major Smith, with a few riflemen, to annoy the party, and followed himself with the rest of his force. Before he could come up, major Smith, who had formed an ambush, attacked the enemy, killed several horses, took a few prisoners and sixteen baggage-wagons, without sustaining any injury. By such operations, our hero, in the course of the winter, captured nearly a thousand prisoners.

In the latter part of February general Washington advised general Putnam, that, in consequence of a large accession of strength from New-York to the British army at Brunswick, it was to be apprehended they would soon make a forward movement towards the Delaware: in which case the latter was directed to

cross the river with his actual force, to assume the command of the militia who might assemble, to secure the boats on the west side of the Delaware, and to facilitate the passage of the rest of the army. But the enemy did not remove from their winter-quarters until the season arrived when green forage could be supplied. In the intermediate period, the correspondence on the part of general Putnam with the commander in chief consisted principally of reports and inquiries concerning the treatment of some of the following descriptions of persons: either of those who came within our lines with flags and pretended flags, or who had taken protections from the enemy, or who had been reputed disaffected to our cause, or who were designed to be comprehended in the American proclamation, which required that those who had taken protections should give them to the nearest American officer, or go within the British lines. The letters of his excellency in return, generally advisory, were indicative of confidence and approbation.

When the spring had now so far advanced that it was obvious the enemy would soon take the field, the commander in chief after desiring general Putnam to give the officer who was to relieve him at Princeton, all the information necessary for the conduct of that post, appointed that general to the command of a separate army in the Highlands of New-York.

In the neighbourhood of general Putnam there was no enemy capable of exciting alarms. The army left at New-York seemed only designed for its defence. In it were several entire corps, composed of tories, who had flocked to the British standard. There was, besides, a band of lurking miscreants, not properly enrolled, who staid chiefly at West-Chester; from whence they infested the country between the two armies, pillaged the cattle, and carried off the peaceable inhabitants.

It was not wonderful, that many of these tories were able, undiscovered, to penetrate far into the country, and even to go with letters or messages from one British army to another. The inhabitants who were well affected to the royal cause, afforded them every possible support, and their own knowledge of the different routes gave them a farther facility in performing their peregrinations. Sometimes the most active loyalists, as the tories

wished to denominate themselves, who had gone into the British posts, and received promises of commissions upon enlisting a certain number of soldiers, came back again secretly with recruiting instructions. Sometimes these, and others who came from the enemy, within the verge of our camps, were detected and condemned to death, in conformity to the usages of war. But the British generals, who had an unlimited supply of money at their command, were able to pay with so much liberality, that emissaries could always be found. Still, it is thought that the intelligence of the American commanders was, at least, equally accurate; notwithstanding the poverty of their military chest and the inability of rewarding mercenary agents, for secret services, in proportion to their risk and merit.

A person, by the name of Palmer, who was a lieutenant in the tory new levies, was detected in the camp at Peek's-Kill. Governor Tryon, who commanded the new levies, reclaimed him as a British officer, represented the heinous crime of condemning a man commissioned by his majesty, and threatened vengeance in case he should be executed. General Putnam wrote the following pithy reply.

"Sir,

"Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your king's service, was taken in my camp as a *Spy*—he was tried as a *Spy*—he was condemned as a *Spy*—and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a *Spy*.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"*His excellency governor Tryon.*

"P. S. Afternoon. He is hanged."

Important transactions soon occurred. Not long after the two brigades had marched from Peek's-Hill to Pennsylvania, a reinforcement arrived at New-York from Europe. Appearances indicated that offensive operations would follow. General Putnam having been reduced in force to a single brigade in the field, and a single regiment in garrison at fort Montgomery, repeatedly informed the commander in chief, that the post committed to his charge must, in all probability, be lost, in case an attempt should

be made upon them; and that, circumstanced as he was, he could not be responsible for the consequences. His situation was certainly to be lamented; but it was not in the power of the commander in chief to alter it, except by authorising him to call upon the militia for aid—an aid always precarious, and often so tardy, as, when obtained, to be of no utility.

On the fifth of October sir Henry Clinton came up the North-River with three thousand men. After making many feints to mislead the attention, he landed, the next morning, at Stony-Point, and commenced his march over the mountains to fort Montgomery. Governor Clinton, an active, resolute, and intelligent officer, who commanded the garrison, upon being apprised of the movement, dispatched a letter, by express, to general Putnam for succour. By the treachery of the messenger, the letter miscarried. General Putnam, astonished at hearing nothing respecting the enemy, rode, with general Parsons, and colonel Root, his adjutant-general, to reconnoitre them at King's ferry. In the meantime, at five o'clock in the afternoon, sir Henry Clinton's column, having surmounted the obstacles and barriers of nature, descended from the Thunder-Hill, through thickets impassible but for light troops, and attacked the different redoubts. The garrison, inspired by the conduct of their leaders, defended the works with distinguished valour. But, as the post had been designed principally to prevent the passing of ships, and as an assault in rear had not been expected, the works on the land side were incomplete and untenable. In the dusk of twilight, the British entered with their bayonets fixed. Their loss was inconsiderable. Nor was that of the garrison great. Governor Clinton, his brother general James Clinton, colonel Dubois, and most of the officers and men effected their escape under cover of the thick smoke and darkness that suddenly prevailed. The capture of this fort by sir Henry Clinton, together with the consequent removal of the chains and booms that obstructed the navigation, opened a passage to Albany, and seemed to favour a junction of his force with that of general Burgoyne. But the latter having been compelled to capitulate a few days after this event, and great numbers of militia having arrived from New-England, the successful army returned to New-York; yet not before a detachment from

it, under the orders of general Vaughan, had burnt the defenceless town of Esopus, and several scattering buildings on the banks of the river.

Notwithstanding the army in the Highlands had been so much weakened, for the sake of strengthening the armies in other quarters, as to have occasioned the loss of fort Montgomery, yet that loss was productive of no consequences. Our main army in Pennsylvania, after having contended with superior force in two indecisive battles, still held the enemy in check; while the splendid success which attended our arms at the northward, gave a more favourable aspect to the American affairs, at the close of this campaign, than they had ever before assumed.

When the enemy fell back to New-York by water, we followed them a part of the way by land. Colonel Meigs, with a detachment from the several regiments in general Parson's brigade, having made a forced march from Crompond to West-Chester, surprised and broke up for a time the band of freebooters, of whom he brought off fifty, together with many cattle and horses which they had recently stolen.

Soon after this enterprise general Putnam advanced towards the British lines. As he had received intelligence that small bodies of the enemy were out, with orders from governor Tryon to burn Wright's mills, he prevented it by detaching three parties, of one hundred men in each. One of these parties fell in with and captured thirty-five, and another forty of the new levies.

Late in the year we left the lines and repaired to the Highlands; for upon the loss of fort Montgomery, the commander in chief determined to build another fortification for the defence of the river. His excellency, accordingly, wrote to general Putnam to fix upon the spot. After reconnoitering all the different places proposed, and revolving in his own mind their relative advantages for offence on the water and defence on the land, he fixed upon WEST-POINT. It is no vulgar praise to say, that to him belongs the glory of having chosen this rock of our military salvation. The position for water-batteries, which might sweep the channel where the river formed a right angle, made it the most proper of any for commanding the navigation; while the rocky ridges that rose in awful sublimity behind each other, rendered it impregna-

ble, and even incapable of being invested by less than twenty thousand men. The British, who considered this post as a sort of American Gibraltar, never attempted it but by the treachery of an American officer. All the world knows that this project failed, and that West-Point continues to be the receptacle of every thing valuable in military preparations to the present day.

In the month of January, 1778, when a snow, two feet deep, lay on the earth, general Parsons' brigade went to West-Point and broke ground. Want of covering for the troops, together with want of tools and materials for the works, made the prospect truly gloomy and discouraging. It was necessary that means should be found, though our currency was depreciated and our treasury exhausted. The estimates and requisitions of colonel la Radiere, the engineer who laid out the works, altogether disproportioned to our circumstances, served only to put us in mind of our poverty, and, as it were, to satirize our resources. His petulant behaviour and unaccommodating disposition added further embarrassments. It was then that the patriotism of governor Clinton shone in full lustre. His exertions to furnish supplies can never be too much commended. His influence arising from his popularity, was unlimited: yet he hesitated not to put all his popularity at risk, whenever the federal interest demanded. Notwithstanding the impediments that opposed our progress, with his aid, before the opening of the campaign, the works were in great forwardness.

The troops who had been badly fed, badly clothed, and worse paid, by brooding over their grievances in the leisure and inactivity of winter-quarters, began to think them intolerable. The Connecticut brigades formed the design of marching to Hartford, where the General Assembly was then in session, and of demanding redress at the point of the bayonet. Word having been brought to general Putnam, that the second brigade was under arms for this purpose, he mounted his horse, galloped to the cantonment, and thus addressed them: "My brave lads, whither are you going? Do you intend to desert your officers, and to invite the enemy to follow you into the country? Whose cause have you been fighting and suffering so long in—is it not your own? Have you no property, no parents, wives or children? You

have behaved like men so far—all the world is full of your praises—and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds: but not if you spoil all at last. Don't you consider how much the country is distressed by the war, and that your officers have not been any better paid than yourselves? But we all expect better times, and that the country will do us ample justice. Let us all stand by one another, then, and fight it out like brave soldiers. Think what a shame it would be for Connecticut men to run away from their officers." After the several regiments had received the general as he rode along the line *with drums beating, and presented arms*, the sergeants who had then the command, brought the men *to an order*, in which position they continued while he was speaking. When he had done, he directed the acting major of brigade to give the word for them to shoulder, march to their regimental parades, and lodge arms; all which they executed with promptitude and apparent good humour. One soldier only, who had been the most active, was confined in the quarter-guard; from whence, at night, he attempted to make his escape. But the sentinel, who had also been in the mutiny, shot him dead on the spot, and thus the affair subsided.

About the middle of winter, while general Putnam was on a visit to his out post at Horse-Neck, he found governor Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps of fifteen hundred men. To oppose these general Putnam had only a picquet of one hundred and fifty men, and two iron field-pieces, without horses or dragropes. He, however, planted his cannon on the high ground, by the meeting-house, and retarded their approach by firing several times, until, perceiving the horse (supported by the infantry) about to charge, he ordered the picquet to provide for their safety, by retiring to a swamp inaccessible to horse, and secured his own, by plunging down the steep precipice at the church upon a full trot. This precipice is so steep, where he descended, as to have artificial stairs, composed of nearly one hundred stone steps, for the accommodation of foot passengers. There the dragoons, who were but a sword's length from him, stopped short; for the declivity was so abrupt, that they ventured not to follow; and, before they could gain the valley, by going round the brow of the hill in the ordinary road, he was far enough beyond their reach. He con-

tinued his route, unmolested, to Stanford; from whence, having strengthened his picquet by the junction of some militia, he came back again, and, in turn, pursued governor Tryon in his retreat. As he rode down the precipice, one ball, of the many fired at him, went through his beaver; but governor Tryon, by way of compensation for spoiling his hat, sent him, soon afterwards, as a present, a complete suit of clothes.

In the campaign of 1779, which terminated the career of general Putnam's services, he commanded the Maryland line, posted at Butter-milk falls, about two miles below West-Point. He was happy in possessing the friendship of the officers of that line, and in living on terms of hospitality with them. Indeed, there was no family in the army that lived better than his own. The general, his second son major Daniel Putnam, and the writer of these memoirs, composed that family. This campaign, principally spent in strengthening the works of West-Point, was only signalised for the storm of Stony-Point by the light-infantry under the conduct of general Wayne, and the surprise of the post of Powles-Hook by the corps under the command of colonel Henry Lee. When the army quitted the field, and marched to Morris-town, into winter-quarters, general Putnam's family went into Connecticut for a few weeks. In December the general began his journey to Morris-town. Upon the road between Pomfret and Hartford he felt an unusual torpor slowly pervading his right hand and foot. This heaviness crept gradually on, and until it had deprived him of the use of his limbs on that side, in a considerable degree, before he reached the house of his friend colonel Wadsworth. Still he was unwilling to consider his disorder of the paralytic kind, and endeavoured to shake it off by exertion. Having found that impossible, a temporary dejection, disguised, however, under a veil of assumed cheerfulness, succeeded. But reason, philosophy, and religion, soon reconciled him to his fate. In that situation he has constantly remained, favoured with such a portion of bodily activity as enables him to walk and to ride moderately; and retaining, unimpaired, his relish for enjoyment, his love of pleasantry, his strength of memory, and all the faculties of his mind. As a proof that the powers of memory are not weakened, it ought to be observed, that he has lately re-

peated, from recollection, all the adventures of his life, which are here recorded, and which had formerly been communicated to the compiler in detached conversations.

In patient, yet fearless expectation of the approach of THE KING OF TERRORS, whom he hath full often faced in the field of blood, the Christian hero now enjoys, in domestic retirement, the fruit of his early industry. Having in youth provided a competent subsistence for old age, he was secured from the danger of penury and distress, to which so many officers and soldiers, worn out in the public service, have been reduced. To illustrate his merits the more fully, this essay will be concluded with a copy of the last letter written to him, by general Washington, in his military character.

[For this letter see Port Folio, July, 1818. Gen. Putnam died 29 Jan. 1790.]

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ENSIGN ODOHERTY.

Some account of the life and writings of Ensign and Adjutant Odoherly, late of the 99th Regiment. From the Edinburgh Magazine.

If there is something painful to the feelings in the awful ceremonial of consigning a deceased friend to the grave, there is something equally consolatory to our affection in perpetuating the remembrance of his talents and virtues, and gathering for his grave a garland which shall long flourish among the children of men. This may be termed the last and highest proof of our regard, and it is this task which I am now about to discharge, I fear too inadequately, to my deceased friend, ensign and adjutant Odoherly, late of the 99th or King's own Tipperary regiment. In offering to the public some account of the life and writings of this gentleman, I have pleasure in believing that I am not intruding on their notice a person utterly unknown to them. His poems, which have appeared in various periodical publications, have excited a very large portion of the public curiosity and admiration; and when transplanted into the different volumes of the Annual Anthology, they have shone with undiminished lustre amid the blaze of the great poetical luminaries by which they

were surrounded. Never was there a man more imbued with the very soul and spirit of poetry than ensign and adjutant Odohertry. Cut off in the bloom of his years, ere the fair and lovely blossoms of his youth had time to ripen into the golden fruit by which the autumn of his days would have been beautified and adorned; he has deprived the literature of his country of one of its brightest ornaments, and left us to lament that youth, virtue and talent, should afford no protection from the cruel hand of death.

Before proceeding to the biographical account of this extraordinary person, which it is my intention to give, I think it proper previously to state the very singular manner in which our friendship had its commencement. One evening in the month of October 1817, I had the misfortune, from some circumstances here unnecessary to mention, to be conveyed for a night's lodging to the watch-house in Dublin. I had there the good fortune to meet Mr. Odohertry, who was likewise a prisoner. He was seated on a wooden stool, before a table garnished with a great number of empty pots of porter.* He had a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and was talking with great gallantry to two young ladies of a very interesting appearance, who had been brought there under similar circumstances to himself. There was a touching melancholy in the expression of his countenance, and a melting softness in his voice, which interested me extremely in his favour. With all that urbanity of manner by which he was distinguished, he asked me, "to take a sneeker of his swipes." I accepted the invitation, and thus commenced a friendship which ended only with his life, and the fond remembrance of which shall cease only with mine.

Morgan Odohertry was born in the county of Kilkenny, in the year 1789. His father acted for many years as a drover to the right honourable lord Ventry, at that period an eminent grazier; and on that gentleman's being raised to the peerage, he succeeded to a very considerable portion of his business. He had certainly many opportunities of amassing wealth, but the truth is, he only

* We beg leave to hint to our Irish correspondent, that if the pots were empty, they could scarcely be termed pots of porter. Ed.

provided *meat* for others; with the views of providing *drink* for himself. By his wife he had acquired a small property in the county of Carlow, which it was his intention to have kept as a provision for his family. His business, however, gradually decreased, and on the last settlement of his accounts, when he came to liquidate the claims of his creditors, on his estate, he found, to his astonishment, that he had long since *liquidated* his own. The discovery was fatal. The loss of his credit with the world he might have survived, but the loss of his credit with the *whiskey merchant* drove him to despair. He died in the year 1798, a melancholy monument of an ill-spent life.

Of his mother, Mr. Odoherly was ever in the habit of talking with gratitude and respect, and the manner in which she discharged the duties of her situation to himself and his three sisters, I have every reason to believe was highly exemplary. Being endowed with a considerable taste for letters, Mrs. Odoherly determined that her son should receive a *liberal* education, and accordingly sent him to a charity school in the neighbourhood. At this school I have reason to believe, he remained about four years, when, by the interest of his uncle, Mr. Dennis Odoherly, butler to the right honourable lord Muskerry, he was received into his lordship's family as an under domestic. In this noble family ensign and adjutant Odoherly soon became an universal favourite. The sweetness of his temper, the grace and vigour of his form, which certainly belonged more to the class of Hercules than the Apollo, rendered him the object of the fervent admiration of the whole female part of the family. Nor did he long remain in a menial situation. By the intercession of lady Muskerry, he was appointed under-steward on the estate, and on his lordship's being appointed colonel of the Limerick militia in 1808, his first care was to bestow a pair of colours upon Mr. Odoherly. Never surely did a gift bestow more honour on the giver, and lord Muskerry had the satisfaction of raising, to his proper station in society, a youth whose talents were destined, not only to do credit to the Limerick militia, but to his country and the world. In this situation, it is scarcely necessary to state, he was the very life and soul of society wherever he was quartered. Not a tea-party could be formed, not an excursion could be planned in

the neighbourhood, without Mr. Odoherthy's being included in it. In short he was like the *verb* in a sentence, quite impossible to be wanted. I have been informed by several officers of the regiment, that he was the greatest promoter of conviviality at the mess. His wine, to use their own expression, was never lost on him, and, towards the conclusion of the third bottle, he was always excessively amusing. When quartered with his regiment at Ballinasloe, in the year 1809 he became smitten with the charms of a young lady of that city, who, from what I have heard of her person and temper, was all

That youthful poets fancy when they love.

Her father was a man of considerable wealth, and what is called middle-man, or agent to several of the noblemen and gentry of the country. Her name was Miss Augusta M'Craw, and her family was believed to be descended from the M'Craws of Iverness-shire, a house which yields to none in the pride of its descent, or the purity of its blood. Mr. M'Craw, indeed, used to dwell, with great complacency, on the exploits of an ancestor of the family, sir John M'Craw, who flourished in the reign of James III., who not only defeated a sir James M'Gregor, in a pitched battle, but actually kicked him round the lists, to the great amusement of the king and all his court. In this exercise, however, there is a tradition of his having dislocated his great toe, which ended in a whitlow, of which he died about three years afterwards, leaving his fate as a lesson to his successors, of the consequences attending such unknighly behaviour. To this lady, as I already mentioned, Mr. Odoherthy formed a most devoted attachment, and he accordingly made her an offer of his heart and hand. The young lady returned his attachment with sincerity, but her father and mother were most unaccountably averse to the connexion. On stating to them the affection he entertained for their daughter, and soliciting their consent to its legal consummation, he was treated with the utmost indignity and desired to quit the house immediately. On his remonstrating against this improper treatment, the brother of the lady attempted to pull him by the nose, and Mr. Odoherthy retreated with the very proper resolution of demanding the satisfaction of a gentleman. Accordingly he sent him a message the

next day, and a meeting was the consequence. On this occasion ensign Odoherly behaved with all the coolness of the most experienced veteran. They fired nine shots each without effect, but, in the tenth round, Mr. Odoherly received a wound in the cheek, which carried off three of his jaw teeth, and entirely demolished one of his whiskers. On receiving the wound, he raised his hand to his face, and exclaimed with great coolness, "a douce in the chops, by St. Patrick." By this wound he was unfortunately ever afterwards much disfigured, and was afflicted with a stiffness in the neck, from which he never recovered. Miss Augusta M'Craw was married a short time afterwards, to a lieutenant of artillery, and Mr. Odoherly very feelingly expressed his regret and sorrow on the occasion, by two odes on the inconstancy of women, which appeared in the Irish newspapers, and were afterwards recorded in the *Lady's Magazine* for October, 1811.

Let it not be supposed, however, that in the progress of the events which I have been relating, his poetical talents had remained dormant. Although we do not find, in his pieces of this period, the same lofty degree of excellence which was afterwards so prominent in his more mature productions, yet they are all imbued with very considerable spirit and imagination. They had hitherto been generally rather of a light and amatory nature, but of his talents for satire, I believe the following epigram on a certain dowager, will afford not an unfavourable specimen.

If a lover, sweet creature, should foolishly seek
On thy face for the bloom of the rose,
Oh tell him, although it has died on thy cheek,
He will find it at least on thy nose.

I also find, among his papers, an unfinished tragedy, which, I conjecture, must have been composed about this time. It is entitled *Euphemia*, and, in my opinion, displays an uncommon degree of genius. I shall only extract part of one scene, which strikes me as being executed in the most masterly manner. The princess *Euphemia* is represented as passing a sleepless night, in consequence of the imprisonment of her lover *Don Carlos*. Towards morning, she breaks out into the following impassioned reflections:

Euphemia. Oh, 'tis a weary night! Alas, will sleep
 Ne'er darken my poor day-lights! I have watched
 The stars all rise and disappear again;
 Capricorn, Orion, Venus, and the Bear:
 I saw them each and all. And they are gone,
 Yet not a wink for me. The blessed moon
 Has journeyed through the sky: I saw her rise
 Above the distant hills, and gloriously
 Decline beneath the waters. My poor head aches
 Beyond endurance. I'll call on Beatrice,
 And bid her bring me the all-potent draught
 Left by Fernando the apothecary,
 At his last visit. Beatrice!—she sleeps
 As sound as a top. What, ho, Beatrice!
 Thou art indeed the laziest waiting-maid
 That ever cursed a princess. Beatrice!

Beatrice. Coming, your highness, give me time to throw
 My night-gown over my shoulders, and to put
 My flannel dicky on; 'tis mighty cold
 At these hours of the morning.

Euphem. Beatrice!

Beat. I'am groping for my slippers; would you have me
 Walk barefooted o'er the floors? Lord, I should catch
 My death of cold.

Euphem. And must thy mistress then, I say, must she,
 Endure the tortures of the damned, whilst thou
 Art groping for thy slippers? Selfish wretch!
 Learn, thou shalt come stark-naked at my bidding,
 Or else pack up thy duds and hop the twig.

Beat. Oh, my lady, forgive me that I was so slow
 In yielding due obedience. Pray believe me,
 It ne'er shall happen again. Oh, it would break
 My very heart to leave so beautiful
 And kind a mistress. Oh, forgive me! (*weeps.*)

Euphem. Well, well; I fear I was too hasty:
 But want of sleep and the fever of my blood,
 Have soured my natural temper. Bring me the phial
 Of physic left by that skilful leech Fernando,

With "Laudanum" on the label. It stands
Upon the dressing-table, close by the rouge
And the Olympian dew. No words. Evaporate.

Beat. I fly!

[*Exit.*]

Euphem. (*Sola*) Alas Don Carlos, mine own
Dear wedded husband! wedded! yes; wedded
In the eye of Heaven though not in that of man,
Which sees the forms of things, but least knows
That which is in the heart. Oh, can it be,
That some dull words muttered by a parson
In a long drawling tone, can make a wife,
And not the—

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. "Laudanum on the label;" right:
Here, my lady is the physic you require.

Euphem. Then pour me out one hundred drops and fifty
With water in the glass that I may quaff
Oblivion to my misery.

Beat. 'Tis done.

Euphem. (*drinks*) my head turns round; it mounts into my
brain.

I feel as if in paradise. My senses mock me:
Methinks I rest within thine arms, Don Carlos;
Can it be real? Pray repeat that kiss!
I am thine own Euphemia. This is bliss
Too great for utterance. Oh, ye gods
Of Hellespont and Greece!—Alas, I faint.

[*faints.*]

The heart of Mr. Odoherly was of the tenderest and most inflammable description, and he now formed an attachment to a lady Gilhooly, the rich widow of sir Thomas Gilhooly Knt., who, on account of some private services to the state, was knighted during the lieutenantancy of lord Hardwicke. His love to this lady was of the most modest and retiring nature, and he never ventured to make a personal declaration of his passion. He has commemorated it, however, in the following beautiful and pathetic stanzas:

Oh, lady, in the laughing hours
When time and joy go hand in hand;
When pleasure strews thy path with flowers,
And but to wish is to command;
When thousands swear, that to thy lips
A more than angel's voice is given,
And that thy jetty eyes eclipse
The bright, the blessed stars of Heaven;
Might it not cast a trembling shade
Across the light of mirth and song,
To think, that there is one, sweet *maid*,
That lov'd thee hopelessly and long;
That lov'd, yet never told his flame,
Although it burn'd his soul to madness:
That lov'd; yet never breath'd thy name,
Even in his fondest dreams of gladness.
Though red my coat, yet pale my face,
Alas, 'tis love that made it so,
Thou only canst restore its grace,
And bid its wonted blush to glow.
Restore its blush! Oh I am wrong,
For here thine art were all in vain;
My face has ceased to blush so long
I fear it ne'er can blush again!

This moving expression of passion appears to have produced no effect on the obdurate fair one, who was then fifty-four years of age, with nine children, and a large jointure, which would certainly have made a very convenient addition to the income of Mr. Odoherty. He now resolved on volunteering into the line. He was unwilling that his services should be confined to the comparatively inactive and inglorious duties of a militia officer, and he therefore determined to wield his sword, or, as he technically called it, his *épée*, wherever the cause of his country should demand it. He was soon after appointed to an ensigncy in the 44th regiment, then in the West Indies; and, on the 14th of August 1814, he embarked at Dover in the schooner John Dory, captain Godolphin, for Jamaica. He experienced a tedious passage, and they were unfortunate enough to fall in with an American privateer,

from which; however, after a smart action, they had the good luck to escape. The following *jeu d' esprit* gives so favourable a specimen of his talent for humour, that I cannot refuse the reader the pleasure of submitting it to his perusal:

Captain Godolphin was a very odd and stingy man,
Who skipper was, as I'm assured, of a schooner-rigged West-Indiaman;

The wind was fair, he went on board, and when he sail'd from
Dover,

Says he "this trip is but a joke, for now I'm half-seas over."

The captain's wife, she sail'd with him, this circumstance I've
heard of her,

Her brimstone breath, 'twas almost death to come within a yard
of her;

With fiery nose, as red as rose, to tell no lies I'll stoop,
She look'd just like an admiral with a lanthorn at the poop.

Her spirits sunk from eating junk, and as she was an epicure,
She swore a dish of dolphin fish would of her make a happy cure.
The captain's line, so strong and fine, had hook'd a fish one day,
When his anxious wife *Godolphin* cried, and the dolphin swam
away.

The wind was foul, the weather hot, between the tropics long she
stewed,

The latitude was 5 or 6, 'bout 50 was the longitude,

When *Jack* the cook once spoilt the *sauce*, she thought it mighty
odd,

But her husband bawl'd on deck, why, here's the Saucy Jack,
by —

The captain sought his charming wife and whispered to her private ear,

"My love, this night we'll have to fight a thumping Yankee privateer."

On this he took a glass of rum by which he show'd his sense;
Resolv'd that he would make at least a *spirited* defence.

The captain of the Saucy Jack, he was a dark and dingy man;
Says he "my ship, must take, this trip, this schooner-rigg'd
West-Indiaman.

Each at his gun, we'll show them fun, the decks are all in order
But mind that every *lodger* here, must likewise be a boarder."

No, never was there warmer work, at least I rather think not,
With cannon, cutlass, grappling-iron, blunderbuss, and stinkpot.
The Yankee captain boarding her, cried, either strike or drown;
Godolphin answered, "then I strike," and quickly knock'd him
down.

The remaining thirty verses of this poem, giving an account of the action and the subsequent voyage to Jamaica, of how Mrs. Godolphin was killed by a cannon ball lodging in her stomach, and how captain Godolphin afterwards died of the yellow fever, I do not think it necessary to insert. It is sufficient to say, they are fully equal to the preceding, and are distinguished by the same quaintness of imagination and power of ludicrous expression.

On his arrival at Jamaica, he found it the rendezvous of the force destined for the attack on New-Orleans, under the command of the brave though unfortunate sir Edward Pakenham. Of this force the 44th formed a part, and the heart of Mr. Odoherly throbbed with delightful anticipation of the high destiny to which he felt himself called. A circumstance now occurred, however, which bid fair to cloud his prospects forever. On the evening before the sailing of the armament for its destination, Mr. Odoherly had gone on shore. He there chanced to meet with an old school-fellow, who filled the situation of slave-driver or whipper-in to a neighbouring plantation. This gentleman invited him to his house, and they spent the night in pouring forth the most liberal libations of *new rum*, which they drank

Warm from the still and faithful to its fires.

The consequence was, that the next morning, on the sailing of the fleet, Mr. Odoherly was absent. His friend the whipper-in, however, who was less drunk than his guest, had the good sense to foresee the consequences of his being left behind on so pressing an occasion. He hired a couple of negroes to row after the

fleet, had ensign Oodoherty carried insensible to the boat, and he was conveyed to his ship, as he himself humorously termed it, "as drunk as David's sow." The commanding officer immediately placed him under an arrest, and it was only on his expressing the most sincere contrition for his folly, joined with many promises of amendment, that he was again allowed to perform the duties of his station. After this, few of the officers of the regiment thought proper to associate with him; and with the exception of some who had formerly been his companions in the militia, he was placed in Coventry by the whole corps.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

(*From the German of Schlegel.*)

MOREOVER, although the Romans were at length desirous of becoming thorough Hellenists, they were deficient in that milder humanity, of which we may observe traces in Grecian history, poetry, and art, even in the time of Homer. From the most austere virtue, which, like Curtius, sacrificed every personal inclination to love of country, they proceeded, with the most fearful rapidity, to a state of corruption from avarice and luxury, equally without example. In their character they always betrayed that their first founder was not suckled at the breast of a woman, but of a raging wolf. They were the tragedians of the history of the world, who exhibited many a deep tragedy of kings led in chains and pining in dungeons; they were the iron necessity of other nations; universal destroyers for the sake of rearing at last, from the ruins, the mausoleum of their own dignity and freedom, in the midst of an obsequious world, reduced to one dull uniformity. It was not given to them to excite emotion by the mitigated accounts of mental suffering, and to touch with a delicate hand every note of the scale of feeling. They naturally sought also in tragedy, by overleaping all intervening gradations, to reach at once the extreme, both in the stoicism of heroism, and in the monstrous fury of criminal desires. Nothing of their ancient greatness had remained

to them but the contempt of pain and death, when after an extravagant enjoyment of life they were at last called upon to submit to these evils. They then impressed this seal of their former grandeur on their tragic heroes, with a self-satisfied and ostentatious profusion. Finally, in the age of polished literature, among a people fond, even to a degree of madness, of shows and spectacles, the dramatic poets were still in want of a poetical public. In the triumphal processions the fights of gladiators and of wild beasts, all the splendour of the world, all the wonders of every clime, were brought before the eye of the spectator, who was glutted with scenes of the most violent and bloody description. What effect could the more refined gradations of tragic pathos produce on nerves so steeled? It was the ambition of the powerful among them to exhibit in one day to the people, on stages erected for the purpose, and immediately afterwards destroyed, the immense plunder which they derived from foreign or civil war. The relation which Pliny gives of the architectural decoration of the stage erected by Scaurus, borders on the incredible. When magnificence could be carried no farther, they endeavoured to surprise by the novelty of mechanical inventions.—In this way, a Roman, at the burial solemnity of his father, caused two theatres to be constructed in honour of him, resting with their backs on each other, and made to move in such a manner on a single hinge, thus at the end of the play, they were wheeled round with all the spectators within them, and formed together into one circus, in which combats of gladiators were exhibited. In the pleasure of the eyes that of the ears was altogether lost; rope dancers and white elephants were preferred to every dramatic entertainment; the embroidered purple robes of the actor were applauded; as we are told by Horace, and so little attentive and quiet was the great body of the spectators, that he compares their noise to that of the roaring of the ocean, or of a mountain forest in a storm.

We have only one sample of the tragical talent of the Romans remaining, from which however, it would be unjust to draw a conclusion with respect to the productions of better times; I allude to the ten tragedies which go by the name of *Seneca*. Their claim to this title appears very doubtful to me: perhaps it is founded merely on the circumstance of *Seneca* appearing in Oc-

tavia, one of these plays; but this would rather lead one to draw a different conclusion. The opinions of the learned are very much divided on the subject; some ascribe them partly to Seneca the philosopher, and partly to his father the rhetorician; others ascribe them to a Seneca, a tragedian, a different person from both. Hence it is generally allowed that the different pieces are neither from the same hand, nor even of the same age. For the honour of the Roman taste we might be inclined to consider them the productions of a very late period of antiquity; but Quintilian quotes a verse from the *Medea* of Seneca, which is to be found in the play of that name in the collection in question; and therefore the authenticity of this piece cannot be doubted, though its merits do not seem to be in any way pre-eminent above the others.* We find also in Lucan a contemporary of Nero, a similar display of bombast, in which every thing great is distorted to nonsense. The state of violence and constraint in which Rome was kept under a series of blood thirsty tyrants, had also given an unnatural character to eloquence and poetry. The same thing has been observed in similar periods of modern history. Under the wise and mild government of a Vespasian and a Titus, and of a Trajan more especially, the Romans returned to a purer taste. But whatever period may have given birth to the tragedies of Seneca, they are beyond description, bombastical and frigid, unnatural in character and action, revolting from their violation of every propriety, and so destitute of every thing like theatrical effect, that I am inclined to believe they were never destined to leave the rhetorical schools for the stage. These productions have nothing in common with the old tragedies, those sublime creations of the poetical genius of the Greeks, but the name, the outward form, and the mythological materials; and yet they seem to have been composed with the obvious intention of excelling them; but they bear the same relation to the Grecian

* The author of this *Medea* makes the heroine strangle her children before the eyes of the people, notwithstanding the admonition of Horace, who probably had an example of the Roman theatre before his eyes; for a Greek would hardly have committed this error. The Roman tragedians must have had a particular relish for seeking novelty and effect in such horrible exhibitions.

works, which a hollow hyperbole does to the most fervent truth. Every tragical common place is spun out to the very last; all is phrase; and even the most common remark is delivered in stilted language. The most complete poverty of sentiment is dressed out with wit and acuteness. There is even a display of fancy in them, or at least a phantom of it; for they contain an example of the misapplication of every mental faculty. The authors have found out the secret of being diffuse, even to wearisomeness, and at the same time so epigrammatically laconic, as to be often obscure and unintelligible. Their characters are neither ideal nor actual beings, but gigantic puppets, who are at one time put in motion by the string of an unnatural heroism, and at another by that of a passion equally unnatural, which no guilt nor enormity can appal. In a history of the dramatic art I should have altogether overlooked the tragedies of Seneca, if, from a blind prejudice for every thing which has come down to us from antiquity, they had not been often imitated in modern times. They were more early and more generally known than the Greek tragedies. Not merely learned men, without a feeling for art, have judged favourably of them; many preferred them to the Grecian tragedies, but even poets have accounted them deserving of their study and imitation. The influence of Seneca on Corneille's idea of tragedy cannot be mistaken; Racine too, in his *Phædra*, has condescended to borrow a good deal from him, and among other things, nearly the whole scene of the declaration of love, of all which we have an enumeration in Brumoy.

FEMALE WEAKNESS.

THE weakness they lament themselves create,
 Instructed from their infant years to court,
 With counterfeited fears, the aid of man.
 They seem to shudder at the rustling breeze,
 Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
 Till, affectation ripening to belief,
 And folly, frightened at her own chimeras,
 Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MOONSHINE.

KTANEOI KTAMOI 'ENI KYETIAI NENTE.

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Illustrious Sir,

YOUR sudden appearance in our benighted city, has made a wonderful noise. Every one has something to say of you and the labours of your associates....in short, the whole town seems to be Moon-struck. I was lately in a mixed company, where your merits were fully discussed by those who could understand your intentions, as well as by those who could not. One of the gentlemen loungers at the court, was very solicitous to know what was the hidden mystery of your Greek motto, and, at the same time, hoped you might be punished for the contempt of courts which you commit, when you insinuate that your rays have penetrated the walls where justice is dispensed.

But as I do not mean to act the part of an eaves-dropper, unless I think my communications may produce some advantage both to you and your readers, I shall at present merely call your attention to one part of the conversation. A very charming young lady, whose vivacity and good sense never fail to communicate pleasure to the friendly circle, complained of the neglect with which you treat the ladies, in turning over the care of their stockings to the superintendence of the stars, and of the scandalous indignity of classing them with stocks and the fall of empires.

I must acknowledge that I was surprised at this remark, as the lady is one of the few who pay more regard to the improvement of the head than the colour of hose. However, I hope you will indulge them in taking these matters under your especial charge, by which means you may command their attention, when you deign to honour us with a speculation upon more important topics.

To one of your profound erudition, aided by the accurate knowledge of human nature which you must have acquired in the Lunar regions, it would be mere supererogation, to expatiate on the necessity of enjoying the patronage of the fair: and I fear it would offend the gravity of such a personage, were I to dilate on the pleasure of winning their approving smiles.

E.

BY THE MAN IN THE MOON.

OUR new correspondent will find, that we have not neglected the subject of his petition. All matters appertaining to the governance, direction, illumination and protection of the fair, are confided to the zeal and abilities of the youngest and most gallant member of the Lunarian society, Mr. Lewis Lunatick, who is enjoined never to slumber at his post. Among other particulars, we have desired him to be very careful,

1. To interrupt all simpering beaux who may be found whispering in the corner of a ball-room, about the temperature of the weather; it being presumed that the ladies are already acquainted with the state of the atmosphere, from the last year's almanac or the present year's muslin.

2. To suffer no gentleman to squeeze the hand of a lady, unless he be her partner for life, or—a cotillion—and in either case, not too often nor with too much “gentle violence.”

3. To prevent, if possible, every female, except old maids, who live upon their own income and have not more than three cats to maintain, to play at loo, brag or Tommy-come-tickle-me. And the said last mentioned spinsters, are recommended to play the last mentioned game, if they can find any honest yeomen who have no cat to support and want one, and wear hose, which suffers the wind to kiss their bare heels.

4. To prevent all females of whatever age or condition, except those who envy the reputation of their neighbours, from talking scandal or drinking cordial before tea.

5. To prevent any lady from wearing foreign millinery, and telling the cost of it: we having cogent reasons for believing, that all dresses made in France are upwards of two inches and seven-eighths too short for a modest woman, and too dear for a prudent one: and moreover, that they are calculated to excite the impertinent stare of our sex, and the envious gaze of some of their own. From this interdiction, we are willing to except all young ladies, who, like Cinderella, owe their charms to the effects of magic and paint, and are willing to gain a husband by the symmetry of a foot.



GLANCES AT LIFE.

Herodotus, imitating the father poet, whose life he had written, hath besprinkled his work with many fabulosities.

BROWNE.

By VINCENT LUNARDI, Esq. *Sec. Lun. Soc.*

Our society is composed of characters so various, that a contemplative philosopher might style it an epitome of the world; and being aided in our deliberations by the observations of our learned president who has had more experience than any mortal man, we can confidently boast a combination of talents which are not surpassed by the National Institute, or even the American Philosophical Society. We have theorists in every department of science, and although their experiments have not yet produced any visible advantages to the community, they have not lost their courage. One of them lately discovered a method of ascertaining the longitude, and a subscription was immediately opened, to defray the expenses necessarily incident to the practical prosecution of his labours. One half of all the pecuniary profits, excepting the 25,000*l.* to be given by the English board of admiralty, was to become the reward of the liberal patronage of the subscribers. Matters were going on swimmingly, until an unlucky old put, who was asked for his money, happened to require a demonstration of the theory. It was then discovered, that the machine was admirably calculated for the inhabitants of the Moon, but could not possibly be employed in this nether world. Our president, who is the organ of communication between the Lunar world and the earth, will carry it to the Moon, the next time he visits that luminary: having entered into bonds for the faithful distribution of the profits of all the patent rights which he may vend among the Lunar navigators.

Another of our members, who traces his pedigree as far back as the time of one of his ancestors who was boatswain to Noah, has employed the last seventy years in compiling a HISTORY OF TEARS, from the time of the flood down to that of the loss of the gun-boat in a cornfield in South Carolina. He has often attempted to read it to us, but his eyes have become so weak by continual weeping over the calamities which he has described, that the society has prevailed upon him to postpone the task. The whole work is

divided into ninety-seven volumes folio; but it is so planned, that any part or parts may be read without observing the hiatus. He has wisely adopted this method, for the convenience of lounging readers, who may not be disposed to dip deeply into the subject. I am credibly informed, that he has introduced a very classical dissertation upon the grief of Niobe, who was changed into a stone, as the chroniclers of that age relate, because she had the presumption to think herself more beautiful than Latona. This he has fully proved to be entirely a fiction, representing the frigidity of the climate of Lydia. It seems, according to his argument, that Niobe being a woman of very sober habits, had gone to church to worship the mother of Apollo and Diana, but upon seeing some of her neighbours better dressed than herself, she fell to crying. In this situation she remained until the morning, when she was found stone dead and surrounded with a complete coat of ice. The weather continued to be so cold for the following nine days, that the sextons and grave diggers were frost-bitten in attempting to bury her. But on the tenth she was decently interred, and a motto expressive of her untimely fate was engraved upon her tomb-stone in the Bæotian dialect, by a celebrated stone-cutter of that time, who was also one of the Areopagi.

The death of Artemisa, another cryer of antiquity, he attributes to hard drinking; it being recorded of her (Plin. 36, c. 5) that she even drank a decoction of the ashes of her husband. Her famous mausoleum was built for no other purpose than to conceal these tippling frolics from the world.

He has moreover, introduced some remarks very useful to all cryers, upon the celebrated incantation of the Goddess of Justice, the present orthography of which he clearly proves to be a vile and unmeaning corruption, from the Gallic Oyez, Oyez, Oyez.

About *three hundred and eighty* pages of his *sixty-fifth* volume, are devoted to a critical and metaphysical analysis of the following tetrastick:

If the man who Oysters cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he would rather
Have an Oyster than his father.

Here he has entered very fully into the history of the different species of bi-valves, and detailed the various modes of cooking the Oyster. He has also shown more black letter learning than any of the commentators upon Shakspeare, by an investigation of the appetites, passions and desires of this odd fish, and completely demonstrated, that "an Oyster may be crossed in love—" But in his conclusion nothing is concluded, and he honestly confesses that he cannot account for the unfeeling disposition of him who would cry Oysters and yet not weep at the death of his father. He once submitted the question to an ingenious casuist in Philadelphia, but that gentleman, whether he was unable to solve the difficulty, or infected with the mania of the city, only answered him by a pun.

Next he takes into consideration the various causes of weeping, with a more particular reference to the death of a parent. Some children cry, he says, because they are sorry; some for gladness,* and others because it is the fashion.—Some young ladies because their sables do not become their complexion, or have been made so negligently as not to display the elegant symmetry of their persons. I pass over his wise disputation on the reasons why the Macedonian conquerer wept for new worlds to subdue, and likewise, why children cry for the Moon, lest I should prevent his book from selling.

But among the members of the Lunarian Society, perhaps no one is so deeply filled with the substance called Moonshine, as Lewis Lunatick. In his younger days, this unfortunate gentleman was struck by a Moon-beam which was almost overcharged with flames and darts and all the etceteras that compose the fearful artillery of love. Since that period he has roamed through the world "sighing like furnace." To his sensitive heart every woman is an angel; every breath is a sigh. The good old books which his father bequeathed to him have all been exchanged for "The Vicissitudes of the Heart;" The "Delusions of Fancy;" The "Victim of Sentiment;" and such volumes which contain

* Then they for sudden joy did weep
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a King should play bo-peep,
And play the fools among.

SHAKSPEARE.

every thing but common sense. When he commenced the career of life, the prospect was fair and inviting. Descended from a respectable family, his education was such as comported with his situation. Nature had adorned his mind with every talent which emulation requires, and his person was formed to captivate the admiration of the fair. With all the flattering forebodings of future eminence which such advantages promised, he entered on the practice of the law. But the tedious probation which is necessary to be passed, even by the brightest genius, in that profession, damped his aspiring hopes and enervated his exertions. Idleness, the destructive syren which ever hovers over the path of youth, spread her delusive snare, and ambition, after a short struggle, sighed and resigned herself a willing victim to her toils. The mighty mind of Hercules was reduced to the distaff, and his person was honoured and disgraced by the slipper of Omphale.

In vain did Lunatick contemplate the bright goal of his former race—in vain did he resolve to discontinue the company of the Muses, and cry, *vitanda est insidia syren desidia*. He had only like the younger Lyttleton, the resolution to make good resolutions, and there he stopped. The grave Blackstone would oft times relax the stern severity of his brow, and justice would beckon the wanderer to the vestibule of her temples. But he had penetrated an enchanted grove where volition surrendered her power to the wand of pleasure, and idleness laying her hand upon a volume of Rabelais, would swear he should not depart her courts. Thus in time, the twelve Judges were forgotten, while he listened to the inspiration of the nine Muses, and gazed upon the Graces.

CLEANLINESS.

THERE is a kind of anxious cleanliness, which is always the characteristic of a slattern; it is the superfluous scrupulosity of guilt, dreading discovery and shunning suspicion.—It is the violence of an effort against habit, which being impelled by external motives, cannot stop at the middle point.

MODERN GREECE.

ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΚΩΝ, &c. A Course of Belles Letters by Constantinos Oikomos, professor of Philology, &c. translated from the *Revue Encyclopédique*.

OIKOMOS holds a distinguished rank among those who have promoted the study of modern Greek literature. In 1813 he published an excellent *Treatise on Rhetoric*. For many years he has taught the Greek and Latin languages with success, and he has formed a great number of excellent scholars. He is, at the same time, first preacher of the churches at Smyrna, and he has acquired a brilliant reputation by his eloquence which attracts to his sermons, not only the inhabitants of this opulent city, but many foreigners of distinction. In the number of the warm admirers of this learned ecclesiastic, Anthimos, a native of Naxos and archbishop of Smyrna, is to be particularly distinguished.

Without having ever quitted Græce, Oikomos is profoundly versed in general literature; in the Latin, French, Italian and German languages. The present patriarch of Constantinople offered him one of the principal chairs in the great Greek college of that metropolis, but he was unwilling to abandon the country of Homer, where all his affections were centered.

Such is the person of whose *Course of Belles Letters* we now announce the first volume, the others being still in the press. This volume is divided into two parts. The first contains a short introduction in the following order; I. Definition and division of the fine arts. II. Difference between the fine arts in general and the fine and useful arts. III. Of genius: in the fine arts this faculty is an imitation of nature. IV. What is natural beauty. V. In what manner genius imitates natural beauty or enthusiasm. VI. Of taste in general. VII. Of the pleasures of taste and of the sublime in general. VIII. Of the sublime in style. IX. Of the beautiful in general. X. Of the beautiful in style. XI. Of taste in the fine arts. XII. That taste has a great influence upon manners; and ought, for this reason, to be cultivated with great care and attention.

The second book relates to the art of poetry, a subject which is treated with rigorous method. After a general introduction on the origin and nature of poetry, Oikomos speaks of epic and lyric poetry; then he demonstrates the principles and rules of the dramatic art, with remarkable justness and perspicuity. From this he passes to the bucolic, the apologue, didactic and satyrical poetry, the epistle and epigram. Such is nearly the contents of the first volume, of which we regret that we cannot offer a particular analysis. The author has put in requisition, numerous authors both ancient and modern, such as Aristotle, Longinus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Quintilian, La Harpe, Rollin, Le Batteux, Blair, and particularly those who have adopted the literary doctrines of the teacher of Alexander. We are pleased to perceive that, in general, the author unites, in his valuable work, an erudition equally extensive and solid with a taste which is at once enlightened and severe. He quotes with discernment, numerous fine passages from the classical writers of antiquity, and he frequently mentions the most celebrated authors among the French, English, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, and Portuguese, upon whose merits he decides with great impartiality. Still however this is not the brilliant part of his work. It is chiefly from the ancients that he deduces his principles. We should not criticise him severely, if, in speaking of the moderns, he has committed some mistakes.

The work is dedicated to Mr. Alexander Mawros, of Paros, one of the most opulent merchants of Greece, and also one of the first benefactors of this unhappy country which has made such vain efforts to emerge from a state of ignorance and degradation. The dedicatory epistle is worthy of the learned author and the illustrious patriot to whom it is addressed: "I do not honour you," says the writer, "for your riches; I do not admire you because the noble are your friends; I do not felicitate you on your exterior qualities:—It is in the practice of virtue that the merit of a man really consists; it is for this that we should admire, honour and felicitate. Without virtue, however great we may appear we are deficient in the most essential quality Your rare virtues, most noble Alexander, entitle you to universal esteem. You are magnanimous, liberal and generous. You

honour the Muses, you love your country. The wise depository of the gifts of Plutus, you employ them to loosen the bonds of wretched Greece.....You are the patron of the schools. You send abroad our young men to bring home the sciences of Europe. Your country is not unmindful of its obligations to you. It connects your name with those of the Moruzzi, the Zozimas, the Kaplani, and all the immortal benefactors of Greece. But while Smyrna shall exist, her college will declare most emphatically your munificence," &c. &c.

These passages, which we have literally translated, do not speak in exaggerated terms, although they flow from the most profound gratitude. Mr. Mawros, at his own expense, has founded a public school, in his own country, for the gratuitous instruction of youth; he has made large donations to different colleges in Greece, and he maintains a great number of pupils and teachers. The greater part of the Greek merchants, and particularly those of Odessa have also contributed according to their means, to the relief of Greece, by diffusing among her young men a taste for letters, sciences, and the arts.

The dedication is followed by a preliminary discourse addressed by the author to his countrymen. After some general reflections on the importance of classical literature and the manner of studying it, he exhorts all young men to the cultivation of eloquence. "It is by this means," exclaims the teacher, "that the orator conducts his fellow-citizens through the bye-paths of reason, imparts more exalted views of the dignity of man, contends with ignorance and error, and diffuses through his country the effulgence of the arts and sciences."

He proposes, as models of imitation, the learned patriarch of Constantinople, the archbishop Ignatius, some other prelates distinguished for their patriotism, and several gentlemen and merchants who have zealously contributed to the progress of instruction. He pays a well-merited tribute to Theocletus and Kokkiniki, editors of the *Literary Mercury*, as well as doctor Alexandrides, who publishes the *Commercial Telegraph* and the *Literary Telegraph*. These three journals, in modern Greek, are printed at Venice. He mentions also Athanasius of Stagira, professor of modern Greek in the Imperial academy of the same

city, who has published the prospectus of another Greek journal, entitled *Calliope*.

Oikomos advises particularly that the art of writing should be cultivated; "all our men of letters," he says, "contribute to the revival of Greece, but our number of good writers is lamentably small. The first and most celebrated, undoubtedly, is the learned Coray, so remarkable for the ease and clearness of his style, and the force and elevation of his thoughts."

The volume terminates with the following earnest and feeling exhortation:

"O ye who admire what is beautiful! young men of wretched Greece! listen to the last words of your friend. Your countrymen expect from you more finished works than this which you now peruse. My feeble labours will easily give place to yours. At some future day my hoary head will be surrounded by a crowd of industrious and skilful teachers; then with a trembling voice and a heart overflowing with joy, I shall chaunt songs to the Muses and the Graces."

BERTRAND DE BORN.

Bertrand de Born, a troubadour in the twelfth century, of equal renown for birth, valor and poesy, was enamoured of Helena, sister of Richard Cœur de Lion. To this passion succeeded another not less tender for *Maenz de Montagnac*, daughter of the viscount *Turenne*, and wife of Talleyrand Périgord, ancestor of the diplomatic hero of the present day. To exculpate himself from the charge of infidelity, of which this latter lady had accused him, he composed a song of singular originality, a character in which we trace the true knight of the golden day; a man entirely devoted to war and hunting, the games and labours of our sires, and who esteems his every occupation and amusement as inferior to the charms of love.

I cannot conceal from myself, says the enamoured Troubadour, the pain which your flatterers have excited by their strictures upon my conduct: but, for mercy's sake permit not the slanderers to estrange your heart from me:—that heart so frank, so loyal, so

true, so full of gentleness and goodness. May I, at the first throw loose my sparrow hawk, may a falcon tear it from my hand, may I behold it die under my eyes, if your language be not sweeter to me than the accomplishment of all my desires, than all the gifts of love from another lady! * * * * * May my casque obstruct my sight, may my reins be too short, and my stirrups too long; may the roughest trotting horse torment me, may the groom, at my arrival, be intoxicated to fury, if the person who has thus reviled me has not lied! If I approach the gaming-table to play, may I not be able to win a *denier*, may the table be so full that I cannot find a place at it, may all the dice be unfavourable, if I love any other woman, if I regard any but yourself alone, whom I desire and cherish! May I be shut up in a dungeon, may we not endure each other's sight, or rather may I be the laughing-stock of the world, masters, servants, guests, and even the porter himself, if I have a heart to love any other woman! May I permit another knight to pay his court to my lady before my face, and fail in resolution to avenge the insult; may the wind baffle me at sea; may even the porter of the king's court-yard presume to beat me; may I be the first to fly in a *rencontre*, if my accuser has not lied!

The readers of Dante may call to mind the figure of *Bertrand de Born* as described by that poet of gloom and mystery. He perceives a bust advancing to him without a head, or rather suspending his head by the hair with his right hand; the bust raises up the head, and presents it to the visiter of the shades, exclaiming, "Thou who, yet breathing, seekest the kingdoms of the dead, see if thou canst find any suffering equal to that which I endure; and that thou mayest carry some account of me to the land of the living, know that I am *Bertrand de Born*, the same who gave pernicious counsels to the young king, the son of Henry II. of England. I excited a son to revolt against his father: I was the Archithophel to this new Absalom; and, for having separated those whom God had united, I carry my head thus severed from my shoulders."

We are informed by *Mons. St. Palaye*, in his *Memoirs on Ancient Chivalry*, that all these asseverations were ineffectual, and that what was denied to the poet was granted to the generous

intercession of a rival. The incident is so characteristic of the manners of that day that I shall be pardoned for introducing it. The inflexible rigor of his mistress, determined him to leave her, and offer his heart to Tiberge de Montausier, a lady who was celebrated for her beauty, knowledge and virtue. This generous woman appeared afflicted, as well as flattered by his addresses, and resolved to reconcile the quarrel. "If you have not wronged her," she said, "I shall know it; and, if you are true I will do my utmost to restore you to the favour of Maentz: but if you are culpable, neither will I, or ought any other, to take you into their service."

Bertrand, satisfied with this generous offer, promised the lady of Montausier to love none but her, if he could not recover the good graces of Maentz; and she promised, on her part, to take him for her knight, if she could not succeed in her negotiation. Convinced, at last, of the innocence of the Troubadour, Maentz restored him to her favour, exacting, at the same time,—so serious and nice of honour were these love affairs;—that he should go and take a solemn leave of the lady of Montausier; and get himself disculpated, by her, from the sort of oath he had taken.

Bertrand celebrates this reconciliation in a piece, which has not been preserved. Mingling gallantry with very opposite ideas, he concludes it with saying, "the first laws of honour are, to make war; to tilt at Advent, and at Easter; and to enrich women with the spoils of the conquered."

ADVICE TO A JONGLEUR.

The Jongleurs (derived probably from *joculatores*.)—The Jongleurs were of an order quite inferior to the Troubadours: they professed to amuse the societies to which they were admitted, by their tales, by the verses which they had learned by heart, and which they accompanied with divers instruments, by sleights of hand, grimaces and buffoonery. In this degraded state, however, they learned to compose verses in imitation of those which they had committed to memory. *Giraud de Calauson*, a troubadour or rather *jongleur* of Gascony, in a curious *Sirvente*, gives the following advice to a *jongleur*:

"Know perfectly how to invent well, to rhyme well; to propose a subject with adroitness; know how to play on the drum

and cymbals, and to make the symphony sonorous; know how to throw and catch little apples on the point of a knife, to imitate the notes of birds, to play tricks, to direct the attacks of castles, to make monkies leap through four hoops, to play on the *citole* and *mandore*, to handle the manicorde (possibly a sort of spinnet) and the guittar, *garnir la rove d dix-sept cordes*,* play on the harp, *et bien accorder la gigne* (a merry air) *pour é gager l'air du psalterion*. *Jongleur*, thou wilt prepare nine instruments of ten strings; if thou learnest to play on them expertly; they will provide for all thy wants; make the lyres be heard, and the little hills resound."

After having enumerated the romances and tales which the *jongleur* is required to recite, the poet adds:

"Know how love runs and flies, how he goes without attire, how he repels justice with his darts, which he sharpens, and his two arrows, one of which is of pure gold which dazzles, and the other of steel which pierces so rudely that its wounds are incurable. Learn the ordinances of love, his privileges and his remedies, and know well how to explain his different degress, how rapidly he flies, on what he lives, what he does when he departs the deceits which he then practices, and how he destroys his servants. When thou shalt have learned all this, fail not to present thyself to the young king of Arragon, for no person better appreciates the good exercise; if thou knowest well thy trade, if thou art distinguished among thy betters, thou wilt not have to complain of the want of his largesses; if thou risest not above mediocrity, thou wilt deserve to be ill received by the best prince in the world."

WITCHES.

IN 1747, twenty-five years after the publication of king James's famous treatise to prove that there were such things as old men and old women who had intercourse with familiar spirits and demons in the shapes of cats and various other animals, James Howel, a quaint, but not less learned and intelligent man, writes as follows, on this curious subject:

* As many of these usages are now unknown, we have preferred the original French in some instances.

"I say, that he who denies there are such busy spirits, and such poor passive creatures upon whom they work, who commonly are called *witches*, I say again, that he who denies there are such spirits, shows himself that he hath a spirit of contradiction in him opposing the concurrent and consentient opinion of all antiquity." *Familiar Letters*, &c. p. 425.

Dr. Brown, the author of a work on *Vulgar Errors*, was himself a dupe to this most vulgar of all prejudices.

EXPATRIATION.

IN 1809, the Spanish ambassador at London, Apadoca, required of the British ministry that Aaron Burr, (formerly vice president of the United States) who was then in London, should be compelled to depart from the kingdom for having undertaken an expedition against the Spanish American colonies. Burr appeared when summoned, and claimed the right as a British subject, under Magna Charta, to remain unmolested in the country to which he owed allegiance. He asserted that he was entitled to protection by his *birth* under the British government long before the independence of America, and that Great Britain could not refuse to recognize the right of any subject born within the realm or its colonies.

Among the lawyers who were consulted on this important question was *John Reeve* esq. After a very full consideration, his opinion was given in favour of Burr's claim. The "Discussions," are preserved in *HALL's Law Journal*, vol. 6.

SONNET FROM THE DANISH.

We mentioned in a former number Mr. Fæerson's translations from the English, and we are gratified to learn from a late publication that his *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have been succeeded by *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, and *Richard the Third*. Of the two first of these immortal dramas a second edition has been called for. Of the "dedicatory lines," which the translator has addressed to her royal highness princess Louisa Augusta, the following translation may gratify the readers of the *Port Folio*.

SNATCH'D from the scenic monarch's glorious crown,
A few stray gems I bring. Before thy feet,
Exalted fair, in every charm complete,
With rev'rence and delight I lay them down,
Their home was ever in the princely breast;
That crowned vestal, western sun of fame,
She loved them; and in their unfading flame
The image of her brightness shines confess'd.
As when the flow'rets of the spring unfold
Their censers, with the pearls of morn replete,
Nature's sweet sacrifice, the lordly sun
Joys to illumine them; on my offering bold
Sun of the North, from thy resplendent seat,
Of all thy countless rays, oh, shed but one!

INDULGENCE OF THE APPETITE.

THE excessive indulgence of the appetite is well ridiculed by an ingenious writer, who is not generally known:—It has often been observed, he says, that all other animals besides man, are contented with one species of food, flesh, fish or fowl, or vegetables; and never encroach on that of a different species. The lion, though invested with sovereign power, and living in regal state, is content with the leg of a calf, or the haunch of a stag; never thinks of a second course, or of a desert, or even of sauce, cauliflower, or carrot, pickled cucumber, or the like. The eagle also, king of the birds, feasts himself and the royal family, the young princes, and the infanta, on a brace of pheasants, a turkey, or a dozen pigeons; but would not debase himself by stooping to a nest of jarks, or robin red-breasts, for a second course.

But man, as lord of the creation, by his prerogative, falls foul on whatever comes in his way, and ransacks the universe to gratify his voracious appetite; the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the beasts of the forests, with the vegetables of every *genus* and of every *species*; not only herbs, which were intended for the use of man, but roots, which seem reserved for the food

and snouts of hogs; nay, even the excrescences of nature, mushrooms and truffles, indigestible substances, which, if ever they were intended to be eaten, must probably have been by the inhabitants of the infernal regions.

If temperance, however, regulated our use of these various articles of food, with which Providence indulges us; if we killed the animals without cruelty, and cooked them with plainness and simplicity, they might be what Providence intended them, instead of what we too often make them; a blessing, and not a curse: but when we torture them in taking away their lives, as we often do, and scarify, and carbonade, and be-devil their flesh, not only with pepper and salt, as we do the gizzard of a turkey, and adding a little *nutmeg*, a little *cinnamon*, a *blade of mace*, with *chalom* and onions, &c. and eat it with oil, vinegar, or mustard; such a heterogeneous mixture, instead of producing a lacteous chyle, flowing through the alimentary canal, like the gentle stream of Arno, must become a caustic fluid, rushing like the fiery torrent of Vesuvius, harrowing up, and tearing the vessels; or, at least, generate fevers, calentures, and every disease incident to the human body. (*Grave's Invalid.*)

JURISDICTION.

In the matter of Daniel Washburn, before chancellor Kent, (New-York August, 1819) the judge declared that it was the law and usage of nations, resting on the plainest principles of justice and public utility, to deliver up offenders charged with felony and other high crimes, and fleeing from the country in which the crimes were committed, into a foreign and friendly jurisdiction: that when a case of that kind occurred, it would be the duty of the civil magistrate, on due proof of the fact, to commit the fugitive, to the end that a reasonable time might be afforded for the foreign government to make the requisite application to the proper authorities here for his surrender.

The Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, L. L. D. F. R. S. &c. Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America at the Court of France, and for the Treaty of Peace and Independence with Great Britain, &c. &c. Comprising a Series of Letters on Miscellaneous, Literary, and Political subjects, written between the years 1753 and 1790: illustrating the Memoirs of his public and private Life; and developing the Secret History of his political Transactions and Negotiations. Now first published from the Originals, by his grandson William Temple Franklin. 4to. pp. 450. Price 2*l.* 2*s.* (second edition,* 2 vols. 8vo. price 1*l.* 8*s.* 1817.)

(*With a portrait of the author.*)

This collection is distributed into three parts,—letters on miscellaneous subjects—letters on American politics—and letters on the negotiations for peace. In each part they are put in chronological series, and therefore they are placed as far as the shorter series extend back in time, in three parallel courses, thus bringing the writer thrice through the same stages of his life and employments; and that, too, after the reader may be presumed to have passed through them once already in the narrative. This is the best arrangement for facilitating the reader's acquisition of the historical information to be derived from the political portions of the correspondence; but it less comports with a strictly biographical purpose, since, instead of our beholding, during the progress, the *whole* character and the diversified agency of the man, we are shown only one section or side, if we may so express it, of that character and agency at once, and are brought back to go with him again, and yet again, through the same periods of his life, in order to have another, and still another view of the same person. We would rather, if we conveniently might take our whole view of the man in one progress, beholding him exhibited, at each step and stage, in each and all of his capacities, characteristics, and occupations.

Perhaps, however, when a large portion of a man's letters relate solely to a grand national affair, which they very greatly elucidate, it may, after all, be as well to let the biographical purpose and interest become secondary, and make such a disposition of them as will be most advantageous for understanding that affair of history. Indeed, if the display of the man were to be regarded as the chief object in this part of the correspondence, we are apprehensive that most readers might wish it retrenched, as less than one half the number of letters would have sufficed for that; but let the object be a disclosure of the secret history of the American Revolution, and nearly of all them may be found to have their pertinence and value.

Taken all together, this collection of letters would, we think, in the absence of all other documents and representations, afford sufficient means for a competent estimate of the writer. The

* The life and writings of Dr. Franklin, published in Philadelphia by W. Duane, are comprized in 6 vols. 8vo.

character displayed by them is an unusual combination of elements. The main substance of the intellectual part of it, is a superlative good sense, evinced and acting in all the modes of that high endowment; such as,—an intuitively prompt and perfect, and steadily continuing apprehension; a sagacity which with admirable ease strikes through all superficial and delusive appearances of things, to the essence and the true relations; a faculty of reasoning in a manner marvellously simple, direct, and decisive; a power of reducing a subject or question to its plainest principles; an unaffected daring to meet whatever is to be opposed, in an explicit, direct manner, and in the point of its main strength; a facility of applying familiar truths and self-evident propositions, for resolving the most uncommon difficulties; and a happy adroitness of illustration by parallel cases, supposed or real, the real ones being copiously supplied by a large and most observant acquaintance with the world. It is obvious how much this same accurate observation of the world would contribute to that power of interpreting the involuntary indications of character, and of detecting motives and designs in all sorts of persons he had to deal with, and to that foresight of consequence in all practical concerns, in which he was probably never surpassed. It is gratifying to observe how soon he would see to the very bottom of the characters and schemes of plausible hypocrites and veteran statesmen, proud as they might be of the recollected number of their stratagems and their dupes, and so confident of their talents for undermining and overreaching, that it took some of them a considerable time to become fully aware of the hazard of attempting their practice upon the republican. Not one of their inadvertencies, or of their over-done professions, or of the inconsistencies into which the most systematic craft is liable to be sometimes betrayed, was ever lost upon him. There are in the course of these letters, curious and striking instances of personages of great pretension, and of other personages, seeking to effect their purposes, under the guise of making no pretension, putting him in full possession of their principles and designs, by means of circumstances which they little suspected to be betraying them, and for which he, if it was necessary, could be discreet enough to appear never the wiser. In process of time, however, courtiers, ministers, intriguers, and the diplomatic gentry, had the mist cleared from their faculties sufficiently to understand what kind of man it was they had to do with.

There is one thing deficient in this collection, for the perfect illustration of the independence of Dr. Franklin's judgment. He resided a long course of years in France, in the exercise of the most important official functions for the American States, both during and after the war, and a great majority of the letters are dated at Passy, near Paris. As the French government was a most efficient friend to America in that momentous and perilous season, and her minister at the French court experienced there all manner of respect and complaisance, it was natural enough he

should speak in terms of considerable favour of that people and their governors,—of favour to certain extent—*quoad hoc*. But we are in vain curious to know whether this complacency was any thing like limited by justice. We are compelled to doubt it, from observing the many unqualified expressions of partiality to the French and their rulers, and from nowhere finding any terms appropriate to the frivolity of the nation, and the despotism and ambition of the government. Why do we find none such? Are there no preserved letters manifesting that the republican philosopher maintained a clear perception and a condemnatory judgment of such things, in spite of the Parisian adulation to himself, and the aid given to the rising republic by a tyrannic monarchy? And as to that aid itself, it would be one of the most memorable examples of the weakness of strong minds, if Franklin could ever for a moment mistake, or estimate otherwise than with contempt, the motive that prompted it; a motive which, in any case in which he had not been interested, would have placed the whole affair of this alliance and assistance in a quite different light from that in which he seemed so gratified to regard it.—A profligate and tyrannic court, a disinterested friend to a people asserting their freedom, and in the form of a republic! And could the American ambassador, though gratified, of course, by the fact of powerful assistance, affect to accept from that court, without a great struggle with his rising indignant scorn, the hypocritical cant and cajolery about co-operation against oppression, respect for the virtuous and interesting patriots of the new world, and the like, as expressive of its true principles in seizing so favourable an occasion for giving effect to its hatred against England? And could he, into the bargain, contemplate an enslaved and debased people, pass in the front of the Bastile, and behold the ruinous extravagance and monstrous depravity of that court, with feelings which required nothing to keep them in the indulgent tone, but the recollection of French troops and French money employed in America?

If the editor had in his possession any letters or other manuscripts tending to prove that no such beguilement took effect upon a judgment on which so many other kinds of persons and things attempted in vain to impose, it was due to Franklin's reputation for independence of judgment, to have given them, even though they should have brought some impeachment upon his sincerity in the grateful and laudatory expressions repeatedly here employed respecting France, and its interference in the contest.

In a general moral estimate of his qualities, insincerity would seem to find very little place. His principles appear to have borne a striking correspondence, in simplicity, directness, and decision, to the character of his understanding. Credit may be given him for having, through life, very rarely prosecuted any purpose which he did not deliberately approve; and his manner of prosecution was distinguished, as far as appears, by a plain hon-

esty in the choice of means, by a contempt of artifice and petty devices, by a calm inflexibility, and by greater confidence of success than is usually combined with so clear and extended a foresight of the difficulties;—but indeed that foresight of the difficulties, might justify his confidence of the adaptation of his measures for encountering them.

He appears to have possessed an almost invincible self-command, which bore him through all the negotiation, strifes with ignorance, obstinacy, duplicity, and opposing interest, and through tiresome delays and untoward incidents, with a sustained firmness, which preserved to him in all cases the most advantageous exercise of his faculties, and with a prudence of deportment beyond the attainment of the most disciplined adepts in mere political intrigue and court-practice. He was capable, indeed, of feeling an intense indignation, which comes out in full expression in some of the letters, relating to the character of the English government, as displayed in its policy toward America. This bitter detestation is the most unreservedly disclosed in some of his confidential correspondence with David Hartly, an English member of parliament, a personal friend of Franklin, a constant advocate to a measured extent, of the Americans, and a sort of self-offered, clandestine, but tacitly recognised medium for a kind of understanding, at some critical periods, between the English government and Dr. Franklin, without costing the ministers the condescension of official intercourse and inquiry. These vituperative passages have a corrosive energy, by virtue of force of mind and of justice, which perfectly precludes all appearance of littleness and mere temper in the indignation. It is the dignified anger of Cato or Aristides. And if a manifestation of it in similar terms ever took place in personal conference with such men as were its objects, it must have appeared any thing rather than an ungoverned irritability; nor would it have been possible to despise the indignant tone in which contempt was mingled with anger, as far as the two sentiments are compatible. Believing that the men who provoked these caustic sentences, did for the most part, deserve them, we confess we have read them with that sort of pleasure which is felt in seeing justice made to strike, by vindictive power of mind, on the characters of men whose stations defended their persons and fortunes from the most direct modes of retribution.

When, at length, all was accomplished that, with long and earnest expostulation, he had predicted, and been ridiculed for predicting, to the English statesmen, as the certain consequence of persisting in their infatuated course, we find no rancorous recollection, no language of extravagant triumph at the splendid result, nor of excessive self-complacency in the retrospect of his own important share in conducting the great undertaking to such a consummation. His feelings do not seem to have been elated above the pitch of a calm satisfaction at having material-

ly contributed to the success of a righteous cause, a success in which he was convinced he saw not simply the vindication of American rights, but the prospect of unlimited benefit to mankind.

And here it may be remarked, that his predominant passion appears to have been a love of the useful. The useful was to him the *summum bonum*, the supreme fair, the sublime and beautiful, which it may not perhaps be extravagant to believe he was in quest of every week for half a century, in whatever place, or study, or practical undertaking. No department was too plain or humble for him to occupy himself in for this purpose; and in affairs of the most ambitious order this was still systematically his object. Whether in directing the construction of chimneys or of constitutions, lecturing on the saving of candles or on the economy of national revenues, he was still intent on the same end, the question always being how to obtain the most of solid tangible advantage by the plainest and easiest means. There has rarely been a mortal, of high intelligence and flattering fame, on whom the pomps of life were so powerless. On him were completely thrown away the oratorical and poetical heroics about glory, of which heroics it was enough that he easily perceived the intention or effect to be, to explode all sober truth and substantial good, and to impel men, at the very best of the matter, through some career of vanity, but commonly through mischief, slaughter, and devastation, in mad pursuit of what amounts at last, if attained, to some certain quantity of noise, and empty show, and intoxicated transient elation. He was so far an admirable spirit for acting the Mentor to a young republic. It will not be his fault if the citizens of America shall ever become so servile to European example, as to think a multitude of supernumerary places, enormous salaries, and a factitious economy of society, a necessary security or decoration of that political liberty which they enjoy in pre-eminence above every nation on earth. In these letters of their patriarch and philosopher, they will be amply warned, by repeated and emphatical representations, of the desperate mischief of a political system in which the public resources shall be expended in a way to give the government both the interest and the means to corrupt the people. Of such representations the following passages will afford a tolerably fair specimen.

“Her” (England’s) “great disease at present is the number and enormous salaries and emoluments of office. Avarice and ambition are strong passions, and separately act with great force on the human mind; but when both are united and may be gratified in the same object their violence is almost irresistible, and they hurry men headlong into factions and contentions destructive of all good government. As long therefore as these great emoluments subsist, your parliament will be a stormy sea, and your public counsels confounded by private interests.”

"When I think of your present crazy constitution and its diseases, I imagine the enormous emoluments of place to be among the greatest. As it seems to be a settled point at present that the minister must govern the parliament, who are to do every thing he would have done, and he is to bribe them to do this, and the people are to furnish the money to pay these bribes, the parliament appears to me a very expensive machine for government, and I apprehend the people will find out in time that they may as well be governed, and that it will be much cheaper to be governed, by the minister alone.

"As long as the immense profits of these officers subsist, members of the shortest and most equally chosen parliaments will have them in view, and contend for them, and their contests will have all the same ruinous consequences. To me there appears to be but one effectual remedy, and that not likely to be adopted by so corrupt a nation; which is to abolish these profits, and make every place of *honour* a place of *burden*. By that means the effect of one of the passions above mentioned would be taken away and something would be added to counteract the other.

"The parliament have of late been acting an egregious farce, calling before them the mayor and aldermen of Oxford, for proposing a sum to be paid by their old members on being re-chosen at the next election: and sundry printers and brokers for advertising and dealings in boroughs, &c. The Oxford people were sent to Newgate, and discharged after some days, on humble petition, and receiving the speaker's reprimand upon their knees. The house could scarcely keep countenance, knowing as they all do, that the practice is general. People say they mean nothing more than to beat down the price by a little discouragement of borough jobbing, now that their own elections are all coming on. The price indeed is growing exorbitant, no less than 4000*l.* for a member. Mr. Beckford has brought in a bill for preventing bribery and corruption in elections, wherein was a clause to oblige every member to swear, on admission into the house, that he had not directly or indirectly given any bribe to any elector, &c. but this was so universally exclaimed against as answering no end but perjuring the members, that he has been obliged to withdraw that clause. It was indeed a cruel contrivance of his, worse than the gunpowder plot. Mr. Thurlow opposed his bill by a long speech. Beckford in reply gave a dry hit to the house, that is repeated every where: "The honourable gentleman, in his learned discourse, gave us first one definition of corruption, and then another definition of corruption, and I think he was about to give us a third. Pray does that gentleman imagine *there is any member of this house that does not KNOW what corruption is?*" which occasioned only a roar of laughter, for they

are so hardened in their practice that they are very little ashamed of it.

“ The parliament is up and the nation in a ferment with the new elections. Great complaints are made that the natural interests of country gentlemen in their neighbouring boroughs, is overborne by the monied interests of the new people who have got sudden fortunes in the Indies, or as contractors, &c. 4000*l.* is now the market price for a borough. In short this whole venal nation is now at market, will be sold for about two millions, and might be bought out of the hands of the present bidders (if he would offer half a million more) by the very devil himself.”

It would, however, have been but fair to have acknowledged how inconsiderable a portion of the nation they are whose venality it is that, on these occasions, has the *effect* of selling the whole people; and that, the case being so, the fact of the nation's being sold does not prove its general venality. How perverse is its fortune! that in such a state of its representation it might be sold, though a vast majority of its people were of the sternest integrity; whereas, in an enlarged and more equalized state of its representation, with a more frequent return of elections, it could not be sold, though every living thing in the land were venal, for the plain reason that the buyers could not come into such a market. They could not afford to purchase such a number of articles miscalled consciences, even at the low rate a piece which is the utmost worth of most of them, upon any calculation of three years' chances of indemnification by obtaining some moderately remunerated office, with the additional chances as to the duration of their occupancy. And, by the way, is not this obvious view of the matter, more than an answer to all that sophistry and corruption can say for things as they are? Can there be any more decisive test of a bad or a good construction of political institutions, than that they appear framed expressly to promote corruption and venality, and to avail themselves of them, like our present system of representation; or that they disappoint and discourage corruption, by being of a constitution the least capable that human wisdom can contrive, of finding their advantage in that corruption?

The political portion (the larger portion) of this correspondence, will be a valuable addition to the mass of lessons and documents which might have been supposed long since sufficient to disenchant all thinking men of their awful reverence for state-mystery, and cabinet-wisdom, and ministerial integrity, and senatorial independence. We would hope, in spite of all appearances, that the times may not be very far off, when the infatuation of accepting the will of the persons that happened to be in power; as the evidence of wisdom and right, will no longer bereave nations of their sense, and their peace, and the fruits of their industry and improvements; no longer render worse

than useless, for the public interests, the very consciences of men whose conduct relative to their individual concerns bears a fair appearance of sound principle and understanding. We will hope for a time when no secret history of important events will display the odious spectacle of a great nation's energies and resources, and the quiet of the world, surrendered without reserve, to the mercy, and that mercy "cruel," of such men as Franklin had to warn in vain of the consequences of their policy respecting America.

The Correspondence gives an exhibition of almost every thing that ought to enforce on a nation the duty of exercising a constitutional jealousy of the executive. English readers may here see how worthily were confided the public interests of their forefathers, involving to an incalculable extent their own. They may see how, while those forefathers looked on, many of them for a great while too infatuated with what they called their loyalty, to dare even a thought of disapprobation, those interests were sported with and sacrificed by men who cared not *what* they sacrificed, so long as their own pride, and resentment, and emolument, could stand exempted. They may see how fatally too late those forefathers were in discovering, that their public managers had begun their career in the madness of presumption, and that warning, and time, and disastrous experiments, and national suffering, had done nothing towards curing it. They will see how, while a show of dignity, and a talk of justice, national honour, and so forth, were kept up before the people, there were no expedients and tricks too mean, no corruptions too gross, no cabals and compromises of disagreeing selfishnesses too degrading, to have their share in the state-machinery which was working behind this state-exhibition. What is the instruction resulting from all this, but the very reverse of what we have so often heard inculcated on the one hand by interested and corrupt advocates, and on the other by good men of the quietest school? What should it be but that nations ought to maintain a systematic habitual jealousy and examination relative to the principles and schemes of their rulers; that especially all movements toward a *war* should excite a ten-fold vigilance of this distrust, it being always a strong probability that the measure is wrong, but a perfect certainty that an infinity of delusions will be poured out on the people to persuade them that it is right.

But to return to an *honest* politician. Great admiration is due to the firm, explicit, and manly tone, with which he meets the inquiries, the insidious propositions, or the hinted menaces, of the hostile government and its agents; to the patience with which he encounters the same overtures, and attempted impositions, in a succession of varied forms; to the coolness and clearness with which he sometimes discusses, and the dignified contempt with which he sometimes spurs, very many of the political letters afford examples; we are particularly struck with

one, (p. 250, 4to.) addressed from Paris to a person who had written to him from Brussels, without a genuine name, and with other circumstances of mystery, suggesting also a mysterious mode, which the doctor did not adopt of transmitting a reply. The letter was designed to obtain Franklin's opinion of certain unofficially proposed terms of accommodation, and his answer shows that he believed the writer to be a person of more importance than the ordinary sort of agents that now and then made their attempts upon him. It is far too long for us to insert a fourth part of it, but it is an example of vigorous thought, compressed composition, and high-toned feeling. We are attempted to quote some passages. It begins thus:

"SIR,

I received your letter dated at Brussels the 16th past. [the 16th of June, 1778.] My vanity might possibly be flattered by your expressions of compliment to my understanding, if your proposals did not more clearly manifest a mean opinion of it.

"You conjure me in the name of the omniscient and just God before whom I must appear, and by my hopes of future fame, to consider if some expedient cannot be found to put a stop to the desolation of America, and prevent the miseries of a general war. As I am conscious of having taken every step in my power to prevent the breach, and no one to widen it, I can appear cheerfully before that God, fearing nothing from his justice in this particular, though I have much occasion for his mercy in many others. As to my future fame, I am content to rest it on my past and present conduct, without seeking an addition to it in the crooked, dark paths you propose to me, where I should most certainly lose it. This your solemn address would therefore have been more properly made to your sovereign and his venal parliament. He and they who wickedly began and madly continue a war for the desolation of America, are alone accountable for the consequences—

"You think we flatter ourselves and are deceived into an opinion that England *must* acknowledge our independency. We on the other hand think you flatter yourselves in imagining such an acknowledgment a vast boon which we strongly desire, and which you may gain some great advantage by granting or withholding. We have never asked it of you. We only tell you that you can have no treaty with us but as an independent State; and you may please yourselves and your children with the rattle of your right to govern us, as long as you have done with that of your king's being king of France, without given us the least concern if you do not attempt to exercise it. That this pretended right is indisputable, as you say, we utterly deny. Your parliament never had a right to govern us, and your king has forfeited it. But I thank you for letting me know a little of your mind, that even if the parliament should acknowledge our independency,

the act would not be binding to posterity, and that your nation would resume and prosecute the claim as soon as they found it convenient. We suspected before that you would not be actually bound by your conciliatory acts longer than till they had served their purpose of inducing us to disband our forces; but we were not certain that you were knaves by principle, and that we ought not to have the least confidence in your offers, promises or treaties though confirmed by parliament.—”

In the concluding sentences, (injured in one instance by a bad pun,) he takes the whole advantage of being a republican and an American.

“ This proposition of delivering ourselves bound and gagged, ready for hanging without even a right to complain, and without a friend to be found afterwards among all mankind, you would have us embrace upon the faith of an act of parliament! An act of your parliament! This demonstrates that you do not yet know us, and that you fancy we do not know you. But it is not merely this flimsy faith that we are to act upon; you offer us *hope*, the hope of *PLACES*, *PENSIONS* and *PEERAGE*. These judging from yourselves, you think are motives irresistible. This offer to corrupt us sir is with me your credential, and convinces me that you are not a private volunteer in your application. It bears the stamp of British court intrigue, and the signature of your king. But think for a moment in what light it must be viewed in America. *PLACES*, which cannot come among us, for you take care by a special article to keep them to yourselves. We must then pay the salaries in order to enrich ourselves with these places. But you will give us *PENSIONS*; probably to be paid too out of your expected American revenue; and which none of us can accept without deserting and perhaps obtaining a *suspension*. *PEERAGES*! alas! Sir, our long observation of the vast servile majority of your peers, voting constantly for every measure proposed by a minister, however weak or wicked, leaves us small respect for them, and we consider it as a sort of tar-and-feather honour, or a mixture of foulness and folly, which every man among us who should accept from your king, would be obliged to renounce or exchange for that conferred by the mobs of their own country, or wear it with everlasting shame. I am, sir, your humble servant.”

His perfect superiority to all envy of this sort of honours, under any circumstances, is shown, not by laborious depreciation, but by the transient casual expressions of slight which give the more genuine indications of contempt, of that easy and true contempt which it costs a man no trouble to maintain. The only instance in which we recollect his taking pains about the matter, is in reference to that little whim of the transatlantic republicans, the order of the Cincinnati, which some of them wished to make an hereditary distinction, in humble imitation of the European institution of nobility. He felt it due to the cha-

factor of their revolution and their republican polity, to set himself in earnest to explode, by ridicule and argument, this piece of folly. If for the honour of their own persons, the aspirants liked such a bauble, even let them have it, he said, at whatever it was worth; but he had no mercy on the absurdity of pretending to transmit down honorary distinctions to persons who by the nature of the case cannot have earned them.

It has been hinted already that, as a matter of general reading, the political portion of these letters will perhaps be thought too large. But it may be presumed that documents illustrating the American revolution, may excite more interest now than they would have done between twenty and thirty years since. About that time the old world appeared to be on the eve of such a revolution in favour of liberty, as would have rendered, at least for a time, that of the American colonies a comparatively inconsiderable event. The military process through which it had been accomplished, was already begun to be spoken of as "the little war," and a republican confederation of a number of scantily inhabited farming districts, was ceasing to be an imposing spectacle, when European monarchies, of immense population, and ancient fame for literature, arts, arms, and royal and aristocratic magnificence, were seen melting and moulding, amid volcanic fires, into new forms, bearing a transient, indeed, and dubious, but at first hopeful semblance of beauty and vigor. The long and tremendous tumult of all the moral elements, involving such a cost of every human interest, as could be repaid by no less a result, than a mighty change for the better of the whole political and social condition of Europe, has subsided in the consolidation of the very system by which its commencement was provoked, with the addition of an infinite account of depravity and poverty. But America, all this while, has been exulting in the consequences of *her* revolution, and still triumphs in freedom undiminished, in an administration of government of which it is *not* the grand business to squander or devour her resources, and in a prosperity and power continually enlarging, with unlimited capabilities and prospects. Here then is the revolution that has succeeded, while all things else have failed: it eclipses, now the importance of all the events by which its own importance appeared about to be eclipsed; and the interest which it claims to excite, will be progressive with its magnificent consequences. The proprietor therefore of these papers, has been wise or fortunate in reserving them to become old in his possession.

The most entertaining, however, and by no means an uninteresting division of the letters, will be the first part, called "miscellaneous," and consisting chiefly of letters of friendship, abounding in tokens of benevolence, sparkling not unfrequently into satiric pleasantry, but of a bland good-natured kind, arising in the most easy natural manner, and thrown off with ad-

mirable simplicity and brevity of expression. There are short discussions relating to various arts and conveniences of life, plain instructions for persons deficient in cultivation, and the means for it; condolences on the death of friends, and frequent references, in an advanced stage of the correspondence, to his old age and approaching death. Moral principles and questions are sometimes considered and simplified; and American affairs are often brought in view, though not set forth in the diplomatic style.

It is unnecessary to remark that Franklin was not so much a man of books as of affairs; but he was not the less for that a speculative man. Every concern became an intellectual subject to a mind so acutely and perpetually attentive to the relation of cause and effect. For enlargement of his sphere of speculation, his deficiency of literature, in the usual sense of the term, was excellently compensated by so wide an acquaintance with the world, and with distinguished individuals of all ranks, professions, and attainments.

It may be, however, that a more bookish and contemplative employment of so ne portion of his life, would have left one deficiency of his mental character less palpable. There appears to have been but little in that character of the element of sublimity. We do not meet with many bright elevations of thought, or powerful enchanting impulses of sentiment, or brilliant transient glimpses of ideal worlds. Strong, independent, comprehensive, never remitting intelligence, proceeding on the plain ground of things, and acting in a manner always equal to, and never appearing at moments to surpass itself, constituted his mental power. In its operation it has no risings and fallings, no disturbance into eloquence or poetry, no cloudiness of smoke indeed, but no darting of flames. A consequence of this perfect uniformity is, that all subjects treated, appear to be on a level, the loftiest and most insignificant being commented on in the same unalterable strain of a calm plain sense, which brings all things to its own standard, insomuch that a great subject shall sometimes seem to become less while it is elucidated, and less commanding while it is enforced. In discoursing of serious subjects Franklin imposes gravity on the reader, but does not excite solemnity, and on grand ones he never displays or inspires enthusiasm.

It is, however, curious to see such a man just now and then a little touched with romance: as, for instance, in the following letter to Dr. Priestley.

"I always rejoice to hear of your being still employed in experimental researches into nature, and of the success you meet with. The rapid progress *true* science now makes, occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born so soon. It is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried in a thousand years, the power of man over matter; we may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of the gravity, and give them absolute levity

for the sake of easy transport. Agriculture may diminish its labour and double its produce: all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured, (not excepting even that of old age) and our lives lengthened at pleasure even beyond the antediluvian standard. O that moral science were in as fair a way of improvement, that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!"

In another letter to Dr. Priestley he describes and recommends a mode of balancing arguments, which he very appropriately denominates "moral algebra."

"In the affair of so much importance to you, wherein you ask my advice, I cannot for want of sufficient premises, counsel you *what* to determine; but if you please, I will tell you *how*. When those difficult cases occur, they are difficult chiefly because, while we have them under consideration, all the reasons *pro* and *con* are not present at the same time: but sometimes one set present themselves, and at other times another, the first being out of sight. Hence the various purposes or inclinations that alternately prevail, and the uncertainty that perplexes us. To get over this, my way is to divide half a sheet of paper by a line into two columns; writing over the one *pro* and over the other *con*: then during three or four days' consideration, I put down under the different heads, short hints of the different motives that at different times occur to me, *for* or *against* the measure. When I have thus got them altogether in one view, I endeavour to estimate their respective weights, and where I find two, (one on each side) that seem equal, I strike them both out. If I find a reason *pro* equal to some *two* reasons *con* I strike out the *three*. If I judge some *two* reasons *con* equal to some *three* reasons *pro*, I strike out the *five*; and thus proceeding I find at length where the *balance* lies; and if after a day or two of farther consideration, nothing new that is of importance occurs on either side, I come to a determination accordingly. And though the weight of reasons cannot be taken with the precision of algebraic quantities, yet, when each is thus considered separately and comparatively, and the whole lies before me, I think I can judge better, and am less liable to make a rash step; and in fact I have found great advantage from this kind of equation, in what may be called *moral* or *prudential algebra*."

In a very friendly letter to Dr. Mather, of Boston, he mentions a very simple cause as having, in early life, contributed to determine him to that course of practical utility which he pursued to the last.

"I received your kind letter with your excellent advice to the people of the United States. Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet if they make a deep impression in one active mind of a hundred, the effects may be con-

siderable. Permit me to mention one little instance which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book entitled *Essays to do Good*, which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life: for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good*, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book. You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year, I am in my seventy-ninth year; we are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston; but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit, and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724. He received me into his library, and on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop.' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, *you are young, and have the world before you; stoop as you go through it and you will miss many hard thumps.* The advice thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high."

We may transcribe a few of the passages in which he adverts, sometimes philosophically, sometimes almost playfully, never with the appearance of gloom or alarm, to death. At about the age of eighty he says to an old friend,

"I cannot distinguish a letter, even of large print; but am happy in the invention of double spectacles, [this ingenious contrivance is clearly described] which serving for distant objects as well as near ones make my eyes as useful to me as ever they were. If all the other defects and infirmities were as easily and cheaply remedied, it would be worth while for friends to live a good deal longer: but I look upon death to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

Several years later he says, to Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph,

"My health and spirits continue, thanks to God. as when you saw me. The only complaint I then had [the stone] does not grow worse, and is tolerable. I still have enjoyment in the company of my friends: and being easy in my circumstances, have

many reasons to like living. But the course of nature must soon put a period to my present mode of existence. This I shall submit to with less regret, as, having seen, during a long life, a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully with filial confidence resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good parent of mankind who created it, and who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to my present hour."

In his eighty-second year he thus writes from Philadelphia, to an old friend in England:

"I often think with great pleasure on the happy days I passed in England with my and your learned and ingenious friends, who have left us to join the majority in the world of spirits. Every one of them now knows more than all of us they have left behind. It is to me a comfortable reflection, that since we must live forever in a future state, there is a sufficient stock of amusement in reserve for us, to be found in constantly learning something new to eternity, the present quantity of human ignorance infinitely exceeding that of human knowledge."

Again:

"You are now seventy-eight and I am eighty-two; you tread fast upon my heels: but though you have more strength and spirit; you cannot come up with me till I stop, which must now be soon; for I am grown so old as to have buried most of the friends of my youth, and I often hear persons whom I knew when children, called *old* Mr. such-a-one, to distinguish them from their sons, now men grown and in business; so that living twelve years beyond David's period, I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been a-bed and asleep. Yet had I gone at seventy, it would have cut off twelve of the most active years of my life, employed too in matters of the greatest importance."

In a letter to a daughter of bishop Shipley, relative to his recent decease, he says,

"According to the course of years I should have quitted this world long before him: I shall however not be long in following. I am now in my eighty-fourth year, and the last year has considerably enfeebled me; so that I hardly expect to remain another. You will then, my dear friend, consider this as probably the last line to be received from me, and as a taking leave."

In one of the letters of about his eightieth year, he thus philosophically calculates on a future occasion.

"You see I have some reason to wish that in a future state, I may not only be *as well as I was*, but a little better. And I hope it; for I too, with your poet, *trust in God*. And when I observe that there is great frugality as well as wisdom in his works,

since he has been evidently sparing both of labour and materials;—for by the various wonderful inventions of propagation he has provided for the continual peopling of his world with plants and animals, without being at the trouble of repeated new creations; and by the natural reduction of compound substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new compositions, he has prevented the necessity of creating new matter;—I say, that when I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that he will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist, and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus finding myself to exist in the world I believe I shall in some shape or other always exist: and with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine, hoping, however, that the *errata* of the last may be corrected.”

But the most remarkable letter in the volume, is one written in his eighty-fifth year, to Dr. Ezra Stiles, president of Yale college, who had in a very friendly and respectful manner solicited some information respecting the aged philosopher's opinion of the Christian religion. Franklin's reply to an inquiry which he says had never been made to him before, is written with kindness and seriousness, but nevertheless in terms not a little evasive. But perhaps it would in effect have as much explicitness as his venerable correspondent could wish, for it would too clearly inform the good man, as it does its present readers, that this philosopher, and patriot, and, as in many points of view he may most justly be regarded, philanthropist, was content and prepared to venture into another world without any hold upon the Christian faith. In many former letters, as well as in this last, he constantly professes his firm belief in an Almighty Being, wise, and good, and exercising a providential government over the world; and in a future state of conscious existence, rendered probable by the nature of the human soul, and by the analogies presented in the renovations and reproductions in other classes of being, and rendered necessary by the unsatisfactory state of allotment and retribution on earth. On the ground of such a faith, so sustained, he appears always to anticipate with complacency, the appointed removal to another scene, confident that he should continue to experience in another life the goodness of that Being who had been so favourable to him in this, “though without the smallest conceit,” he says, “of meriting such goodness.” The merely philosophic language uniformly employed in his repeated anticipations of an immortal life, taken together with two or three profane passages in these letters, (there are but few such passages*),

* One of the most prominent and offensive is in a very short letter (p. 115, 4to.) written when past eighty, on the occasion of the death of a person whom he calls “our poor friend Ben Kent.” “We were going to transcribe,—but it is better to leave such vile stuff where it is.

and with the manner in which he equivocates on the question respectfully pressed upon him by the worthy president of Yale college, respecting his opinion of Christ, leaves no room to doubt that, whatever he did really think of the Divine teacher, he substantially rejected Christianity—that he refused to acknowledge it in any thing like the character of a peculiar economy for the illumination and redemption of a fallen and guilty race. Nothing, probably, that he believed, was believed on the authority of its declarations, and nothing that he assumed to hope after death, was expected on the ground of its redeeming efficacy and its promises. And this state of opinions it appears that he self-complacently maintained without variation, during the long course of his activity and speculations on the great scale; for in this letter to Dr. Stiles, of the date of 1790, he enclosed, as expressive of his latest opinions, one written nearly forty years before, in answer to some religious admonitions addressed to him by George Whitfield. So that throughout a period much surpassing the average duration of the life of man, spent in a vigorous and very diversified exercise of an eminently acute and independent intellect, with all the lights of the world around him, he failed to attain the one grand simple apprehension, how man is to be accepted with God. There is even cause to doubt whether he ever made the inquiry, with any real solicitude to meet impartially the claims of that religion which avows itself to be, on evidence, a declaration of the mind of the Almighty on the momentous subject. On any question of physics, or mechanics, or policy, or temporal utility of any kind, or morals as detached from religion, he could bend the whole force of his spirit, and the result was often a gratifying proof of the greatness of that force; but the religion of Christ it would appear that he could pass by with an easy assumption that whatever might be the truth concerning it, he could perfectly well do without it. To us this appears a mournful and awful spectacle; and the more so from that entire unaffected tranquillity with which he regarded the whole concern in the conscious near approach of death. Some of the great Christian topics it was needless to busy himself about then, because he should soon learn the “truth with less trouble!”

VIRTUE.

“Be virtuous ends pursu’d by virtuous means,
 Nor think th’ intention sanctifies the deed.”
 That maxim published in an impious age,
 Would loose the wild enthusiasts to destroy,
 And fix the fierce usurper’s bloody title,
 Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,
 And bid success become the test of truth.
 Unpitying massacre might waste the world,
 And persecution boast the call of heaven.

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

AN ODE.

I.

THE lamps are bright in Babel's tower,
 Belshazzar feasts in pride and power.
 On golden throne,
 Clothed in his grandeur, haughty and alone,
 He sits in state.
 Around him wait
 A thousand Satraps in their crested pride;
 And, nearer seen, his lovely queen
 Wears the dread splendors of a monarch's bride.

II.

Of molten gold, the pillars hold
 A dome begemm'd with stones of price,
 And handiwork of rare device.
 The banquet glitters on the board,
 Inviting its voluptuous lord;
 Young beauty smiles,
 Queen of hearts and witching wiles,
 And mantling shine the cups of wine,
 Wak'ning, as their drops they quaff,
 Hearts that dance, and eyes that laugh;
 And wild and loud the minstrel throng
 The proud carousal cheer with harp and song.

III.

Sweetest nard the virgins sprinkling,
 Gently wake the timbril's tinkling,
 And, in mazes right fantastic
 Trip it light on steps elastic.
 Wheeling, turning, coming, flying,
 Granting now, and now denying.
 Tranced, and soul-dissolving,
 Lo! the monarch lies——
 Ecstasies involving,
 Lose his raptured eyes.

On the soft bosom of his queen,
Reclining all serene,
He dreams no more of royal toil and care,
And painful glories vanish into air.

IV.

Starts a rapid clangor,
Rousing to brave anger;
Shrill and strong, breaks the song,
Of daring deed and warrior throng,
Pealing deep in numbers grave,
The battle and the brave.
"Strength of shields, and edge of swords,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Wake thee, wake thee, glory calls,
Once again, lo! Salem falls."
He starts up from his consort's side,
In the drunkenness of pride,
Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell defying,
Hosts he sees before him flying,
While the rage to assuage,
Sought in vain the minstrel Mage.

V.

"Bards! louder yet my father's triumph sing,
And here the Hebrew's hallowed vessels bring."
Those vessels shine with Heathen wine,
And Salem mourns her violated shrine;
And o'er her bleeding woes, her victors sing
The song of triumphing.

VI.

"Who comes in his glory, from Babylon's waters,
Devouring the earth in the wrath of his slaughters?
Who comes like the sun, in the joy of the morn,
His blood-reeking banners by victory borne?
In the strength of his shields, the Assyrian comes down,
The earth, with her rivers and mountains, his own.
He comes, like a giant refresh'd with new wine,
Exulting in strength, while his men of war shine.

In the pride of his heart to the fight he advances,
The wilderness flames with the gleam of his lances;
The son of the forest, with howling affright,
Starts from the blaze to the darkness of night.
Like the roaring of waters, like the bellowing of storm,
Like dark rolling clouds, to the combat they form;
And hurling their foes to the torrents of hell,
Triumphing sing to the glory of Bel."

VII.

"Look to the king! look to the lord!
Starting from the banquet board."
Pale, and motionless, as monumental stone,
The cold flesh quivers on the bone.
The sparkless eye upon the wall is raised,
There rivetted—it gazes glazed.
What can Assyria's greatness thus appal?
A seyer'd hand is moving on that wall—
A sever'd hand, in deep mysterious gloom,
Traces the character of doom.
O'er all that gorgeous room,
'Tis the deep hush of terror,—and the breath
Already owns the chilling touch of death.
Chaldea's Seers, aghast,
Confess their science past.
Those characters remain
Belshazzar's bane!

VIII.

The hoary Hebrew came,
Upon his lip the prophet's flame
Burning in brightness.
His form is feeble, slow his pace
Wild ringlets shade his aged face
Reveren'd in whiteness.
He saw, he read, he spoke;
And all delirious, from his quiet broke.
As the arrow from the bow
As the fish that flies the foe,

As the gush of Horeb flow'd,
As the lightning from the cloud,
Starts he to life,
Convulsive with prophetic strife.
His eye, where Age her film had drawn,
Flashes the flame of its glances;
His old, worn form, all animated shone.
Kindled and wild he advances;
His hands upraised, he cries, in raptured rage,
While passion swallows up the trace of age.

IX.

"Belshazzar! son of the morning,
How art thou fall'n!
From thy bright path above, resplendently burning,
To the waters art thou roll'n!
Thy branches all blooming, thy garden perfuming,
Flames are consuming.
Babylon weeps o'er her portion of sorrow
The ruin of Sodom, the curse of Gomorrah.

X.

"O king! I see the day of visitation,
Thy perish'd kingdom, and thy scattered nation!
I hear the mournful sound,
The lonely sound that lingers in these walls;
Stone after stone, on column column falls,
And desolation blackens all around.
The spider's web hangs on thy panoply:
The lizard creeps in thy goblet of amber;
The wild fox nests in thy bed-chamber,
Owls in thy canopy.
Where glitter'd thy palaces—vaunted thy walls,
From her sledge-cover'd plashes the bittern calls.

XI.

"The earth is at rest, and breaks forth into singing,
A wild bird untrammell'd to liberty springing,
The cedars of Lebanon lift up their voice,
And, waving their hundred arms, o'er thee rejoice.

O! hills of Gilboa! now raise ye the song,
 The harp, and the tabret, and young maiden throng.
 See! Jordon flows brightly, with merry waves leaping,
 And Carmel the smiling of thankfulness wears.
 Fair daughter of sorrow! arise from thy weeping
 Come forth in thy beauty, O! Salem of tears!

XII.

"Thou king of terrors! Lord of death and doom!
 Where shalt thou fly, from the curse of thy gloom?
 The bright lights of heaven are quench'd on thy path,
 Its angels anoint thee with vials of wrath!
 Earth trembles beneath thee, heaven totters on high,
 Where, wretched outcast! where wilt thou fly?
 Hell yawns to receive thee, it stirs up the dead—
 All griesly the spectre—kings leap from their bed;"

"Art thou weak as we?" they ask in fell mirth,
 Who did'st scatter, like dust, the throne of the earth?
 "Go—king of Babel—this night is thy last,
 Thy kingdom is weighed, found wanting, and past."
 The prophet fell bloodless, exhausted, and pale,
 But terror yet echoed his soothsaying tale.



DEATH.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting sounds!
 Are only varied modes of endless being.
 Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
 Derives its value from its use alone;
 Not for itself—but for a nobler end:
 The Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
 When inconsistent with a greater good,
 Reason commands to cast the less away.
 Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

LETTERS FROM BURNS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN a pamphlet which Mr. Wordsworth published some time ago, [see Port Folio, January, 1817] this eccentric poet, actuated by a benevolent regard to the fame of Burns, endeavoured, with great eloquence and ingenuity, to draw a line of separation between the personal and the poetical character of the Scottish bard. He maintained that we have no right to scrutinize the blemishes in a man's life, although it might be highly necessary to form a proper estimate of his writings. We confess that we know not how to form a fair opinion of an author, unless the curtain be drawn, and his private history exhibited. We would not consider too curiously the indiscretions of youth or passion, but general deportment is fairly within the jurisdiction of criticism, and biography would lose one of her most important functions, if she neglected this commentary.

Shortly after the death of Burns, (in 1796) a volume was published which consisted of private letters, written by the poet in the latter part of his life, though before his fame had been impaired by irregularities, and when his mind retained all its fullness and force of passion. The volume was very properly suppressed, because it related chiefly to an affair which did not redound to the credit of the parties concerned, and could afford no practical utility to the world. Some extracts from it, however, may be republished without offence to the living, or injury to the dead. They are made from a copy which was preserved from conflagration by the printer.

"I do *love* you, if possible, still better for having so fine a taste and turn for poetry. I have again gone wrong in my usual unguarded way, but you may erase the word, and put esteem, respect, or any other tame Dutch expression you please in its place. I believe there is no holding converse, or carrying on correspondence, with an amiable woman, much less a glorious, amiable, fine woman, without some mixture of that delicious passion, whose most devoted slave I have more than once had the honour of being. But why be hurt or offended on that account? Can no honest man have a prepossession for a fine woman, but he must run his head against an intrigue. Take a little of the tender witchcraft

of love and add to it the generous, the honourable sentiments of manly friendship, and I know but one more delightful morsel, which few, few in any rank, ever taste. Such a composition is like adding cream to strawberries: it not only gives the fruit a more elegant richness, but has a peculiar deliciousness of its own."—"I like to have quotations for every occasion. They give one's ideas so pat, and save one the trouble of finding expression, adequate to one's feelings: I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, joys, cares, loves, &c. an embodied form in verse, which to me is ever immediate ease."

"What a strange mysterious faculty is that thing called imagination! We have no ideas almost at all of another world; but I have often amused myself with visionary schemes of what happiness might be enjoyed by small alterations, alterations that we can fully enter into in this present state of existence. For instance suppose you and I just as we are at present; the same reasoning powers, sentiments, and even desires; the same fond curiosity for knowledge, and remarking observation in our minds; and imagine our bodies free from pain, and the necessary supplies for the wants of nature at all times, and easily within our reach: imagine, further, that we were set free from the laws of gravitation which bind us to this globe, and could at pleasure fly without inconvenience, through all the yet un conjectured bounds of creation—what a life of bliss would we lead in our mutual pursuit of virtue and knowledge, and our mutual enjoyment of friendship and love!"

"Have you ever met a perfect character? Do we not sometimes rather exchange faults than get rid of them? For instance, I am perhaps tired with and shocked of a life too much the prey of giddy inconsistencies and thoughtless follies; by degrees I grow sober, prudent, and stately pious—I say stately, because the most unaffected devotion is not at all inconsistent with my first character—I join the world in congratulating myself on the happy change. But let me pry more narrowly into this affair: have I, at bottom, any thing of a secret pride in these endowments and emendations? Have I nothing of a Presbyterian sourness or hypocritical severity, when I survey my less regular neighbours? In a word, have I missed all those nameless and numberless modifications

of indistinct selfishness which are so near our own eyes, that we can scarce bring them within our sphere of vision, and which the known spotless cambric of our character hides from the ordinary observer.

“Coarse minds are not aware how much they injure the keenly feeling tie of bosom friendship—when, in their foolish officiousness they mention what nobody cares for recollecting. People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity, that fires, at being trifled with, or lowered, or even too nearly approached.

“My favourite feature in Milton's Satan, is his manly fortitude in supporting what cannot be remedied—in short, the wild broken fragments of a noble exalted mind in ruins. I meant no more by saying he was a favourite hero of mine.

“I mentioned to you my letter to Dr. Moore, giving an account of my life: it is truth, every word of it, and will give you the just idea of a man, whom you have honoured with your friendship. I am afraid you will hardly be able to make sense of so torn a piece.

“How wretched is the condition of one who is haunted with conscious guilt, and trembling under ideas of a dreadful vengeance! And what a placid calm, what a charming secret enjoyment it gives, to bosom the kind feelings of friendship and the fond throes of love! Out upon the tempest of anger, the acrimonious gall of fretful impatience, the sullen frost of lowering resentment, or the corroding poison of withered envy! They eat up the immortal part of man! If they spent their fury only on the unfortunate objects of them, it would be something in their favour; but these miserable passions, like traitor Iscariot, betray their Lord and master.”

A VINTNER'S AND SHOEMAKER'S DISPUTE.

[From Howell's "*Familiar Letters*."]]

I'LL tell your lordship of a passage which happened lately in my lodging, which is a tavern. I had sent for a shoemaker to make me a pair of boots, and my landlord, who is a pert, smart

man, brought up a *choppin* of white wine (and for this particular there are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper, for they are but a groat a quart, and it is a crime of a high nature to mingle or sophisticate any wine here). Over this chop-pin of white wine, my vintner and shoemaker fell into a hot dispute about bishops. The shoemaker grew furious and called them the *firebrands of hell*, and *the instruments of the devil*, and that *they were of his institution, not of God's*. My vintner took him up smartly, and said "Hold neighbour there; do you not know, as well as I, that Titus and Timothy were bishops? that our Saviour is entitled the bishop of our souls? that the word *bishop* is as frequently mentioned in scripture as the name *pastor*, *elder*, or *deacon*? Then why do you inveigh so bitterly against them?"—The shoemaker answered, "I know the name and office to be good, but they have abused it."—My vintner replied; "well, then, you are a shoemaker by your profession; imagine that you, or a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand of your trade, should play the knave, and sell calf's skin boots for neat's leather, or do other cheats, must we therefore go barefoot: must the gentle craft of the shoemakers fall therefore to the ground? It is the fault of the men, not of the calling." The shoemaker was so grieved at this, that he was put to his *last*; for he had not a word more to say.

CONSOLATIONS OF IMPRISONMENT.

[*From the same.*]

THERE is a people in Spain called *Los Patuucos*, who some three score and odd years since were discovered by the flight of a hawk of the duke of Alva's. This people then all savage, (though they dwelt in the centre of Spain, not far from Toledo, and are yet held to be a part of those aborigines that Tubal Cain brought in), being hemmed in and imprisoned as it were by a multitude of craggy huge mountains, thought that behind those mountains there was no more earth. I am so habituated to this prison, (the Fleet,) and accustomed to the walls thereof, that I might well be brought to think that there is no other world behind them; and in my extravagant imaginations I often compare

this fleet to Noah's ark, surrounded by a vast sea, and huge deluge of calamities, which hath overwhelmed this poor island. Nor although I have been so long aboard here, was I yet under hatches, for I have a cabin upon the upper deck, whence I breathe the best air the place affords; add hereunto, the society of master Hopkins, the warder, is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil gentlemen that I have conversed withal. Moreover, there are some choice gentlemen that are my co-martyrs; for a prisoner and a martyr are the same thing, save that the one is buried before his death, and the other after.

TURKS AND WINE.

[*From the same.*]

THE last grand Turk died of excess of wine, for he had at one time swallowed three and thirty okes, which is a measure near upon the bigness of our quart; and that which brought him to this was the company of a Persian lord, that had given him his daughter for a present, and came with him from Bagdat: besides, one accident that happened to him was that he had an eunuch who used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of life to refrain, swearing by Mahomet that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so: yet the eunuch still continued in his drunkenness. Hereupon the Turk conceiving with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkenness, because this man preferred it before his life, fell to it himself, and so drank himself to death.

A CURIOUS STORY OF SUDDEN GRAYNESS.

[*From the same.*]

When the duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst in Flanders; and there was a provost-marshal in his army, who was a favourite of his, and this provost had put some to death by secret commission from the duke. There was one captain

Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost; and one evening late he went to the said captain's tent and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as was his custom. He told the captain that he was come to execute his excellency's commission of martial law upon him: the captain started up suddenly, his hair standing at an end, and being struck with amazement, asked wherein he had offended the duke. The provost answered: "Sir I come not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission: therefore, I pray, prepare yourself, for there is your ghostly father and your executioner." So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done, the hangman going to put the halter about his neck, the provost threw it away, and breaking out into a laughter, told him that there was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage how he would bear the terror of death. The captain looked ghastly upon him, and said "Then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Bolea, though a young man about thirty, had his hair all turned gray, to the admiration of all the world, and of the duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was revoked, and in his journey to the court of Spain, he was to pass by Saragossa, and this captain Bolea told him that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *casa de locos*, a bedlam-house, for there was not the like in Christendom. "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon, and wish him to be in the way." The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him that the duke would come to visit the house the next day; and the chiefest occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject often times to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffling train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost, very shining brave; being entered into the house, about the duke's person, captain Bolea told the warden, pointing at the provost,

"That is the man:" so he took him aside into a dark lobby, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his gilt sword, and his hat and feather, and so hurried him down into a dungeon. My provost had laid there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a gentleman, coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped in at a small grate where the provost was; the provost conjured him, as he was a good christian, to go and tell the duke of Alva his provost was there clapped up, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did the errand; whereat the duke being astonished, sent for the warden with his prisoner: so he brought my provost *en cuerpo*, madman-like, full of straws and feathers, before the duke, who, at the first sight of him breaking out into laughter, asked the warden why he made him his prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "It was by virtue of your excellency's commission; brought me by captain Bolea."—Bolea stepped forth and told the duke; "Sir, you have asked me often times how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly gray. I have not revealed it to any soul yet breathing, but now I'll tell your excellency:" and so fell relating the passage in Flanders. "And, sir, I have been ever since beating my brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought nothing to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he has made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could; and had he staid some days longer close prisoner in the bedlam-house, it might haply have wrought some impressions upon his pericranium." The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends; and the gentleman that told me this passage said that the said captain Bolea was yet alive, so that he could not be less than ninety-years of age.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE POPE IN PARIS.

EVERY one knows that Bonaparte ordered the pope to repair to Paris for the purpose of crowning him. In Lavalley's *History of the French Factions* a very lively and picturesque description is given of the ceremonies of the coronation, and some curi-

ous particulars of the reception of the pope! Napoleon and his good people of Paris seem to have tried who should *quizz* his holiness most effectually. Napoleon invited him to court to witness voluptuous dances, and he was introduced to the empress by the reputed *atheist* Lalande; while the Parisians flocked round the balcony of his hotel, insisted on his showing himself, laughed heartily at him whenever he appeared, and when he gave them his benediction, shouted *encore*. In the return of the coronation train from Notre Dame to the Thuilleries, the pope and his attendants afforded infinite entertainment to the spectators. There was his holiness' cross bearer, a *monsigner Spremi*, with a lengthened jesuitical phiz, long, black, greasy hair, and a large broad brimmed hat, mounted on a mule. The mob were amused with this grave personage beyond all decency; and when his mule became restive, and the grooms who led the animal were about to urge it forward by blows, the priest calling out in great wrath,—“Don't touch it,—don't touch it; it is consecrated,” their mirth was perfectly outrageous.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

“I am but a gatherer and disposer, of other men's stuff.” WORTON.

Slave Trade.—EXTRACT from Resolutions recently proposed in the House of Commons, by Mr. Wilberforce.

“That the United States of America were honourably distinguished as *the first who pronounced the condemnation of this guilty traffic*; and that they have since successively passed various laws for carrying their prohibition into effect: That, nevertheless, we cannot but hear with feelings of deep regret, that notwithstanding the strong condemnation of the crime by all the great powers of Europe, and by the United States of America, there is reason to fear that the measures which have been hitherto adopted for actually suppressing these crimes are not yet adequate to their purpose:

“That we never, however, can admit the persuasion, that so great and generous a people as that of France, which has condemned this guilty commerce in the strongest terms, will be less earnest than ourselves to wipe away so foul a blot on the character of a Christian people:

“That we are, if possible, still less willing to admit such a supposition in the instance of the United States, a people derived originally from the same common stock with ourselves, and fa-

voured like ourselves, in a degree hitherto, perhaps, unequalled in the history of the world, with the enjoyment of religious and civil liberty, and all their attendant blessings:

"That the consciousness that *the government of this country was originally instrumental in leading the Americans into this criminal course*, must naturally prompt us to call on them the more importunately to join us in endeavouring to put an entire end to the evils of which it is productive."

A monument by Chantry has lately been erected in All-Saints' church, Cambridge, to the memory of Henry Kirk White. An American gentleman, of Boston, named Boot, has been at the expense.

Price of a Bible in 1274.—In the year 1274 the price of a small Bible neatly written was 30*l.* which sum no doubt, was equal to 200*l.* of our money. A good Bible, may now be had for two or three shillings! It is said that the building of two arches of London bridge cost only 25*l.*; which is 5 pound less than a copy of the Bible many years afterwards. Of what incalculable value is the art of printing? We see its beneficial effects more widely extended than ever, by means of Sunday schools, Bible societies, and Christian Missionaries.

British Liberty.—A most singular prosecution to conviction has lately taken place in the county of Kent.—The hon. Charles Noel, who resides at Barham court, a member of the Established Church, has divine service performed in his family morning and evening; in which several persons in the neighbourhood, it appears, have been in the habit of assisting, sometimes to the number of 20 persons, as the summons to Mr. Noel and the witnesses expressed, besides the immediate family and servants. The law in this case it seems, is imperious: and notwithstanding the restrictions on Dissenters have been entirely removed, it inflicts a penalty of 40*l.* on members of the Established Church for doing what is done by every other description of Christians with complete safety!—The *avowed* informant in this case was the right honorable the earl of Romney. The penalty was paid immediately. One half of it (after the expense of prosecution is paid) goes to the informer; and the other moiety to the poor of the parish where the *offence*, as the law calls it, was committed.

The Treaty held at Edwardsville, (Illinois,) between colonels Chateau and Stephenson, the commissioners for the United States, and the chiefs of the Kickapoo Indians, was concluded on the 6th of August. The Indians have sold to the United States the tract of land called *Sangam*, lying partly on the Illinois and Kankakee rivers, containing about 10,000,000 acres. A great portion of the land is said to be excellent, and is now settled by about 300 families. The Indians have obtained in exchange a tract of land, extending from the rivers Osage and La Pomme, and the heads of White river, to which they are to remove.—

It appears that the Times newspaper has about 44 reporters: they each take a short time of the debate, and break off upon the

entrance of another. The minutes are upon slips of paper made into the form of a book; and each slip as soon as it finished is put into the hands of the printer.

Artists in England.—It appears from a list of each class inserted in a late number of *Annals of the Fine Arts*; that modern patronage has created in England not less than 1931 professional artists of various descriptions, in and near the metropolis; of whom there are 582 painters, 45 sculptors, 491 architects, 93 engravers in line, 38 in mixed stiles, 19 in mezzotinto, 83 in aquatinta, 22 on wood; and it deserves to be especially noticed among the painters, that there are no less than 42 ladies.

Boston.—Several grave stones have been found in Beacon-street, about three feet from the surface of the ground, at a place where workmen have been employed in lowering the level of the street. One of them contains the following inscription:

"Hannah Francis, daughter of Abraham and Mary Francis, aged 2 years and six weeks, died Feb. ye 5th, 1686."

There is another of 1687, one 1695 and 1696—one stone to Mrs. Elizabeth Blake; one to ——— Hayes, 1695.

Trenton, N. J.—A mineral spring has lately been discovered in digging a well on the lot of Mr. John Anderson, Innkeeper, in this city. The water is a tolerably strong chalybeate; is very cold, and not unpleasant to the taste. It is already much resorted to; and if we had but the rough roads, rugged precipices, huge rocks and high mountains, might soon become as celebrated as Schooley's.—It has been found beneficial in many cases of disordered stomachs, loss of appetite, debility, &c.

Alexandria in Egypt.—The viceroy Mohammed Ali Pasha, conceived the design of digging a navigable canal from the Nile to Alexandria, by means of which large boats might be enabled to convey merchandise directly to Cairo, independent of the changeableness of the weather which often impeded their progress to Rosetta and rendered the entrance of the Nile impassable.

The works commenced in October last—and their superintendence is committed to Mohammed Bey, who had the command of 300 troops destined to preserve order amongst the workmen, collected from the country, who are changed once a month. The waters of the Nile having increased more than had been expected, the labours have been suspended, and recommenced in the month of December. The workmen were augmented to 30,000; at present, the whole number employed amounts to 270,000 persons. The genius and activity of Ali Pasha promised to conduct this enterprize, so useful to commerce, in a short time to a glorious issue. The workmen are divided into eight divisions; at the head of each is a Bey with a certain number of troops. Besides these, Ishmail Pasha, with a corps of cavalry, patrols incessantly the whole line of divisions, to inspect the workmen and animate them in the performance of their labours. The length of the canal is to lie 45 miles, its breadth 90 feet; but its depth

has not been yet decided. Besides the Turkish engineers, several foreigners are also employed, amongst whom is don Carlo Billotto, a Neapolitan.

Indian Civilization.—The views of the president of the United States, under whose direction the annual 10,000 dollars, appropriated by the last Congress for Indian civilization and improvement, are to be applied, may be gathered from the subjoined letter, which we understand, has been issued in the form of a circular, by the War Department, to as many agents as are known to be engaged in promoting the work of Indian civilization “within the limits of those Indian nations which border on our settlements.”

The information called for is certainly necessary, as a first step in the progress of a system which is to be adopted in order to give to the appropriation its contemplated effect.

Doubtless this appropriation will be more extensively promotive of the object intended by it, as an auxiliary fund, especially in such hands as those in which it is in contemplation to place it, than it could possibly be made were it constituted an independent one.—The sum is too small upon which to organise a separate system; but, were it ten times its present amount, it is probable that, even then, it would be more practically and usefully applied by the men who have gone forth under the impulse of their own humanity, and in the strength of their own means, than it would be by mere undertakers.

“In order to render the sum of 10,000 dollars, annually appropriated at the last session of congress for the civilization of the Indians, as extensively beneficial as possible, the President is of opinion that it ought to be applied in co-operation with the exertions of benevolent associations, or individuals, who may choose to devote their time or means to effect the object contemplated by the act of Congress.

“But it will be indispensable, in order to apply any portion of the sum appropriated, in the manner proposed, that the plan of education, in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic, should, in the instruction of the boys, extend to the practical knowledge of the mode of agriculture, and of such of the mechanic arts as are suited to the condition of the Indians; and in that of the girls to spinning, weaving, and sewing. It is also indispensable that the establishment should be fixed within the limits of those Indian nations which border on our settlements. Such associations, or individuals, who are already actually engaged in educating the Indians, and who may desire the co-operation of the government, will report to the Department of War, to be laid before the President, the location of the institutions under their superintendence, their funds, the number and kind of teachers, the number of youths of both sexes, the objects which are actually embraced in their plan of education, and the extent of the aid which they require; and such institutions as are formed, but have not gone

into actual operation, will report the extent of their funds, the places at which they intend to make their establishments, the whole number of youths of both sexes which they intend to educate, the number and kind of teachers to be employed, the plan of education adopted, and the extent of the aid required. This information is necessary to enable the President to determine whether the appropriation of Congress ought to be applied in co-operation with the institutions which may request it, and to make a just distribution of the sum appropriated.

"In proportion to the means of the government, co-operation will be extended to such institutions as may be approved, as well in erecting the necessary buildings, as in their current expenses."

Gen. Sarazin.—In the year 1799, Gen. Sarazin was attached to the division of French troops which occupied Leghorn; he there married Miss Schwartz, the daughter of a notary in the state council, with whom he received a competent fortune. In 1810 he had a principal command in the French forces encamped at Boulogne; in the month of June of that year he made his escape to England. For this desertion he was condemned to death, *par contumace*, by a council of war, held afterwards at Lisle. In London he paid his addresses to Miss Georgiana Maria Hutchinson, to whom he was married at St. Anne's church, Westminster, on the 26th of May, 1813. It was at the suit of this lady that the present indictment for bigamy was laid; it was generally supposed that a third claimant (Mademoiselle Delert, whom he married on his return to France in 1814,) would have transposed the accusing word to that of *trigamy*; but she desisted from taking part in the present prosecution, and the circumstance was only alluded to on the trial to show the versatility of the general's tender attachments. During his trial he affected the most ironical and indecorous indifference; which will be best characterised by the following extracts:—

President—Were you married in England?

Sarazin—I was before a priest there.

President—You abjured the Roman Catholic religion?

Sarazin—Come, come, all that's a joke.

President—As I am not joking, I request you will answer me, and that in a becoming manner. Here is a certificate of the priest who married you, in which he attests that you voluntarily abjured the errors of the Romish church and became a Protestant.

Sarazin—(In a humorous tone.) This abjuration is foreign to the subject, and I beg of you not to meddle with it. Whether I am a Jew or a Christian has nothing to do with my trial for bigamy.

President—Are you married to Miss Hutchinson?

Sarazin—I promised to marry her.

President—What did you do in presence of the priest?

Sarazin—It was a masquerade. (Murmurs.)

President—Did you not receive her fortune?

Sarazin—That affair, on the contrary, cost me 10,000 francs in six weeks; you will agree, that is paying dear for pleasure.

The expression of the accused excited much disapprobation in the assembly; the ladies, particularly, manifested their indignation. He would have been found guilty by acclamation had he been tried by a female jury. On his observing, that if he had done right he should have sold such a wife as Miss Hutchinson publicly in the market—

The President said, "You agree then that you are her husband since only a wife can be sold in such a manner."

Sarazin—At least I passed for such. I know well from this eagerness to prove that I contracted several marriages, it is wished to prove that I have received several fortunes; and all this done to make me appear despicable; but I am a man of honour!! and above the contempt of men!!!

President—Say rather beneath it—You have betrayed your country; you carried to England the plans of the French encampment with one hand, and extended the other to receive the price of your felony. In 1815 you wrote to the Minister of War, that it was by means of your plans that the English took the Isle of France, and that the Russians beat Bonaparte's army in 1812.

Sarazin—Sir, permit me to tell you that I am of Gascon origin, and that I said much more than was true.

By order of the president, Miss Hutchinson was introduced for examination in proof of her marriage. She is represented as very handsome, with a touching expression in her countenance. She was regarded by all present with the most commiserating interest. Without speaking the French language perfectly, she spoke it with a facility which rendered the medium of an interpreter unnecessary. In answer to questions put by the president, she said that Gen. Sarazin had paid his addresses to her, and they were married in 1813.

President—What proceedings took place at that period?

Miss H.—Our marriage was solemnized conformably to the most sacred established forms.

President—How long did you live with him?

Miss H.—Seven weeks.

President—How came you to leave him?

Miss H.—I was informed that the general was a married man.

The Jury at midnight, brought in a verdict of GUILTY, and the court sentenced him to ten years' hard labour, to stand in the pillory, and 40,000 francs damages (\$7466. 66) to the prosecutor.

Sentence having been passed, the prisoner affected a smile, and said, on withdrawing, "From a general of the land forces, you have made me a general of the galleys. I thank you, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Jury.—The department of the Lot and Garonne* will appreciate your impartiality."

* He was a resident of this department.

Territory of Michigan.—The commerce of this country, like all others, has kept pace with the facilities of trade and inducements to enterprise.

From the time that this country was ceded to the United States, in 1794, to the commencement of the late war with Great Britain, its commerce was quite inconsiderable, being confined to the fur trade and supplying of a small garrison at Detroit. Since the peace of 1815, it has been fast increasing. The events of the war called the public attention to this region, and it was found to possess as great facilities for the enjoyment of an inland commerce as any section of the United States. The establishment of several military posts, and the increasing emigration, are the principal causes of the prosperity of trade. A profitable commerce is now carried on from this territory to all the countries bordering on the lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, which is almost entirely monopolized by enterprising adventurers from the eastern states. Merchants supply themselves with European goods, mostly from the city of New-York, which are transported by water from Buffalo; but the mercantile interest is much impaired, and the revenue of the United States defrauded by an illicit trade which is constantly carried on with the neighbouring province of Upper Canada.

The annual importations for the fur trade may be estimated at \$150,000. The exports including furs and peltries, are much greater.

The coasting trade carried on with the states for Ohio, Pennsylvania and New-York, consists of domestic produce, viz. salt, pork, beef, flour, corn, butter, cheese, lard, whiskey, &c. which are trafficked for cider, apples, fish, &c. and purchased by the government for the consumption of the troops. Large quantities of furs are also annually transported to Buffalo for the Albany and New-York markets.

The territory is divided into two collection districts, those of Detroit and Michilimackinac; to each of which districts there is a port of entry of the same name. The coasting trade is principally connected with the district of Detroit; at which there were entered, during the year 1818, 3,501 bbls. flour, 2,813 do. salt, 1,948 do. whiskey, 888 do. pork, 295 do. fish, 663 firkins butter, 5,062 bushels corn, 1,042 head beef cattle, 1,435 fat hogs. There was also cleared from this same port, during the same year, bound principally to the military stations upon the lakes Huron, and Michigan, 2,024 bbls. flour, 1,262 do. salt, 753 do. cider, 1,478 do. fish, 105 pork, 394 do. beef, 454 do. whiskey, 153 firkins butter, 1,280 bushels corn. The shipping owned by the citizens of this territory is about 600 tons. The vessels are from 10 to 60 tons burden.

The commercial advantages of this territory are obvious from its situation in relation to the surrounding lakes, and the rising importance of this and the more interior countries. The healthy

and navigable character of its waters, the encouragements to enterprize, and the increasing population, induce the belief that this will soon become an important commercial section of the Union.

CHESS.—A TALE.

WHEN science with the arts was sporting,
 By sense and fancy's beams beguil'd,
 And every muse was fondly courting
 A smile from heaven's own favoured child;

Love 'midst the grass, danced gayly in,
 His quiver closed, his bow unbent,
 And vow'd no further hearts he'd win,
 But join their mental merriment.

The Muses fondly kiss'd the boy,
 But Prudence coldly frown'd on him,
 And pray'd they'd find him some employ,
 Or his *old tricks* would come upon him:
 And when too late, the rogue would prove,
 That Science' self must bend to Love.

By turns each Muse her art essayed,
 But still the urchin chose to doubt 'em,
 And said though thankful for their aid,
 He could do just as well without 'em.

And then, a wicked glance he threw,
 When Science lost in thought reclin'd,
 And hoped she'd offer something new,
 Just to amuse a wayward mind.

The goddess smiled, and quickly drew
 A chequered flame of black and white,
 Whilst all the Muses round them flew,
 And viewed the work with fond delight.

Eight equal squares enclosed the board,
 Which fields full sixty-four entwin'd

And each opposing row was stored,
With mimic chiefs, in strength combined.

The kings in forming might elate,
With queen and bishop firmly stood,
And knight in mail with pompous state,
Long'd to imbue his lance in blood;
Whilst the firm castle's pond'rous strength
Flank'd the front pawn's extended length.

Love view'd with wonder all he saw,
As Science plann'd each mazy move,
And owned with great surprise and awe
It was indeed a game of love.

Each changeful move he oft essay'd,
And puzzled, pleas'd, 'midst joy, distress,
Vow'd that he'd leave his wicked trade
Of plaguing hearts—to study chess.

For so fair Science nam'd the game
That gave the boy such dear employment;
Whilst Plutus stole his bow of flame,
And left him to his heart's enjoyment.

His quiver, arrows too, he stole,
To shoot at random as he went,
And now when love assails the soul,
By *Avarice* the heart is rent;
And pure affection's rose is sold,
Like all things else on earth for gold.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BALLANTYNE is publishing a complete collection of the poetical works of *Walter Scott*, Esq. in 12 vols. The following works are also announced in London: *Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell* and of his sons Richard and Henry, by Oliver Cromwell, a descendant from the Protector.—*Memoirs of the Admirable Crichton*, by Patrick Frazier Tytler.—*Memoirs of John Tobin*, author of the

Honey Moon, &c. with two unpublished plays, and other selections from his MSS.; by Miss Benger.—Views of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland, in a series of letters written in the year 1818, by John Gamble.—A Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland, by Professor Playfair.—&c. &c.

The mayor of New-York lately addressed a letter to the physicians, requesting their opinions whether any infectious or contagious disease existed within that city. To this very simple inquiry the famous Dr. Mitchill replied in a letter so little to the purpose, and so contradictory in itself, that the mayor with much politeness and some irony, repeated the request; and he then received a plain answer. This learned philosopher, whose mind is always in a crapulous state, is admirably described by lord Bolingbroke, in the following passage:

“ When you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory: and if he omitted any thing, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him and confined him. To ask him a question, was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity, and confused noise, till the force of it was spent: and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed. I never left him that I was not ready to say to him, “ *Dieu vous fasse la grace de devenir moins savant!*” (Would to Heaven that you were not so learned.)

From the Boston papers we learn that *the University of Cambridge* is about to be enriched with one of the most interesting paintings that the art has ever produced. This is no less than a *Panorama of the city and plains of Athens*, which has been drawn by *Barker* with consummate elegance and fidelity. The rival Universities in England endeavoured to procure it, but it was purchased by Mr. *Theodore Lyman, Jr.* and as he does not belong to that class of literary men who *sell their libraries*, it will adorn the walls of one of our learned institutions and attest the liberality of the donor.

Dr. John Eberle, the editor of the *Medical Recorder*, is engaged in translating from the German of professor Ebeling, a *History of Pennsylvania*. This work commences with the settlement of the state, and is brought down to the year 1802. It is said that the translation will be enriched with notes by P. S. Du Ponceau, Esq.

In the course of the last year was published a complete collection of the typographic characters of the celebrated Bodoni, who died at Parma, in November, 1813. This is the noblest monument that can be erected to so skillful an artist, as it shows the extent of his talent and his taste. This collection stands alone, not only distinguished by the individual beauty of each letter, but also by the harmony that prevails throughout the characters, when arranged in a series. It includes 291 alphabets of Roman type; 102 of Greek type; 8 of Hebrew; 3 of Rabbinical characters; 2 of Chaldee; 6 of Syriac; 2 of Samaritan; 2 of Arabic; 1 Turkish; 2 Tartar; 2 Persian; 1 Ethiopian; 2 Coptic, with the great letters; 2 Etruscan; 2 Armenian; with the great letters; 2 Phenician; 1 Punic; 2 Polonese; 1 Servian, with the great letters; 1 Gothic, from the text of Ulphilas; 2 of Thibet; 1 Braminical; 1 Malabar; 2 German, with the great letters; and 7 of Russian types, in all, 413 alphabets, which Bodoni not only cast, but for which he also engraved the matrices. To these must be added, the great variety of ornaments, of Arabic cyphers, notes, &c. to enable us to conceive a proper estimate, of the industry and skill which could bring to perfection such multifarious undertakings. The title of this collection of specimens is *Manuale Tipographice del cavaliere Giambatista Bodoni*. Parma, 2 vols. folio.

Proposals have been issued for publishing—Thoughts on the necessity and utility of the Greek and Latin languages, as the foundation of all sound education; in a series of extracts from the works of the most distinguished writers of modern times; with occasional notes, and an appendix exhibiting the scheme of education at Eton and Westminster school, and at the university of Oxford. 83.—by subscription. This selection will be made by “a gentleman of science, talents, and taste, of South Carolina,” as we have been assured by the New-York “American” a paper which is entitled to much credit in these matters.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—*COWPER.*

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1819.

No. V.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CESSION OF PARGA.

Proceedings in Parga and the Ionian Islands, with a series of correspondence, and other justificatory documents. By Lieut. Col. C. P. De Bosset, Companion of the Bath, Knight of the Guelphic Order, and Honorary Member of the Ionian Academy. London, 1819. 8 vo. p. 198. §2 25.

THE alleged ill treatment of Col. De Bosset, is the occasion of this compilation. He is a Swiss gentleman, who has served many years in the British army, and his merits have been attested by several marks of distinction. His Essay on the Ancient Coins of Cephalonia and Ithaca, would have made him known in the literary world, without the highly honourable encomiums of Dr. Holland, the learned traveller in Greece. The documents in this work, amply show that the author has earned all his laurels; but they also prove how much a little brief authority may be abused.

How far a military officer is justified in declining a civil employment, to the duties of which he feels himself to be totally incompetent, may be a question under the free government of Great Britain, although it might excite some degree of surprize in the minds of our ignorant lawgivers. It may be thought extraordinary, too, that so august a personage as the Lord High Commissioner of His Britannic Majesty, should become intoxicated in his own ball room; and, in that situation, insult a Companion of the

Bath, and Knight of the Guelfic Order. We hope these matters will be explained in the next Quarterly Review; and we shall be obliged to the conductors of this most liberal journal, if they will inform us, more particularly, as to the "misrepresentations," of which this Royal Representative stands accused in the publication now on our table. In full confidence that this will be done, we shall abstain from animadversion on the personal matters contained in this volume, and proceed to an abstract of the very interesting memoir of the public transactions from which they arose.

These unfortunate people occupied a small town on the coast of Epirus, surrounded with walls. The prospect from it, includes, on the one hand, the whole territory of Parga, and the mountains of Albania. From east to west, in a southerly direction, the eye ranges over the Ionian sea; on the left are seen the Isle of Santa Maura, and the promontory from which Sappho terminated her woes: further on, appear the mountains of Cephalonias; and on the right, at the distance of twelve miles, are the islets of Paxo and Antipaxo. The territory of Parga extends only two or three miles round the city; and the population amounts to between three and four thousand inhabitants. It is backed by a steep mountain, which separates it from the dominions of Ali Pasha. It has always been considered as an integral dependency of the Ionian islands; and as a military post of great importance to them, and in particular to Corfu. By the industry of the people, and the fertilizing influence of the springs and rivulets, which water the soil in every part, the vicinity of Parga has become one of the most smiling and agreeable spots that can be seen. The inhabitants justly boast of the purity and salubrity of the water and air of their country. In the little valley, formed by the undulating hills, are plantations of citrons, oranges, and especially cedrats, (*citrus decumana*) a fruit which constitutes a considerable branch of commerce. The rest of this little country, with the exception of some fields and vineyards, is covered with olive trees; the monotonous aspect of which, is varied by oaks, plane trees, and cypresses, scattered over the land.

The state of hostility which has always prevailed between the Parguinotes and the Turks, has rendered the former brave, and has familiarized them to arms and dangers; they are temperate, and commonly attain an advanced age. They differ materially from

their neighbours, the Albanians, in language, costume, and usages, and this difference may be ascribed to their connexions with the Venetians, and with the Islanders ; but with more probability, to their origin. They are hospitable ; and one of the reasons for which Ali Pasha hates them, and wishes to possess their country, is, that it has ever afforded an asylum to the victims of his tyranny. Many examples might be adduced of their hospitality. The protection, which they afforded to the unhappy Suliotes, who had escaped the sword of Ali Pasha, would alone establish their reputation for this virtue.

The principal occupations of the inhabitants of Parga are agriculture and navigation. They cultivate the vine on the high hills, and make a tolerably good wine, a part of which they export to the neighbouring isles, to which they also send fruits of different kinds. The corn and maize which they reap are scarcely half sufficient for their consumption ; they also cultivate flax for their own use and tobacco which they manufacture and export. Many of the Parguinotes migrate to Italy, and establish themselves as coffee-house keepers, or as waiters in coffee-houses. They are to be met with at various places, particularly at Ancona, Rome, Venice, and Trieste. After having effected some savings they return, and settle in their native country. They addict themselves very little to fishing, which is not very productive on their coast. The greater part of the fish, which they consume, is imported from the lake, or bay of Phanari, a harbour for small vessels, situated at the mouth of the Acheron. They profess the Greek religion, under the direction of a Proto-papa. In the time of the Venetians the church belonged to the diocese of Paramithia in Albania, the bishop of which made a yearly visitation to this place. Paramithia being now under the yoke of Ali Pasha, the Parguinotes no longer acknowledge the spiritual authority of that prelate. The foreign garrisons which have occupied Parga at different periods, have had little influence on the manners of the inhabitants. They are attached to their ancient usages. Their mode of life is simple : their women are chaste, though they enjoy the greatest degree of social freedom.

It would be tedious to detail the history of this little republic. In the wars which prevailed around them the Parguinotes suffered greatly, but they always found means to preserve their liber-

ty, until 1797, when Parga experienced the fate of the Ionian Isles, and was occupied by the French troops, in conformity with the treaty of Campo Formio. The invasion of Egypt by Bonaparte, having induced the Sublime Porte to declare war against France, the Vizir Ali, Pasha of Albania, prepared to possess himself of the places formerly held by Venice on the continent. In 1798, he attacked and took Previsa, slaughtering a part of the inhabitants in cold blood. In the hope that this example would intimidate the Parguinotes, he wrote several letters to urge them to make away with the French garrison, and submit themselves to him. They formally refused, and acquainted the French with their determination; but the latter fearful of being attacked at once by the Turks and Russians, retired to Corfu. The Russians, who had just arrived at Zante, assured the Parguinotes of their protection. In virtue of the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, by which the Ionian islands were ceded to France, they were evacuated by the Russian troops.

The ambitious views of Bonaparte towards the east, had rendered it a matter of importance for him to entertain friendly relations with Ali Pasha, who, he considered, might hereafter be instrumental in the fulfilment of his projects. The French Governor-General at Corfu, (Cæsar Berthier) in consequence, received orders to maintain a good understanding with the Pasha, and even to make concessions, if required, in order to attain that object.

Ali, who did not lose sight of Parga, deemed this a favourable moment for making himself master of it. He sent a deputy to Gen. Berthier, to claim that fortress in the name of the Porte, according to the tenor of the treaty of 1800. The general thus taken by surprize, was on the point of acceding to this positive demand, when the primats of Targa, apprized of what was in preparation, repaired to Corfu, to implore his protection. After having taken cognizance of the facts, he absolutely refused to accede to the demands of Ali Pasha, and sent a garrison to Parga. Bonaparte approved of the conduct of this General.

In 1814, the reverses which the French every where experienced, revived in Ali Pasha the projects which he had conceived, for rendering himself master of a place which he had so long coveted. For this purpose he caused his troops to advance towards the small territory, and sent a demand to the French Governor,

General Douzelot, at Corfu, for the cession of the village of Aja, situated on the frontier, which was a dependency on Parga. On the general's refusal, he caused the village to be instantly occupied, without any provocation or declaration of war. The Bey, who commanded, was a nephew of the Pasha, and had orders at the same time to attempt to take possession of Parga. Accordingly he invaded its territory, but the Parguinotes, who, as the garrison had retired into the fortress, were left to themselves, fought desperately in their own defence, and repulsed the Turks. The Bey fell in this action, with a great number of his men. Ali ordered his relative to be buried on the frontier, and caused a mausoleum to be erected within view of the fortress of Parga, as a warning to the Parguinotes of what they might expect from his vengeance.

When the Parguinotes found that they could not rely on the French for protection, they sent a deputation to the commandant of the English troops, Captain Garland, who had recently occupied the island of Paxo, to ask the assistance of England, stating that they had intercepted a correspondence between Ali Pasha and the commandant of the French garrison of Parga, in which the former promised the latter a considerable sum, and great advantages in his service if he would favour his views against Parga. This proposition was communicated by Capt. Garland to General Campbell, who commanded the British forces in the Ionian isles, and after some negotiation the British took possession of the garrison (March, 1814) and a species of capitulation was granted to the French, who were sent to Corfu. From this time until March, 1817, the fortress of Parga was occupied by a small detachment of English troops. During this period the powerful protection of England, which was then considered permanent, joined to the advantage of navigating under British colours, had strongly attached the Parguinotes to their new friends, and the prosperity of this little state became daily more manifest.

But Ali Pasha, had never lost sight of his pretensions to this small territory. By his intrigues and influence with the divan, he succeeded in reviving his claim, and in obtaining a stipulation, that Parga should be ceded to him, as a consideration for the accession of the Porte to the convention of Paris, which placed the Ionian islands under the protection of England. For this pur-

pose an agreement was made with the British Minister at Constantinople that a commissioner from the Porte should repair to Ioannina, to treat with a commissioner who should be sent thither by General Maitland, commandant-in-chief of the English forces in the Ionian Isles, and in the Mediterranean.

Having thus far matured his designs, Ali Pasha sent a deputy to Corfu, who landed there on the 16th March, to inform the general that the Ottoman commissioner had arrived at Ioannina. After an interview with the deputy, General Maitland found it necessary to reinforce the garrison of Parga, (where since 1814, there had only been a lieutenant and 30 men;) before the Pasha should be informed of it; and thus to prevent any attempt on his part, to surprise the fortress before all the agreements were definitively settled. With this view, the deputy was detained under various pretexts, until the reinforcement had arrived at its destination. Lieut. Col. de Bosset was dispatched with 300 infantry, and in the greatest secrecy. The departure of this reinforcement was likewise accelerated, in consequence of an apprehension which Sir Thomas Maitland entertained that the feelings of desperation, which were likely to be excited among the inhabitants of Parga, by the intelligence of this cession, might rouse them to an insurrection against the small garrison which occupied the place.

The detachment landed at Parga, on the 19th March 1817. The intelligence of the intended cession of their territory to the Porte, filled the unfortunate Parguinotes with consternation and despair. Being unable to believe that this measure was conformable to the intentions of the government which had granted them protection, they prepared to claim the interference of Sir Thomas Maitland, in order to avert, if possible, the misfortune with which they conceived that they were menaced. The commandant, (Lieut. Col. de Bosset, who seems throughout to have been heartily ashamed of the share which fell to his lot in this scandalous transaction,) informed his excellency of their intention, and of their wish that the views of the British government should be made known by a proclamation. But the answer was, that being perfectly aware that his majesty's government had ceded Parga to the Porte, it was impossible to admit of any memorial upon the subject, which must be in itself futile. They were assured, how-

ever, that until the property of those, who might wish to emigrate, should be paid for, and themselves transported to the Ionian Islands, no cession should take place. At the same time, Col. de Bosset was directed to impress upon the minds of the inhabitants in the deepest manner, that if they should *presume* by violence or bloodshed, to take the smallest relief into their own hands, their fate must be left to themselves, and his excellency should consider his majesty's government as perfectly exonerated from the necessity then existing of interfering in their favour, not only for their advantage, but for the honour and character of the British government. In consequence of this state of things, landholders would no longer incur expense, and undergo labour in cultivating the ground of which they were not certain of gathering the produce. Every one sought to realize and to conceal the money which belonged to him; all commercial undertakings were suspended; and in a short time, that class of persons who depend for subsistence on the passing day, and those who relied on the future products of their property, were reduced to the greatest distress. Provisions were exhausted; and as no one was willing to raise capital or separate himself from his family, in such critical circumstances, the means of subsistence were in a little time so diminished, as to threaten an absolute famine.

After a residence of two months at Ioannina, the two commissioners signed a secret convention, by which they were both to repair to Parga, to ascertain those of the inhabitants who wished to quit the country after the cession, and to value their property in "a prompt and equitable manner." The crafty Pasha had other views. While he amused the British commissioner at Ioannina, he endeavoured by all the means which perfidy and corruption could suggest, to divide the Parguinotes, and excite them to revolt against the English government and the garrison, with the intention of thus withdrawing the British protection from them.

At length the Ottoman commissioner with a numerous retinue, and the British commissioner, appeared on the frontier, in virtue of the convention which they had just signed at Ioannina, to enter the territory and fortress of Parga. It is to be observed, the constant animosity and well-grounded mistrust of the Parguinotes against the Turks, rendered the introduction of a turban into Parga, an occasion of ferment, and an event almost unprecedented.

The news of the approach, therefore, of this retinuc, composed of armed Turks, and the most active agents of the Pasha's perfidy, occasioned a general feeling of indignation; which was the more natural, because some of the most notorious of those persons who had been banished from Parga, formed part of this mission. The principal inhabitants immediately remonstrated against their admission. The British officers endeavoured to tranquillize the inhabitants, but continued to prepare accommodations for the embassy. It was, however, agreed that the number of persons in the suit of the Turkish commissioner should be restricted to thirty-six; but Ali Pasha took care to keep an armed force sufficient for his purposes within a short distance.

From the moment of their entrance into the territory of Parga, the members of the Ottoman mission had employed promises, threats, and all imaginable means to engage the inhabitants to remain in their country, the Pasha doubtless thinking it a more simple course to cut off the heads of the landholders, than to pay them the value of their property. But when the inhabitants, one by one, were called before the commissioners, they declared, without a single exception, that rather than submit to the Ottoman authority, they would abandon their country, were they even to lose all they possessed; and that in quitting the land of their birth, they would disinter and carry away the bones of their forefathers, that they might not have to reproach themselves with having left those sacred relics to the most cruel enemies of their race.

According to the contents of the proclamations of the two commissioners, it was to be expected that the valuation of the property should be entered upon without delay; but such, however, was not the wish of the Pasha. He sought to gain time, and hoped that some events would occur, of which he could take advantage. What were the pretexts of which this wily politician availed himself, need not be detailed in this place. Hamed Bey, the Ottoman commissioner, with his suite, was still in Parga, in February 1819, where he had been twenty months, without any demonstration having been made of a disposition to pay the value of the property of the Parguinotes. In the middle of the next month, it appears that Sir Thomas Maitland was at Bucintro with the Vizir, again treating for the final disposal of Parga.

Here this interesting memoir concludes, and we wish we could add that the cruel sacrifice was not consummated. But we learn from the public journals, that in consequence of the payment of 700 purses to the English by the sanguinary Turk, he has at length accomplished his wishes.

In the following passage, the infamy of this transaction is commented upon with so much eloquence and feeling, that we shall make no apology for preserving it in our pages.

The fate of Parga, will carry down with it a stain upon the British character, which no military triumphs nor public splendour can obliterate. No age of barbarism ever yet laid bare, more cruelty than has been practised in cold-blood upon this unhappy people. Nor did the most heroic ages display in any race of human sufferers, a loftier patriotism or a nobler energy than in the inhabitants of what once was Parga, at the moment when they quitted it forever. Being told that the Turks were to enter their territory before the time fixed for their embarkation, the male inhabitants announced their unanimous purpose *to put to death their wives and children*, and then wage holdly an indiscriminate conflict with their Christian betrayers and their Turkish persecutors, if a single Mahometan soldier should set foot upon the soil, before they had safely left it. This was seen to be no idle threat. They prevailed over the fears of the protecting government, though they had not moved its pity. The Ottomans halted on the frontier. In the centre of a large square, were collected by the people of Parga, the remains of their buried ancestors. When the bands of Ali Pasha reached the walls, no complaint was heard, no weeping, no curse, no murmur. The city received its infidel garrison as Babylon or Palmyra salutes the Christian traveller in the desert—nothing breathing, nothing moved; the houses were desolate, the nation was extinct, the bones of the dead were consumed to ashes!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSSIS OF THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE.

From the French of La Harpe.

It required nothing less than all the pedantry, and all the fanaticism of the ages which preceded the revival of learning, to

expose to ridicule such a name as that of Aristotle. They have almost made him responsible for the extravagance of his enthusiasts. But what was said in speaking of his master—I am the friend of Plato, but more the friend of truth—did not tend to teach men to prefer authority to evidence: and he who first taught them to submit all their ideas to the forms of reason, would not have admitted into the rank of his disciples those who thought they answered every thing by saying *they had been taught so*. His dialectics having become the foundation of theology, have in a manner consecrated them, by binding them with those of the church. Thence arose those authoritative orders, which in the latter age prohibited any other philosophy to be taught in the schools. The mild sage who conversed in the Lyceum of Athens on the elements of logic, could not foresee that a day would arrive when the rage of argumentation, united with the frenzy of party-spirit, would produce murders and crimes, and that throats would be cut under the name of Aristotle. But this name, though it has been so sadly abused, is not less venerable. Even now, when the progress of reason, has, in a manner annihilated part of his works, enough still remains to exhibit him, as a wonderful man. He was certainly one of the most able and thinking men that nature ever produced. He grasped all that is embraced by the human mind, if we except only the talent of imagination; and yet, though he was neither an orator nor a poet, he, at least dictated excellent precepts in poetry and eloquence. His *Logic* is undoubtedly a most astonishing work. It was the creator of that science which is the foundation of all others, and it is impossible to withhold our admiration, when we observe the sagacity and labour with which he has reduced all the possible modes of reasoning to a small number of precise forms, of which they are necessarily consequents, and without which they could not exist. He seems to have anticipated the fame which he would acquire by this work; for at the close of his *Analytics* in which this model of method is contained, he has taken care to apprise the reader that his other subjects have been treated by many other writers, but that this is entirely new, and that what he has said never was said before. It has cost me, he says, much time and great labour. I am entitled therefore to some indulgence for what I have omitted, and to some gratitude for what I have performed.

His *History of Animals* is one of his greatest monuments, and it is also among the most finished of all the works of antiquity. To enable him to compose this work, his disciple, Alexander, presented him with 800 talents, and gave orders that the most rare animals should be sought in all parts of the earth. Such orders, and so liberal a present could only have been given by an Alexander. These were great advantages; it is true; but those which Aristotle derived from his own genius were greater, if we take the opinion of one whose judgment cannot be doubted in these matters. Buffon, in the first of the discourses prefixed to his *Natural History*, thus speaks of him: "his *History of Animals* is still, perhaps, the best work that we possess on the subject; he took a better and a more general view of them than we have at the present day; he accumulated facts, and did not write one superfluous word. Thus he has comprized in a small space an infinite variety of facts, and I do not believe it would be possible to reduce into a narrower compass all that he has said on this subject, which appears to be so little susceptible of precision, that it required a genius like his to preserve at the same time, order and neatness. This work appears to be like an index, compiled with the greatest care from many thousand volumes, and filled with descriptions and observations of every kind; it is the most learned abridgment that ever was made, if science is, in effect, the history of facts: and even if we were to regard his book, as compiled from those which were extant in his day, still, his plan, his distribution, the choice of examples, the justness of his comparisons, a philosophical character in the turn of his ideas, leave no sort of doubt that he was richer than those from whom he borrowed."

This is the same Aristotle who has been almost overwhelmed in that contempt, which, since the days of Descartes, we have cherished towards the schools. This pretended science is no other, than a tissue of chimerical abstract notions and illusory generalities, upon which we may dispute without end, without learning or comprehending any thing; and it must be confessed, that it is founded upon the metaphysics of Aristotle, which are no better. It is particularly from him that we derive the maxim of ancient philosophy, which has been adopted into ours, that ideas, which are the representation of objects, are conveyed to the mind through the medium of the senses. This is the fundamental prin-

ciple of the metaphysics of Locke and Condillac. It is probably the only valuable truth in the system of Aristotle, and it is the only one which has been rejected in the schools, because it was contrary to the doctrine of innate ideas, which had long been regarded as a religious creed, and generally abandoned since the great discoveries of the moderns, who are the real founders of rational metaphysics. But if he has been misled in this pursuit; at a time when philosophy was but unfolding herself, it seems that his pardonable faults flow from the very nature of the human mind. In fact, we should expect in the natural and speculative sciences, the reverse of what we have always observed in the arts, and in letters. Here the progress is always rapid, and perfection is speedily attained. We seize the object as soon as it is indicated, because it is certain, and the road is immediately known. Thus, beautiful poetry and genuine eloquence, have been traced to the most remote ages; but the two qualities which chiefly conduce to success in these walks,—promptness in seizing objects, and a disposition to imitate,—are precisely those which retard our progress, in the search of truth. She is not easy of approach: we find her only on the path of experience, which is long and wearisome. The human mind is impatient: and experience is tardy. Thence it is, that we become attached to those seducing phantoms, called systems, which deceive the more, because they strike at those passions which are the most easily deceived,—imagination and self-love. Further, it is great minds which are the most easily persuaded into these systems. Their vast intelligence will not suffer them to be impeded: doubt is to them a violent state; and thus it was that a Descartes, and a Leibnitz, in seeking the first principles of things, encountered, the one, a whirlwind, and the other, an unity. When such guides lead the way, men, naturally imitative, follow like a troop, and they employ, in studying their errors, the time which they ought to have devoted to the search of truth. The limits of the mind of Aristotle continued to be in philosophy, for two thousand years, the limits of the human mind. It was not until the ages, when such men as Galileo, Copernicus and Bacon flourished, that men became convinced that it was better to observe the world than to make one, and that an experience which learns a fact is better than the most ingenious theory which teaches nothing. Then fell the philosophy of Aristotle; but not

his fame with it, because that is founded, as we have seen, upon claims which time has consecrated.

It is only in his best works that Aristotle's manner of writing has very remarkable defects. He carries to an extreme the austerity of a philosophical style and an affectation of method. Thence arise his dryness and diffusion. He seems to have aimed at being entirely different from his master. Not content with teaching a different doctrine, he wished to inculcate its precepts in another style. Plato is reproached with being too ornamental: his scholar has no decoration. To be able to read, one must be resolved to learn. He is occasionally obscure, and therefore having appeared in his tediousness and his repetitions, to put the intelligence of the reader at defiance, here, he seems to count too much upon him. We have learnt in the present day to condense all his logic, which is very extensive, in a small compass. His *Poetics*, of which we have only a part, has embarrassed in more than one place, and divided the opinions of the most skilful interpreters. His *Rhetoric*, from which Quintilian has borrowed all his principal ideas, his divisions, his definitions, is abstract and prolix in the first parts; but as a foundation, it is a model of analysis. These two works, with his treatises on *Politics*, are the most perfect of his works. We recollect with pleasure, that these works were composed for Alexander, and the two names, after a lapse of so many ages, form a bright association of glory. It is one exception at least, for there are others, to the opinion which has been so strongly maintained by a certain writer, that monarchs and philosophers rarely agree. Their grandeur, he says, chokes and repulses them. Philip of Macedon did not feel this sentiment, when he dictated that famous letter to Aristotle, so often cited. "*Know that I have a son. I thank the gods not so much for this, as for having at the same time blessed me with an Aristotle.*"

The preceptor of Alexander was never separated from him, until the Prince departed with his army for Persia. He obtained from Philip the greatest privileges for the city of Stagyra, his birth place, and for Athens, which was then the seat of the Arts. To this city he repaired, and thus became a philosopher in a republic, after having educated a monarch. The Athenians gave him the Lyceum to hold his school in.

We now proceed to an analysis of his *Poetics*.

When we read a poem, or attend the representation of a drama, we endeavour to point out what has most or least effect upon us—whether it be in the whole, or in the details of the work. This sort of criticism appears to be within the reach of every one; and is also the most amusing. But when it becomes necessary to recur to the first principles of an art, and to follow the footsteps of a philosophical legislator, a more particular and continued attention is necessary. It is for this reason, that we do not put a book of such a character into the hands of young persons; their minds are not prepared for such discipline: but they are very attractive to persons of maturer years, who can enjoy the just and comprehensive views, and the original ideas of the author—of which the application is made at the same time. Thus, to instance poetry, the most ancient of all the mental arts in the known world, and which appears to be most natural to man; let us first inquire, by the aid of the guide whom we have chosen, why this art was first cultivated, and whence arises the pleasure which we derive from it. Aristotle gives us two reasons: “Poetry seems to owe its birth to two qualities, which nature has implanted in our minds. We all have a passion for imitation, which manifests itself in infancy. Man is the most imitative of animals: it is, indeed, one of the faculties by which he is distinguished from them. It is by imitation that we learn our first lessons; and, finally, every thing that is imitated pleases us. Real objects, such as hideous beasts, or dead bodies, are beheld with disgust; but we regard them with pleasure in a picture.”*

* Boileau has borrowed this comparison from Aristotle, in the beginning of his third canto—ART OF POETRY.

Il n'est point de serpent, ni de monstre odieux,
Qui par l'art imité ne puisse plaire aux yeux.
D'un pinceau délicat, l'artifice agréable,
Du plus affreux objet fait un objet aimable.
Ainsi, pour nous charmer, la tragédie en pleurs,
D'Odipe tout sanglant fit parler les douleurs,
D'Oreste parricide exprima les alarmes,
Et pour nous divertir, nous arracha des larmes.

In the particulars mentioned by Aristotle, the imitation ought not to be entire, or perfect; for if the resemblance be too great, it will fill us with as much horror as the original itself: for instance, the perfect imitation of a dead

These ideas appear to be just and incontestable: but in acknowledging the truth of the principle, let us remark that it admits of some restriction; and the same may be said of almost all those which we have to establish. The same good sense which dictated them, teaches that they are not to be received without some exception or limitation; which can only be affirmed of mathematical axioms. Thus, though imitation is a source of pleasure, yet all things are not to be imitated. In painting itself, though the principal object is imitation, yet there is room for choice—and many things should not be copied: much stronger is the rule in poetry—which ought to be especially careful to imitate, and to embellish while it imitates. This precept appears to be very simple. Horace and Despreaux have both inculcated this judicious restriction; which Aristotle himself has put into a general principle, as we shall find presently. Yet nothing is more common than to forget it, even since the art has been brought to perfection; and if any thing shows how far the mind is led astray, it is this—that from the first step that we make, toiling to establish a fundamental truth, we immediately meet with an abuse of it. I allude here not only to the English, to whom the author* of the *Temple of Taste*, has said, with so much reason,

Sur votre theatre' infecte'
D'horreurs, de gibets, de carriages,
Mettez donc plus de verite',
Avec de plus noble images.

but to ourselves, to whom the example of Corneille and Racine, in the last century, taught some delicacy—even we begin to go back many years, to disgusting horrors, which belong only to the

carcass in wax, in all its proper colours, without any difference, would be insupportable. For the same reason, figures in wax, have not met with success, because they resemble the originals too closely; but let the same things be represented in marble, or flat painting, and the nearer they approach to the truth, the more they will please, for let the resemblance be ever so great, the eye and the mind, will immediately discern the difference, such as, of necessity, ought to be, between art and nature.

See 6 Spectator, No. 418. Tr.

* This is Voltaire, who having plundered some fine passages from Shakspeare, endeavoured to make him unpopular, in order that his own poaching might not be detected. Tr.

infancy of the art. The examples are so numerous, and so well known, that they need not be cited here.

Again, it is equally in the order of things, that mediocrity should produce this monster, at a period when we are striving to discover something better, for want of knowing the limits of propriety; as that the love of novelty should cause them to be applauded, and that reason should laugh at them. But it is not fair in the writer to claim the tribute of sensibility, when the writer requires such emotions—for sensibility is still one of those parasite words which compose the dictionary of the day. It has been abused to such an excess, that it behoves a sensible person to take great care how he uses it, lest he fall into the ridiculous fashion. It is the favourite expression of worn out minds; which, though no longer capable of any emotion, nevertheless wish to be moved; and therefore complain of a want of sensibility, when, in fact, the fault is in themselves. It is for them, that outrageous spectacles are got up—in the same manner as executions are necessary for the populace. It is for them that authors work themselves into a delirium, and actors are thrown into convulsions: in a word, it is the mania of extremes, so prejudicial to all pleasures,—and this is what is called sensibility.

But our reflections upon the first proposition of Aristotle, have carried us a little too far. Let us return to that species of pleasure which arises from imitation, of which Aristotle assigns the cause. “It is, he says, that not only wise men, but men in general, have a pleasure in learning; and the shortest way to learn is by image.” This idea is not less just than profound: but it might be understood in a more extensive sense, by assigning more reasons for it than that which the author gives. Every imitation exercises the imagination; which is no more than the faculty of representing objects, as if they were present; and it is always pleasant to compare the images which art presents, with those that are already stored in the mind.

The second original cause of Poetry, is the taste which we have for rhythmus, or verse and songs; a taste which is not less natural than the imagination.* The accuracy of this remark will be ma-

* Horace gives the same account of the origin of Poetry in the 1st Ep. Lib. 2, v. 138.

Our ancient Swains, of vigorous, frugal kind,
At harvest-home, used t' unbend the mind

nifest, if we reflect that the first verses were sung; and further, that in all the known languages, they never sung but in measured verse, which proves the affinity between singing and verse. By rhythmus, or measure, we mean a harmonical succession of sounds. This general definition is necessarily a little abstract: but it will become clear when we apply it to those things which are susceptible of measure—recitation, singing, and dancing. In recitation, measure is a determinate number of syllables or words, which harmonize with a like number; as, for instance, the measure of our alexandrine consists of twelve syllables, which gives to all verses of the same kind, an equal duration, by their intervals and combinations. In the dance, measure is a succession of motions; which harmonize by their form, their number, and their duration. It is admitted that nothing is so natural as measure. Blacksmiths strike their iron in cadence, as Virgil has remarked of the Cyclops: and even the greater part of our motions are measured, that is to say, have a sort of regularity. This disposition to regularity, suggested the measure of words, then to verse, then to sounds—which produced music. They at first made spontaneous or impromptu essays; for the word which they use conveys this

With festal sports; those sports that bade them bear
With cheerful hopes, the labours of the year,
Their wives and children shar'd their hours of mirth,
Who shar'd their toils: when to the Goddess Earth
Grateful they sacrific'd a teeming Swine,
And pour'd the milky bowi at Sylvan's shrine.
Then to the genius of their fleeting hours,
Mindful of life's short date, they offer'd wine and flow'rs.
Here, in alternate verse, with rustic jest,
The clowns their awkward raillery express'd—FRANCIS.

Tibullus has these remarkable lines to the same purpose, Eleg. 1, Lib. 11.

Agricola assiduo primum lassatus aratro,
Cantavit certe rustica verba pede.
Et Satur arenti primum est modulatus Avena
Carmen, ut ornatos duceret ante Deos.
Agricola et minio suffusus, Bacche, rubenti
Primus inexplerta duxit ab arte Choros.

But vide 3. Ld. Shaft: charac. p. 139 αυτοχθονισματα

By rhythmus, is to be understood cadence, time or movement. 'Ρυθμος, ταξις ἡμιλλος ακολουθε αἰμονίας.—Suidas. Tr.

idea. These essays, by degrees, gave birth to poetry; which divided itself into two kinds, according to the characters of the authors: the heroic, which was consecrated to the praise of gods and heroes; and the satiric, which depicted the vices or follies of men. Afterwards the epopeia, proceeding from narrative to action, produced tragedy; and satire at the same time gave birth to comedy. "Tragedy and comedy having been produced at the same time," says Aristotle, "those whose genius led them to these two species of writing, preferred, the one to write comedies instead of satires, and the other tragedies, instead of heroic poems—because new compositions excited more attention, and acquired more celebrity for their authors." This remark shows that tragic poetry always held the first rank among the Greeks.*

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

**FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS
OF THE ATHENÆUM.**

Athenæum, Feb. 1819.

In obedience to the provisions of the Act of Incorporation, the Directors of the Athenæum submit to the Stockholders a view of the affairs of that Institution, for the year ending this day.

By the Treasurer's annual account, it appears that the balance due to him on the 28th day of January 1818,	
was	846 16
That he has since received from the annual payments of 278 Stockholders, 44 subscribers, 144 annual visitors, and sundry balances,	2159 00
Cash subscribed to purchase the Magazin Encyclopedique, and Annales de Music,	30 00

* Concerning tragedy he further declares, that whatever idea might be formed of the utmost perfection of this kind of poem, it could in practice rise no higher than it had been already carried in his time, "having at length he says, attained its ends, and being apparently consummate in itself" In this remark he shows himself as good a prophet as he was a critic, for we find that tragedy being raised to its height by Sophocles and Euripides, and no room left for further excellence or emulation, there were no more tragic poets, besides these, endured after the time of Aristotle. Tr.

Interest on Stock of the United States and Camden Bank stock,	283 80
Catalogues, and sundries, sold,	5 16
Total receipts for the year 1818,	<u>\$2477 96</u>
And that he has expended during the year 1818,	<u>3370 86</u>
Leaving a balance of	<u>\$892 82</u>

against the Athenæum, on the general account.

But it will appear by an inspection of the Treasurer's account, that part of the said expenditures, consist of the following items, viz.

Payment to the Stock Fund of monies borrowed from it, 17th Nov. 1817,	\$415 00
Purchase of the Magazin Encyclopedique, and Annales de Music, on the——day of——1815,	318 20
Lamps, \$40, Expenses of Removal, \$170,	210 00
Carpeting,	98 00
	<u>\$1036 95</u>

These expenditures are not of ordinary occurrence and should not therefore be considered in a calculation of the usual expenses of the Institution, deducting therefore the sum of \$1036 95

From the gross amount of disbursements, 3370 82
Will leave for the ordinary expenses for the year, 1818,
the sum of 2233 5

To meet the expenditures of \$3370 82 the Directors have borrowed from the monies paid in on account of the Stock Fund, during the year 1818 the sum of \$892 86, which sum it is intended to replace immediately to the credit of that fund, which with such addition will constitute the gross sum of \$5624 25, vested in the 6 per. cent. stock of the U. S. and Camden Bank Stock.

The Directors have hitherto determined to preserve the stock fund for the purpose of erecting at no distant period, a building which shall be commensurate with the extended views of this flourishing institution, and at the same time worthy of the character of the literary metropolis of America. This fund is rapidly increasing and has been much augmented during the last year.

The current expenses of the Institution for the ensuing year will probably amount to the sum of \$2200.

To meet this expense the revenues for the year 1819, may be estimated at \$3500, arising from the following items, viz:

The present number of stockholders is 330 at \$4 each,	\$1320 00
150 annual visitors, at \$8 each,	1200 00
41 original subscribers, at \$5 each,	205 00
Interest of the stock fund, say \$5800 at 6 per. cent.	348 00
	<u>\$3073 00</u>

	<i>Amount brought forward,</i>	\$3073 00
To this sum may be added the sum of \$400 arising from the payments of stockholders and annual visitors, who shall be elected during the year 1819,		400 00
		<hr/> 3473 00
To which sum should be added the interest of shares of stock created during the present year, say,		27 00
		<hr/> 3500 00
making altogether the sum of		\$3500 00
If from this sum of		
we deduct the debt due to the Stock fund (which is to be repaid immediately) of		892 86
		<hr/> \$2607 14
it will leave the sum of		
to meet the sum of \$2500, being the estimated ordinary expences for the year 1819.		

This statement of the funds of the Athenæum should stimulate our best exertions in its behalf, and should encourage us to anticipate at no distant period the prospect of an institution which shall have no superior in the United States.

Let us add a brief statement of the attractions now offered to those who visit the rooms.

The library consists of about 2100 volumes, and is rapidly increasing. Twenty one Magazines, Reviews, and other periodical publications, and two newspapers are imported from England, and are usually found in the rooms within the period of two months after their publication. Three newspapers and journals are regularly received from France; and other French and Spanish Journals are frequently placed on the tables by the numerous friends of the Institution.

All the best periodical publications of the United States; upwards of thirty American Newspapers; and almost all the late American and English books, published in our country with many new Maps, Charts, &c. are constantly added to our stock.

When the brief history of this Institution is remembered the Stockholders have ample reason to rejoice in its success. Their rooms offer a rich temptation at a moderate price to every class of our fellow citizens. Every reader, indeed, whether he be attracted by the fleeting literature of the hour, or would calmly investigate the laws of nature, or the rules of civil polity, may find within the walls of the Athenæum, a quiet and pleasant retreat, and if he is not furnished with every book that he desires, he is at least provided with the best means of information on the state of that knowledge which he is pursuing,

To promote the literature, science, and the arts of our country, should be our aim and ambition, because they are the noblest ac-

companiments of a free government, and the surest strength of a powerful people. Men too frequently neglect the field of intellectual cultivation after they have engaged in those busy scenes of active life which have no ostensible connection with literature: sometimes because they are insensible to the value of their early acquirements; sometimes, because of the expense and trouble of procuring books, but chiefly because they do not learn how easy it is to devote an hour of every day to preserve the literary stock, which they have treasured up in their early years. The City Library of our native place, the blessing provided for us by the sagacity of Franklin, the greatest gift he has made to his fellow citizens, offers to us the most powerful arguments for the support of the Athenæum. He established that institution neither for the man of science, for the man of leisure, or opulence, nor for the professional character alone. His aim in which he has had such abundant success was to diffuse the blessings of literature over the whole community, to provide a literary retreat to which every citizen might have gratuitous access. Who can say how much of the acknowledged purity of our morals and decorum of our manners has been owing to this Institution, whose Directors, we may without envy be permitted to suggest, would not offend against the designs of their immortal founder if they would learn from our institution how grateful to the Student are the refreshing studies of the *morning hours*.

In truth our citizens need not learn from us, that the greatness of every nation consists in the intellectual wealth of its people, that nothing can be useless to man which elevates his moral condition, and that in a country where the highest stations are offered to all alike, it is peculiarly incumbent upon every one to qualify himself for such services as society may require from him. The union of literary pursuits is by no means inconsistent with a rigid application to the practical concerns of the world. The paths are sufficiently pleasant and no man can tell how much they contribute to sooth the cares of life.

Besides providing convenient apartments and inviting visitors to them by curious Cabinets, by the literary publications of the day, and a liberal selection of political and commercial Journals of all parties, and from every nation, it is much to be desired that the plan of giving popular lectures on the useful sciences could be carried into active operation in a capacious edifice. For this purpose a fund has been set apart, but its increase, though constant, has been yet unequal to its object, and the project must be longer delayed unless we can attract to our rooms the wealth of our city. How many of our affluent citizens daily pass our doors without reflecting that a small portion of their wealth bestowed upon us would honour themselves, instruct their children, and confer a durable benefit on their native city. Shall we call upon

these men in vain? No! we are persuaded that they do not assist us because we are not sufficiently presented to their recollection, and that the hour is rapidly hastening when every respectable citizen will be found engaged in the honourable office of enriching and perpetuating our infant establishment.

It will gratify the Stockholders to learn that during the last year 832 gentlemen have visited our Rooms, from every civilized portion of the globe: but if we should consider our institution as no more than the resort of citizens from the wide spreading points of our own nation, how conducive must it be to the cultivation of those feelings which should be cherished in every quarter of the union. Here local prejudices, may be dissipated—state jealousies corrected, the practical application of our legislative provisions, which are all derived from a common source might be compared, and by various other means, important approaches would be made to such a state of harmonious co-operation as should tend to perpetuate our peculiar form of government.

Upon the whole, in reflecting that we associated together but five years ago, and considering the present state of our Institution; we have not only much reason to rejoice in the success of our endeavours, but also a sure pledge that we shall ultimately attain the object all our desires.

SAMUEL EWING,	} Committee.
ROBERTS VAUX,	
BENJAMIN TILGHMAN,	

LIFE OF ENSIGN ODOHERTY.

Some account of the Life and Writings of Ensign and Adjutant Odoherly, late of the 99th Regiment.

(Continued.)

It is not my intention to recapitulate the various calamities of the siege of New Orleans. That the armament was utterly inadequate to accomplish the object of the expedition, is now generally admitted. Fitted out for the express purpose of besieging *one of the strongest and most formidable fortresses in America*, it was not only unprovided with a battering train, but without a single piece of heavy ordnance to assist in its reduction. Sir Edward Pakenham, therefore on his arrival at Jamaica, found himself under the necessity of awaiting the tedious arrival of reinforcements from England, or of undertaking the expedition with the very inadequate means at his disposal. Listening rather to the suggestions of his gallantry than his prudence, he decided on

the latter. If he erred in undertaking the expedition, it must be owned that he displayed *the most consummate* skill in the conduct of it. On his arrival at New Orleans, he established himself immediately on the peninsula guarded by *the fortress*, and so vigorously did he push his operations, that on the third night he determined on making the assault. The honour of leading the storming party was allotted to the 44th regiment, then under the command of the honourable Lieutenant Colonel Mullins, son to Lord Ventry, patron to our hero's father, and who did not at all congratulate himself, however, on his good fortune. The 44th regiment was driven back at the commencement of the attack, and on Sir Edward Pakenham's inquiring for the commanding officer, it was discovered that both he and ensign Odoherly had remained in the rear. On search being made for them, Colonel Mullins was discovered under an ammunition wagon, and Ensign Odoherly was found in his tent, apparently very busy searching for his snuff-box, the loss of which he solemnly declared was the sole reason of his absence. In consequence of these circumstances, Colonel Mullins was brought to a court-martial and dismissed the service; and such, most probably, would likewise have been the fate of Ensign Odoherly, had he not by the most humble intercessions, prevailed on the officers of the regiment to suppress their charges, on condition that he rid them of his presence, by an immediate exchange into another regiment. I am far from wishing to justify the line of conduct adopted in this instance by Mr. Odoherly, in yielding to the prejudices against his character which the officers of the regiment appear so gratuitously to have entertained. Knowing him as I do, to have been as brave a man as ever pushed the bayonet to the throat of an enemy, I cannot but sincerely regret that any change of circumstances should have occurred to give a different complexion to his character in the opinion of the world. But such regrets are useless! Who, when gazing on the brightness of the sun can suppose his effulgence to be diminished because, when viewed through a telescope, a few trifling spots are discernible on his disk!

But having entered into this arrangement, in order to effect his exchange, Mr. Odoherly took advantage of the sailing of the first ship to return to England, and accordingly embarked in the

Beelzebub transport for that purpose. On their voyage home they encountered a severe storm when off the river Chesapeake, which broke the bobstay of the Beelzebub, and did considerable injury to her mainmast. To crown the misfortune of this unlucky voyage, they were captured by the American frigate President, in lat. $35^{\circ} 40'$ long. $27^{\circ} 14'$ and carried into Boston as prisoners of war. Mr. Odoherly bore his misfortunes with the greatest philosophy and calmness, and as a proof of the happy equanimity of his temper, I give the following extract from an extempore address to a whale, seen off Long Island on the 14th of June 1814.

Great king of the ocean, transcendant and grand,
 Dost thou rest 'mid the waters so blue;
 So vast is thy form, I'm sure, on dry land,
 It would cover an acre or two.
 Thou watery Colossus, how lovely the sight,
 When thou sailest majestic and slow,
 And the sky and the ocean together unite
 Their splendour around thee to throw.
 Or near to the Pole, 'mid the elements strife,
 Where the tempest the seamen appals,
 Unmov'd, like a continent pregnant with life,
 Or rather a living St. Paul's.
 Thee, soon as the Greenlander-fisherman sees,
 He plans thy destruction odd rot him;
 And often, before thou hast time to cry cease
 He has whipped his harpoon ———.

Here unfortunately a hiatus occurs, which, I am sure, will be regretted by every lover of what is sublime in conception, grand in description, and beautiful in imagination. Odoherly is not the only author of high genius whose vivacity exceeded his perseverance. We may say of him what Voltaire said of Lord Bacon. *Ce grand homme a commence' beaucoup de choses que personne ne peut jamais achever.*

On his arrival at Boston, he received orders to proceed to Philadelphia, the station allotted for his residence by the American government. In this great city, the manly graces of his person, and the seductive elegance of his manners, gained him the notice and attention of all ranks. But, notwithstanding the kindness and hospitality which he experienced from his American friends, his

pecuniary circumstances were by no means in the most flourishing condition. He found, to his astonishment, that American merchants, however kind and liberal in other respects, had a strange prejudice against discounting Irish bills, nor could any offers, however liberal, of an extraordinary per centage, reconcile their minds to the imaginary risk of the transaction. Under these circumstances, Mr. Odoherly was obliged to confine his expenses to his pay, a small part of which was advanced to him, with much liberality, by the British agent for prisoners of war in that city, to whose kindness he was, on several occasions, much indebted. It was in PHILADELPHIA that Ensign Odoherly had the misfortune to form a connection with a lady of the name of M^cWhirter, who kept a well-known tavern and smoaking-shop. Her husband had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland, of which country he was a native, and had found it prudent to escape the consequences of his conduct, by a flight to America. He accordingly repaired to Philadelphia, where he opened the "Goat in Armour" tavern, and soon after married a female emigre' from the Emerald Isle, an act which, I believe, he had only once occasion to repent. He died in a few years, and the "Goat in Armour" lost none of its reputation under the management of his widow. In this house did Mr. Odoherly take up his residence on his arrival at Philadelphia, and it is almost needless to add, he soon made a complete conquest of the too susceptible heart of Mrs. M^cWhirter. In the present difficulty of his pecuniary affairs, this circumstance afforded him too many advantages to be neglected or overlooked. Disgusting as she was in her person, vulgar in her manners, weak in her understanding, and unsuitable in years, he determined on espousing her. Accordingly he made his proposals in form, and Mrs. M^cWhirter was too much flattered with the idea of becoming an ensign's lady, not to swallow the bait with avidity. They were privately married, and continued to live together with tolerable harmony, until the peace of 1815 restored Mr. Odoherly once more to liberty. He was now heartily sick of the faded charms and uncultivated rudeness of his new wife, and accordingly determined once more to pursue the current of his fortune in another hemisphere. He accordingly possessed himself of as much ready money as he could conveniently lay his hands upon, and secretly embarked on board

a ship, then on the point of sailing for England. The astonishment, rage, and grief of his wife, at the discovery of his flight, may be more easily conceived than described. She has indeed embodied them all, with the greatest fidelity, in an address to her husband, which, I have reason to believe, she composed immediately after his elopement. I shall only give the first verse, which possesses certainly much energy, if not elegance.

Confusion seize your lousy soul, ye nasty dirty varment,
Ye goes your ways, and leaves me here without the least preferment;
When you've drunk my gin, and robbed my till, and stolen all my pelf, ye
Sail away, and think no more on your wife at Philadelphia.

I shall certainly not presume to offer the delicate and refined reader any further specimen of this coarse and vulgar, but surely pathetic and feeling, poem. Gray's "Bard," has been often and justly admired, for the beautiful and unexpected abruptness of the opening stanza; the sudden vehemence of passion, in which strange curses are imprecated on the head of the devoted monarch. It begins with the beautiful line,

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king."

but how inferior to this is the commencement of Mrs. Odoherly's poem, which I have just extracted. How emphatically it addresses itself to our feelings! How dreadful the curse which it invokes!

"Confusion seize your lousy soul!"

The blood runs cold at the monstrous imprecation;—we feel an involuntary shuddering—such as comes on us when poring over the infernal cauldron of Macbeth, and listening to unearthly and hellish conjurations. Such are the proudest triumphs of the poet!

Mr. Odoherly arrived in England, after a short and prosperous passage. The following piece was composed on sailing past Cape Trafalgar in the night. I mistake, if it does not exhibit the strongest traces of powerful and wild imagination; and only leaves room to regret that, like most of his poetical effusions, it is unfinished. It reminds us of some of the best parts of John Wilson's *Isle of Palms*.

Have you sailed on the breast of the deep,
When the winds had all silenced their breath,
And the waters were hushed in as holy a sleep,
And as calm as the slumber of death.

When the yellow moon beaming on high,
Shone tranquilly bright on the wave,
And careered through the vast and impalpable sky,
Till she found in the ocean a grave;
And dying away by degrees on the sight,
The waters were clad in the mantle of night.

'Twould impart a delight to thy soul,
As I felt it imparted to mine,
And the draught of affliction that blackened my bowl,
Grew bright as the silvery brine.
I carelessly lay on the deck,
And listened in silence to catch
The wonderful stories of battle or wreck
That were told by the men of the watch.
Sad stories of demons most deadly that be,
And of mermaids that rose from the depths of the sea.

Strange visions my fancy had filled,
I was wet with the dew of the night;
And I thought that the moon still continued to gild
The wave with a silvery light.
I sunk by degrees into sleep,
I thought of my friends who were far,
When a form seemed to glide o'er the face of the deep,
As bright as the evening star.
Ne'er rose there a spirit more lovely and fair,
Yet I trembled to think that a spirit was there.

Emerald green was her hair,
Braided with gems of the sea;
Her arm, like a meteor, she waved in the air,
And I knew that she beckoned on me.
She glanced upon me with her eyes,
How ineffably bright was their blaze;
I shrunk and I trembled with fear and surprize,
Yet still I continued to gaze;
But enchantingly sweet was the smile of her lip,
And I followed the vision, and sprang from the ship.

'Mid the waves of the ocean I fell,
The dolphins were sporting around,
And many a triton was tuning the shell,
And extatic and wild was the sound;

ENSIGN ODOHERTY.

There were thousands of fathoms above,
 And thousands of fathoms below,
 And we sunk to the caves where the sea lions rove,
 And the topaz, and emerald glow;
 Where the diamond and sapphire eternally shed
 Their lustre around, on the bones of the dead:

And well might their lustre be bright,
 For they shone on the limbs of the brave;
 Of those who had fought in the terrible fight,
 And were buried at last in the wave.
 In grottoes of coral they slept
 On white beds of pearl around;
 And near them, forever, the water-snake crept,
 And the sea-lion guarded the ground;
 While the dirge of the heroes, by spirits was rung,
 And solemn and wild were the strains that they sung.

DIRGE.

Sweet is the slumber the mariners sleep,
 Their bones are laid in the caves of the deep,
 For ever their heads the tempests sweep,
 That ne'er shall wake them more:
 They died when raved the bloody fight,
 And loud was the caunons' roar—
 Their death was dark, their glory bright,
 And they sunk to rise no more,
 They sunk to rise no more.
 But the loud wind past,
 When they breathed their last,
 And it carried their dying sigh;
 In a winding sheet,
 With a shot at their feet,
 In coral caves they lie,
 In coral caves they lie.

Or where the syren of the rocks
 Lovely waves her sea-green locks;
 Where the deadly breakers foam,
 Found they an eternal home!

Horrid and long were the struggles of death,
 Black was the night when they yielded their breath;
 But not on the ocean, all buoyant and bloated,
 The sport of the waters their white bodies floated—

For they were borne to coral caves,
Distant far beneath the waves;
And there on beds of pearl they sleep,
And far over their heads the tempests sweep,
That ne'er shall wake them more,
That ne'er shall wake them more.

On his arrival in England he repaired immediately to London, and effected an exchange into the 99th, or King's own Tipperary regiment, and set off immediately to join the depot, then stationed in the Isle of Wight. In order to cover the reason of his leaving his former regiment, and to prevent the true cause of his exchange from becoming publicly known, he addressed the following stanzas to the officers of the 44th regiment; and took care to have them inserted in all the newspapers, with the signature of Morgan Odohertry. They are as follows:

Come, push round the bottle—one glass, ere we part,
Must in sadness go round to the friends of my heart;
With whom many a bright hour of joy has gone by,
Whom with pleasure I met—whom I leave with a sigh.

Yes, the hours have gone by; like a bright sunny gleam
In the dark sky of winter, they fled like a dream;
Yet when years shall have cast their dim shadows between,
I shall fondly remember the days that have been.

Come, push round the bottle—for ne'er shall the chain
That has bound us together, be broken in twain;
And I'll drink, wheresoever my lot may be cast,
To the friends that I love, and the days that are past.

This *ruse de guerre* had the desired effect; for nobody could possibly suspect that the author of this sentimental and very feeling address, had just been kicked out of the regiment, by these very dear friends whom he thus pathetically lauds. Soon after his arrival at the depot of the 99th regiment, he was ordered to proceed on the recruiting service to Scotland, and he arrived in Edinburgh in the summer of 1815. Here new and unexpected honours awaited him. He had hitherto been a stranger to literary distinctions; and, notwithstanding his writings in the different periodical publications attracted much of the public admiration, he had hitherto remained, in the more extended signification of the

word, absolutely unnoticed. This, however, was at length to cease; and though Mr. Odoherly was by birth an Irishman, (to the shame of that country be it spoken,) it was Scotland that first learnt to appreciate and reward his merit.

Soon after his arrival in this metropolis, he was voted a member of the "Select Society." Here he distinguished himself, by his eloquence, in a very eminent degree; and as the gentlemen of this society seemed to pride themselves more on the quantity, than the quality of their orations; and seemed to meet with much greater success in the multiplication of their words, than in the multiplication of their ideas, to correspond with them, Mr. Odoherly, from his natural volubility, soon succeeded in casting his rivals in the shade. In particular, I am told he made a speech of four hours and a half, on the very new and interesting question of, whether Brutus was justified in the assassination of Cæsar? which was carried in the affirmative, by a majority of one; and may therefore be considered as being finally settled. He likewise made a long speech on the question of the propriety of early marriages; and clearly established, in a most pathetic and luminous oration, that Queen Elizabeth was by no means justified in the execution of Mary. It was impossible that these elaborate displays, of the most extraordinary talent, could long remain unnoticed. In consequence of his giving a most clear and scientific description of a Roman frying-pan, found in the middle of a bog, in the county of Kilkenny, he was immediately elected a member of the society of Scottish Antiquaries, and read at their meetings several very interesting papers—which were received by his brother antiquaries with the most grateful attention. He was likewise proposed a member of the Royal Society, and unfortunately black-balled.—Candour induces me to state, for the credit of that learned body, that this rejection was not understood to proceed on the personal unfitness of Mr. Odoherly, for the proposed honour, but was simply owing to the circumstances of several Irish members, who had been recently chosen, having bilked the society of their fees, which made them unwilling to add to their number. To make amends for this disappointment, the same week in which it occurred, he was proposed in the society of Dilletanti, and admitted by acclamation into that enlightened body. The evenings which he spent at their meetings, in Young's tavern, High street, were often

mentioned by him, as among the most radiant oases in the desert of his existence. He composed a beautiful ode to the keeper of the tavern where they assemble, of which we cannot at present quote more than the three opening stanzas:

Let dandies to M'Culloch go,
And Ministers to Fortune's hall;
For Indians, Oman's claret flow,
In John M'Phail's let lawyers crow;
These places seem to me so, so,
I love Bill Young's above them all.

One only rival, honest Bill,
Hast thou in Morgan's whim;
I mean Ben Waters, charming Ben,
Simplest and stupidest of men;
I take a tankard now and then,
And smoke a pipe with him.

Dear Ben! dear Bill! I love you both,
Between you oft my fancy wavers;
Thou, Bill, excell'st in sheepshead broth,
Thy porter-mugs are crowned with froth;
At Young's I listen, nothing loth,
To my dear Dilletanti shavers.

O scene of merriment, and havers
Of good rum-punch, and puns and clavers,
And warbling sweet Elysian quavers!—
Who loves not Young's, must be a Goth.

(*To be Continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE TRAGIC AND COMIC SPIRIT.

From the German of Schlegel.

THAT I may return to a more simple and intelligible language, the *tragic* and *comic* bear the same relation to one another, as *earnestness* and *mirth*. Every man is acquainted with both these modifications of mind, from his own experience.—But their essence and their source is a subject that demands a deep philosophical investigation. Both, indeed, bear the stamp of our com-

mon nature; but earnestness belongs more to the moral, and mirth to the sensual side. The creatures destitute of reason, are incapable either of seriousness or mirth. Animals seem indeed at times to labour, as if they were earnestly intent upon an aim, and as if they made the present moment subordinate to the future; at other times they sport, that is, they give themselves up, without object, to the pleasure of existence: but they do not possess consciousness, which alone can elevate both these conditions to true earnestness and mirth. To man alone, of all the animals with which we are acquainted, is it permitted to look back towards the past, and forward into futurity; and he has purchased this noble privilege at a dear rate. Earnestness, in the most extensive signification, is the direction of our mental powers to some aim. But as soon as we begin to call ourselves to account for our actions, reason compels us to fix this aim higher and higher, till we come at last to the highest end of our existence; and here the desire for what is infinite, which dwells in our being, is thwarted by the limits of the finite, by which we are fettered. All that we do, all that we effect, is vain and perishable; death stands every where in the back ground, and every good or ill-spent moment brings us in closer contact with him; and even when a man has been so singularly successful as to reach the utmost term of life, without misfortune, he must still submit to leave all that is dear to him on earth, or to be left himself in a state of destitution. There is no bond of love without separation, no enjoyment without grief for its loss.—When we contemplate, however, the relations of our existence to the extreme limit of possibilities; when we reflect on its entire dependence on an endless chain of causes and effects; when we consider that we are exposed in our weak and helpless state to struggle with the immeasurable powers of nature, and with conflicting desires, on the shores of an unknown world, and in danger of shipwreck at our very birth; that we are subject to all manner of errors and deceptions, every one of which is capable of undoing us; that in our passions we carry our own enemy in our bosoms; that every moment demands from us the sacrifice of our dearest inclinations in the name of the most sacred duties, and that we may at one blow be robbed of all that we have acquired by toils and difficulties; that with every extension of possession the danger of loss is proportionally increased, and we are only the more exposed to the snares of hostile attack: then every mind which is not dead to feeling must be overpowered by an inexpressible melancholy, against which there is no other protection than the consciousness of a destiny soaring above this earthly life. This is the tragic tone; and when the mind dwells on the consideration of the possible, as an existing reality, when that tone is inspired by most striking examples of violent revolutions in the human destiny, either from dejection of soul, or after powerful but ineffectual struggles; then *tragic*

poetry has its origin. We thus see that tragic poetry has its foundation in our nature, and to a certain extent we have answered the question: why we are fond of mournful representations, and even find something consoling and elevating in them? The accordance which we have described is inseparable from strong feeling; and when there is an internal dissonance which poetry cannot remove, it should at least endeavour to attempt an ideal solution.

As earnestness, in the highest degree, is the essence of the tragic tone, the essence of the comic is mirth. The disposition to mirth is a forgetfulness of all gloomy considerations in the pleasant feeling of present happiness. We are then inclined to view every thing in a sportive light, and to admit no impressions calculated to disturb or ruffle us. The imperfections of men and the irregularities in their conduct to one another, become no longer an object of our dislike and compassion, but serve, by their contrasts to entertain the mind and delight the fancy. The comic poet must therefore carefully abstain from whatever is calculated to excite moral disgust with the conduct of men, or sympathy with their situation, because this would inevitably bring us back to earnestness. He must paint their irregularities as arising out of the predominance of the sensual part of their nature, and as constituting a mere ludicrous infirmity, which can be attended with no ruinous consequences. This is uniformly what takes place in what we call comedy, in which, however, there is still a mixture of seriousness, as I shall show in the sequel. The oldest comedy of the Greeks was however entirely gay, and in that respect formed the most complete contrast with their tragedy. Not only the characters and situations of individuals were worked up into a picture of the true comic, but the state, the constitution, the gods, and nature, were all fantastically painted in the most extravagantly ridiculous and laughable colours.

POETRY.

I hope you still cultivate the pleasures of poetry, which are precious, even independent of the rewards of fame. Perhaps the most valuable property of poetry is its power of disengaging the mind from worldly cares, and leading the imagination to the richest springs of intellectual enjoyment; since, however frequently life may be chequered with gloomy scenes, those who truly love the muse, can always find one little path adorned with flowers and cheered by sunshine.—BURNS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MOONSHINE.

ON MODERN BARRISTERS.

By Rory Rotundo, Orator to the Lunarian Society.

Why may that not be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits, now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE fall of a great man, naturally excites in the contemplative mind, sensations of the most mournful kind, which feelingly remind us that we too are subject to decay. In the private relations of society, many of its members are daily consigned to the stillness of the tomb, with little more than the tears of sorrow to embalm their memory. But when one who has moved in a conspicuous station and shone like the corruscations of a meteor, is removed from the dazzled eyes of admiration, the gambols of youth are suspended while the tongue of old age is employed in decanting on his virtues or his vices; and, though a twice told tale, the drowsy ear is never vexed. The inquisitive eye of youth eagerly fastens upon such an object, and no prolixity can weary his ear. While the faithful chronicler recounts the deeds of valour which saved a sinking country from ruin, his young blood mounts into his crimsoned cheek and he is ready to exclaim with the Gallic hero, "where wert thou, Oh Crillon?" If he describe in all the graceful beauties of elocution, the courtesy of the accomplished cavalier and the captivating charms of the successful lover; the enraptured listener suspends his breath, to hear the half-broken sigh of the yielding maid, and he sees the beaming eye which eloquently proclaims the emotions of her soul. He describes the upright and intelligent lawyer who has established a brilliant reputation at the bar, and added new lustre to the ermine on the bench. They see him wearing out his seven long years of probation: delving in that unfathomable well "whereout every

man draweth according to the strength of his understanding," with the patient labour of a Dutch commentator, and the indefatigable industry of an English digester. As he wastes his midnight oil over the black-letter leaves of a ponderous folio, no obstacle seems to be too difficult for his industry to surmount, no subtilty too perplexed for his sagacity to penetrate. They follow him to the bar and behold his undaunted spirit unawed by the frown of power, boldly advocating the rights of the oppressed or securing the liberties of his country from the encroachments of privilege. His palm is sullied by no unworthy bribe, his tongue utters no words but the words of truth, and his conscience whispers no sounds but the voice of gratulation. Spirit of my "wise masters," these were your true sons! For them shall shine the gladsome light of jurisprudence, and they shall enjoy "the loveliness of temperance, the stabilitie of fortitude and the soliditie of justice."

But the sigh of regret is not confined to the memory of the chieftain or the lover, the statesman or the judge. The body of a dead Ass was washed by the tears of Sterne, and the caput mortuum of a scrivener has been addressed, in no unfeeling language by the son of Denmark. In his fervid imagination the ancient prowess of this champion of the law passes in quick review. In a rapid succession of ideas he sketches the formidable armament of a pettifogger of jurisprudence, so vividly that we gaze upon the hollow sconce and fancy we see it starting into life. All his quirks and his quilllets are repeated, and justice trembles at the pollution of her sanctuary: again those tricks by which the worse was made to seem the better reason are displayed before our eyes and the mystery of law fully developed. But the indignation of the noble Dane waxeth warm, when he sees this subtle head once so fertile in every artifice of offence or defence, become the foot-ball of an ignoble hand, and knocked about with as little concern as its owner formerly regarded a client who had no fee.

"Why will he not tell him of his action of battery?"

Alas! indignant prince! when death has once issued his dread command, the unfortunate victim can find no kind friend like the humane John Doe Esq. or his inseparable friend, the compassionate Mr. Roe, who are so ready to assist the aggrieved on other occasions. Notwithstanding his extensive lands and prolix pa-

pers, his fine pate is now filled with fine dirt, and he must be contented to occupy no larger a space than the length and breadth of a pair of his own indentures which were to be paid for at the rate of a penny for every twelve words. "Not one jot more," says Horatio with a sternness which would ill-become Mr. John Keich, himself. Such is the state of human greatness. To-day it opens to the sun with noon-day splendour, and to-morrow some envious rain despoils it of its lustre! In my "mind's eye" I behold this poor lawyer on his death bed. At the close of his career he imparts with his grim goaler, and prays for a continuance if it be but for one term. In vain he recounts the number of his clients, and tells the variety of causes which are ready for trial. In vain he confesses how many false pleas he has made in his life time; and presses the necessity of amendment before he is put at the great bar for a safe deliverance. In his dying moments he bids adieu to the scenes of his former glory.

Farewell to courts where every term I've plead,
 Farewell, a long farewell to all my clients!
 Such is the state of lawyers: to-day they ope
 The folio leaves of Coke, to-morrow study,
 Or see their clients throng around with fees.
 At the third term comes the judge and jury,
 And,....when they think, good easy men, full surely
 Their verdict is a rip'ning...nip the case,
 And then they fall as I do. I have plead
 To the clos'd ears of many a drowsy jury,
 But plead beyond their patience: my well fill'd brief
 Avail'd me nought: and that accursed verdict
 Made me to pay the damages and costs,
 And left me weary with my cause, at the mercy
 Of bubbled clients who must ever blame me.
 Chief Judge and jury of the court, I hate you.
 For ye did ope my client's eyes; O, foolish
 Is that poor man who hangs on lawyer's speech!
 There is betwixt the smile which he doth put on
 When fee'd, he'll promise success; and the verdict,
 More fees and costs than they did ever dream of;
 And when he's call'd on, he enters non pros —
 Perhaps to sue again!

But thanks be to the never-to-be-sufficiently-celebrated discovery of the great Osymandyas, lawyers now a-days, by the aid

of Moonshine, are enabled to unite profit and delight, and attain a complete knowledge of their profession in a much less time than that which was so uselessly spent by our ancestors.

Instead of wasting the prime of his life in his study, our young gentleman cons over the doctrine of *Levant and Couchant* in his bed till noon. At night as he staggers home, the Watch remonstrates with him upon the impropriety of disturbing his neighbours and a blow is the reward of this officiousness. Our student is arrested and confined to the watch-box until morning, when his worship, Mr. Barker, lets him into all the "amiable secrets" of assault and battery, commitment, bail &c. In the summer he gallops off to some watering place, by which he becomes acquainted with the law of *ways*, and his taylor occasionally gives him some hints about *captions*. He gets a full insight into the doctrine of *riots* at Vauxhall or a county election. But passing over the dull period of probation, let us suppose that the two grave examiners have reported to the court that our young gentleman is fitted for the practice of the law. Let us behold him *dreaming of fees* at his office. At this period it is generally observed, that the young Attornies branch off into the different paths which lead to the goal they would all attain. Many of them diverge so far from the true road that they never regain it. Some, wearied by the brambles and thorns which grow by the way, and mark their footsteps with blood, become disgusted, and entirely relinquish the object of their ambition. One tumbles so deep in one of my lord Coke's "deep wells," that he never gets out; a second sticks fast in the slough of despond, while a third loiters among the fragrant flowers which bloom on either side. The terms of law furnish to his ardent mind such ample themes for speculation, that he closes his folio and resigns his judgment to the dominion of imagination. He indites "a sonnet to his mistress' eye-brow," when the good of the State requires a presentment, and talks of Cupid and Venus, and shafts and flames, when his client's interest requires an attachment. A nonsuit reminds him of the frowns of some capricious fair one, and he opens the psalter at the chapter on matrimony when he is told to join issue.

As to your plodder, your man of cases and tricks, he is to be found immured in his office:

Fee-less himself he meditates, alas! on
Fees-tail and simple.

Instead of taking the slow cart-road to knowledge, with the old fashioned wise-heads for his companions, he gallops on with the "Young Lawyer's best guide," "The Vade Mecum," "Espinasse," or some such valuable compendium. Here he finds the innumerable principles of his profession, stripped of the cumbersome velvet in which reason and judgment have clothed them, and the entire science is collected into a focus not larger than a nut-shell. Blessings on your industry, all ye plodding Digest makers and Compilers! By your labours the lead-mine of law has been laid open to the face of day, and every man may become his own lawyer in less time than a taylor can learn to calculate the profits of cabbage. Ye have developed those curious secrets by which the art of acquiring fees was confined to the monopolising palms of a favoured few! To you who have enlightened modern times by the universal diffusion of all the profundity of our ancestors, shall the children of idleness and ignorance and the demons of litigation and avarice, unite to erect the funeral pyre of honour and the "sons of the law," shall light it with the bulky tomes of Coke and Hobart, and Selden and Lyttleton!



A MOONLIGHT VISION.

BY EDWIN ARION, F. L. S.

WHEN Sol retiring seeks the West,
 And weary nature sinks to rest;
 I love to hail the sister ray,
 That streaks the clouds with lunar grey—
 For on the pale moon's lucid face
 I sadly gaze, and seem to trace
 A form, more fair than poet feigns,
 When reason sleeps and fancy reigns.
 And as through beams of light I rove,
 And mark the twinkling orbs above,
 The accents of the maid so dear
 Fall lightly on my ravish'd ear.

As late, for such an hour as this
 Of pleasing pain and pensive bliss,
 By Western streams, alone I stray'd,
 And Fancy found the lovely maid.

No sounds disturbed the calm serene,
But silence reigned throughout the scene;
Save when the sailor's distant song
O'er the calm stream was borne along.
While sunk in sleep, I saw the fair,
With blushing cheek and curling hair;
With lips that smile in roses' hue,
Which sweet good nature's charms imbue;
With eyes that beam so bright with love,
And voice that stills the murm'ring grove;
With eyes that softly bid us woo,
And tell what Cupid there can do.
Methought she read my throbbing heart,
And heard the wish it would impart.
For oft at midnight's silent hour
Had I invok'd the wily pow'r,
That caus'd my cheeks with love to glow,
To bid her listen to my woe.
But I had never tasted pleasure
Since first I learnt his mournful measure.
But now I touch'd the note again,
And Cupid bade her list the strain.
And when I had my love confess'd,
She sigh'd....and sunk upon my breast.

Oh! how shall I in words disclose,
What raptures then within me rose!
I tun'd my softly breathing lyre
And Echo heard its notes expire.
No more, when eve has veil'd the sky,
And landscapes fade before the eye;
When shadows dim the silent scene
Of gurgling brook and meadows green:
I'll pensive wander o'er the plain
And strike my mournful lyre in vain.
For she who won my early love
Now meets me in the well known grove.
Oh! now may Flora's fairest flowers
Bloom fragrant in these happy bowers.

Here shall she place the myrtle green
 And blushing rose to deck the scene:
 And all around the verdant vale
 Shall ever breathe the purest gale—
 And here shall nymphs their shepherds meet
 And fays shall trip their printless feet—
 And Sylphs shall flit the buxom air
 To guard and please the favour'd fair—
 For here did I my love impart,
 And here I won Myrilla's heart.

Such was the scene that fancy's gleam
 Fair painted in a fleeting dream—
 But when the day-star bade me rise
 The vision fled my raptur'd eyes!
 Oh! when again all nature sleeps
 And silence through the forests creeps;
 May such fair dreams enchain my rest,
 And love's warm hopes rise in my breast

* *

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS OF THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY OF LOUDOUN, VIRGINIA.

(Circular.)

Sir,—The Board of Managers of the Auxiliary Society of Loudoun, for colonizing the free people of color, *with their own consent*, in prosecuting the great object entrusted to them, wishing to give all their fellow-citizens an opportunity of aiding in the benevolent work, have determined to make application to gentlemen, in the different sections of the county, to assist in procuring subscriptions and donations. Relying upon your zeal, Sir, in so good a cause, they have taken the liberty of soliciting your friendly co-operation.

The colonization of the free people of color, with their own consent, on the coast of Africa, is the object for which the Board ask contributions.

Now if this object shall appear both *useful* and *practicable*, we confidently anticipate the prompt and liberal aid of a generous community.

Little need be said on the *utility* of the scheme. It will be beneficial to the *Citizens of the United States*. Serious evils have been

felt, and greater evils have been apprehended, from the existence of such a population amongst us, as that contemplated by the Society. Thousands have sighed for a scheme that should promise release, and at the same time promote the comfort of the subjects concerned. The colonization scheme has opened the door of hope, and they hail it with gladness. Should the object be accomplished, our republican principles will be purified and rendered consistent; our morals chastened; our apprehensions annihilated; our comforts improved; our national strength augmented; and our national character will cease to wear its most marring blemish.

The plan will be eminently useful to the *colonists* themselves. Greece and Rome held slaves. Many of them were emancipated, who were quickly amalgamated with the mass of citizens, because there was no abiding mark of distinction. Complexion and figure forbid this with us. The colored people stand separated from us, even when free. They have the power of local motion and of holding property, they have no essential rights of the free-man. Hence their spirit is broken; their mental energies slumber. Their associates are slaves or free men more degraded than themselves. Plant them in a colony, let them breathe the air of *equal* liberty: suffer them to feel the invigorating effects of literary improvement; let Christianity unrestrained shed her benign influence on their hearts; permit them to be lords of the soil and lords of themselves, and who will say, the change will not be infinitely good?

To the *Continent of Africa*, the colonization scheme promises general and lasting benefits. Within the date of authentic history, Egypt was the mother of Science, and Carthage contended with Rome, at her own gates, for the empire of the world. But Africa, for ages on ages, has been covered with gross darkness, pagan superstitions, Mahometan delusions, universal barbarism, and despotic rule; and for the last two centuries or more, has felt, in addition, the scorpion scourge of the Slave Trade. Plant a colony on their coast; and that colony will carry to them the arts of agriculture and civilization (ever united;) the knowledge of letters; the principles of just government; and above all, the benign religion of the blessed Jesus.—As the colony shall extend, and others branch off from it, these arts, these principles of government, and this ameliorating religion will be disseminated, until, in process of time, the whole continent will rise up and call those blessed, who devised and executed the colonization plan. Nay, they will bless the unsearchable providence of God, that sent away their children into bondage for a time, that they might return laden with blessings so numerous, so rich, and so lasting.

Do we wish to see the inhuman, the nefarious *slave trade* annihilated? Africans must be taught their resources in their own soil and climate; they must be convinced by experiment, that they will increase their gains by retaining their population to cultivate their lands;

they must be instructed in the principles of humanity and religion, and they will cease to furnish slaves to the abandoned traders. How are these objects so likely to be accomplished, as by colonies in their own country? They now plead poverty, and necessity for the sale of their sons and daughters; but when they shall see that their sons, from the mechanic arts, and the culture of the soil, and their daughters, from the labors of the wheel and the loom, shall bring them a more ample revenue, than their sale would command, will they then be commodities of bargain and traffic? No; the law of brotherly kindness and parental affection, will again stir within their hearts, and assert its violated claims. Colonization and slave trade cannot exist together. In short, every reflecting mind will perceive, that incalculable advantages, both civil and religious, would result from the execution of the colonization scheme, to us who remain, to those who go, and to their long lost kindred in the flesh, who shall give the returning exiles a brother's home.

But, is the scheme *practicable*? This, we confess, is the all-important question; and, without hesitation, we answer it in the affirmative.—And we thus reason to support the affirmation.

If a *suitable territory* can be procured; if the free people of color shall *consent to go*; if the natives of Africa shall be *willing to receive them*; if the *funds* necessary to transport and settle them *can be raised*; and if they can be *protected* in their settlement, then the scheme can be accomplished. A few remarks must suffice on these particulars, though volumes might be filled, without exhausting the subject.

Salubrity, extent, and fertility, are the properties of a suitable territory. More than one such were found by the Rev. Messrs. Mills and Burgess, who were sent by the mother Society, last year, for the express purpose of exploring the western coast of Africa. These faithful agents found, at Sherbro and elsewhere, territories abounding in springs, brooks and rivers: pleasant in climate, rich in soil and fruits; covered with forests in many parts; calculated for agriculture and grazing, and of sufficient extent to accommodate all the free people of color in the United States. These territories are very thinly peopled, owing to the devastations of the slave trade, and the removal of the affrighted natives from the coast. Africa, it is true, has its deserts; (so have Asia and South America;) but it is also true, that no land can boast of regions more fertile and better watered. To these are the colonists to be sent, and not to the sands of Zahara and Lybia.

But will the *native Princes*, who hold those territories sell a sufficient portion of them? The reports of the agents, Mills and Burgess, satisfy us on this point.—They are willing, nay some are anxious to sell enough for our object. And the price will be a mere trifle; perhaps less, for a territory large enough to accommodate 50,000, than a very small farm in Loudoun would command.

But it will be policy, on many accounts, to purchase at first, a territory not very large. Opportunities of making additions will, doubtless, often occur, and of establishing new settlements, contiguous to the old. There will be no difficulty, say the most intelligent of the natives, in procuring land to any extent that may be necessary.

And, it is with thankfulness we would add, that all-ruling Providence seems to have prepared the way for our work; for many of the native princes and chiefs, as well as their subjects, are not only willing but anxious to receive their returning brethren as speedily as possible. They beg that they may come soon, that their children may be instructed, that they may learn the arts, and know the book of God. Your heart, Sir, will be warmed when you read the words of the Sherbro chief to our agents, 'We cannot hate them—we will receive them;' and when you observe the many other encouraging facts in Mr. Mills' interesting journal.

Will the free blacks consent to go? Hundreds have already declared their willingness. And when they understand the nature and extent of those blessings, which they may possess and bequeath to their children, in the land of their fathers, will any be unwilling? If any, they will be such as indolence and vice have sunk so low, that it would be unwise to mingle them with their betters in a colony, even if they should consent. Is it at all wonderful, that they should view with slow yielding caution, what white men promise for the good of Africans? Should this be so found in the result, it will not be strange; but it is passing strange, that there should be any enlightened fellow citizens so ignorant of our objects, or so prejudiced, as to insinuate, that all is done from selfish views. As far as attempts have been made (and they have designedly been very limited as yet) to gain the consent of the free people of color, those attempts have been generally successful. And in addition to those already free, the way will be opened for a safe, voluntary, and beneficial emancipation, which you know and we know would be gladly embraced by not a few, the very moment it should become practicable, consistently with the true interest of the subjects themselves.

But suppose the territory procured, the natives willing to receive colonists, and they willing to go; can funds be raised to defray the expense? A high-minded American should not ask this question:—Is the object just? is it benevolent? is it useful? then, the blessing of Heaven on our exertions and resources will enable us to accomplish it. The spirit, which originated this scheme, is passing from heart to heart, and from state to state. It will soon pervade the Union. State Legislatures have approved; Congress has countenanced; and the Executive will acc.—The work, from its very nature, must be the work of considerable time; and of course the demand for funds will be gradual. What will

not the united exertions of our population be able to affect, when the poor man shall give willingly his mite, and the rich man shall glory in helping forward the cause of justice, liberty, humanity, civilization, and christianity?—Many of the colonists will go out free of charge in the government vessels; merchant ships will carry them at fifty dollars each. For the first few years, a small sum to each will be necessary to support them, until their labour shall be productive. But after a short time, this will be unnecessary, because in a growing colony, they will find immediate and productive employment. And when they shall have so grown in arts, agriculture, wealth and commerce, as to carry on trade with our cities, hundreds and thousands will find the way of transportation and settlement, at little or no cost. We add, too, that many of them have acquired property amongst us; which would enable them to go at their own expense, and settle at once comfortably. In one word, a willing people, a mighty nation, with the blessing of the Almighty on their exertions, and their vast resources, can and will doubtless, furnish adequate means for the momentous object, when their sentiments shall be enlightened, their sympathies warmed, and their energies awakened, by seeing the scheme, in the 'full tide of successful experiment.'

Can the colony, if planted, be *protected*? Little protection will be needed. The natives on the western coast of Africa, are remarkably timid, gentle, and disposed to peace. They would stand in awe of those, who, they would quickly see, were their superiors in the arts. They feel their own ignorance, and would gladly cultivate friendship, that they might receive instruction. They are altogether different from the fierce, high-minded, sagacious and warlike Indians, who opposed the first colonists of America. There will be little or no danger from the natives; we propose to deal honestly and fairly with them, as did the venerable Wm. Penn, with the Aborigines of Pennsylvania.

Nor will there be danger from any foreign power. All the late transactions of Europe will be a guarantee of their safety. Her united vengeance would descend upon that nation, which should lift a hand against an African colony; for the rights of insulted, injured, and helpless Africa, have been prominent in all her late treaties. But should she fail in duty and in zeal, the displeasure of a mightier arm would wither the strength of the invader. The safety of the colony will be in their observance of justice to all; in the pacific disposition of the natives; in the united friendship of Europe and America; and in the protection of the God of hosts.

When an object is proposed, which has already, in its kind, been tested by experience, we cannot doubt of its practicability. The colonization scheme has been tried, and has succeeded beyond expectation. A colony of free blacks was planted about thirty years ago, by a few benevolent men of England, at Sierra Leone,

on the western coast of Africa, say about 200 miles distant from the place contemplated for ours. It laboured long under difficulties. The whole of the time almost since its establishment, till within the last five years, was a season of furious wars in Europe; and, as was to be expected, it made little advances. But in the last few years, 9,000 have been added, making their number 12,000, redeemed from slavery. They have five or six churches, and 2,000 children in well regulated schools, receiving their education. They are improving rapidly in arts, agriculture, and commerce. They are peaceful, sober, industrious, healthy, and happy. Such is the solemn testimony of the Rev. J. Mills, in his Journal; and yet, certain persons have ventured to say to the world, that this colony is *reported to be declining*. If, therefore, the colony of Sierra Leone has prospered, why not another, planted under much more favourable prospects, and at a more auspicious time, and supported by more extensive good will, resources, and energies? It must, it will succeed; for the counsel of Heaven is directing it, for the lifting up of his oppressed and afflicted creature—man.

In short, the object of the Colonization Society, is the plain dictate of humanity; of justice, of piety. Reason and christianity sanction it; God approves it; and it must prosper.—Let us therefore be helpers in the good work. If any have lifted up the spear of hostility, let them quickly convert it into the staff of support, lest they offend the God of all flesh, and pierce their own souls. With such views, with such convictions, with such feelings, and with such an object, we would, Sir, engage your zealous co-operation, by all that is dear to the free-man; to the philanthropist, and to the Christian. ‘United action is always powerful action.’

We refer you to the second annual report of the Colonization Society at Washington, for confirmation of the facts which we have stated, respecting the coast of Africa, and its inhabitants. We have adopted measures, which we hope will be successful, to procure a number of copies of this valuable and interesting journal, for distribution in Loudoun.

Though the payment of one dollar annually, entitles to membership, by our Constitution—yet we hope many will feel themselves able to subscribe more; and that the rich and benevolent will, out of their abundance, give much. Such a charity will be a luxury to the soul; a blessing to millions; and an ascending incense to God.

A letter, just received from an agent of the mother Society, informs us, that a Colony will be sent out this fall. Immediate exertion is therefore necessary on our part, that we may give the Society all possible aid. They will need it more at the commencement than at any subsequent period. By soliciting all your neighbours to subscribe the Constitution, (and who can refuse?) and by obtaining donations to our society, you will meet the claims of

justice and mercy; you will fulfil our wishes; and be entitled to the gratitude of millions. Please report your success, as soon and as often as convenient, to the undersigned secretary; and pay any money you may receive to *Richard H. Henderson, Esq.* Treasurer, both of Leesburg.—With full reliance on your judgment and zeal, in the cause of reason, of right, of religion, and of God; and on the benevolence and generosity of our fellow-citizens of Loudoun,

We are, Sir, with esteem, your obedient servants,
JOHN MINES, President.

RICHARD H. LEE, Secretary.

By order of the Board of Managers of the L. A. C. S.

Leesburg, July 24, 1819.

HUMAN LIFE; a Poem; by SAMUEL ROGERS. 100 pp. London, 1819. Philadelphia, reprinted.

WE cannot say that we entertain a very profound veneration for the talents of Mr. Rogers, although we both appreciate and approve a great deal of what he has written; his verses are commonly very musical, and there runs through his compositions a general tone both of elegance and goodness; but one might almost imagine, from the obvious fondness which he displays for a particular class of the affections, that he had spent all the active hours of his life in the society of ladies; and all the time which he devotes to speculation, to the perusal of love-sick novels;—so exclusively feminine are his sensibilities, and so remote from every thing which is practical and true, are all his ideas of the real business of life. In attributing this character to the poetry of Mr. Rogers, we are not giving an opinion derived solely from the work before us, but one which we formed long before it had any existence; at the same time, we are obliged to own, that none of his former productions would furnish us with so many positive proofs of it. For in the poem, of which we are now going to give an account, Mr. Rogers formally records what he thinks of human affairs generally; and assuredly if such opinions as he entertains of them, were not deduced from conversation at evening parties, and the study of those classical compositions with which the shelves of our circulating libraries are loaded, we can only say, that we are entirely ignorant of the sources from which he has drawn his information.

We are sorry that these remarks will appear severe to some of our readers, for we entertain great respect for Mr. Rogers, and heartily wish all “our fashionable poets” were as blameless in their calling as he is; but our respect for the man, must not blind our eyes to the defects of the writer. This little poem is likely

to be very extensively read by the younger part of our female readers, and we think it our duty to put them upon their guard against believing that when they "come out," the stage upon which they will appear, and the actors with whom they will mix, bear any points of resemblance to the picture here given of them. They will have far other dispositions to cultivate, far other companions to associate with; far other trials to go through, while they live; and when they die, we trust that they will also have some other hopes and feelings to support them besides those which Mr. Rogers has enumerated.

We know not that we can give a better account of the poem, than by extracting our author's own summary of it, as given in the "Argument" prefixed.

"THE ARGUMENT.

"Introduction.—Ring of Bells in a neighbouring Village on the Birth of an Heir.—General Reflections on Human Life.—The Subject proposed.—Childhood.—Youth.—Manhood.—Love.—Marriage.—Domestic Happiness and Affliction.—War.—Peace.—Civil Dissension.—Retirement from active Life.—Old Age and its Enjoyments.—Conclusion."—P. 3.

From this our readers will perceive the manner in which the subject is handled. The tone of the poem is elegiacal, and the poem itself is descriptive. It consists of a series of little poems, assorted without much reference to each other, upon the various topics above enumerated, and then strung together by the general name of "Human Life;" which although somewhat too imposing a name for the occasion, yet is perhaps as appropriate as any other, for a composition which can hardly be said to be upon any subject in particular.

Mr. Rogers commences with giving us in the first place a description of what he supposes to be "Human Life" in general; after which he proceeds to fill up the canvas, with painting some of the particular stages and events incident to it. We shall commence our extracts by quoting his Introduction.

"The lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby.
Still in the vale the villag-bells ring round;
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jeats resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,

The nurse shall cry, of all her ill's beguiled,
 " 'Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled."

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees,
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round; and old and young,
 In every cottage porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing bless the scene;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard where only joy has been;
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
 Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
 As full methinks of wild and wondrous change,
 As any that the wandering tribes require,
 Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
 As any sung of old in hall or bower
 To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching-hour!

Born in a trance, we wake, reflect, inquire;
 And the green earth, the azure sky admire.
 Of Elfin size—for ever as we run,
 We cast a longer shadow in the sun!
 And now a charm, and now a grace is won!
 We grow in wisdom, and in stature too!
 And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,
 Think nothing done while aught remains to do.

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eye-lids close,
 And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!
 How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,
 While many an emmet comes with curious eye;
 And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!
 Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;
 So like what once we were, and once again shall be!

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
 The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
 An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
 Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;
 The man himself how altered, not the scene!
 Now journeying home with nothing but the name;
 Way-worn and spent, another and the same!

No eye observes the growth or the decay.
 To-day we look as we did yesterday;
 Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks grow grey!
 And in her glass could she but see the face
 She'll see so soon amidst another race,
 How would she shrink!—Returning from afar,
 After some years of travel, some of war,
 Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown
 Before a wife, a father, and a son!

And such is Human Life, the general theme.
 Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream?
 Though with such wild romantic wanderings fraught,
 Such forms in Fancy's richest colouring wrought,
 That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,
 Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again!—P. 7.

It is well, we think, that Mr. Rogers had the precaution expressly to repeat that "such is human life:" for without this assistance, we own we should have been rather at a loss to have interpreted so very fantastical a "dream." However, we have another fault to find with this account of the matter, and this is, that the lines, as placed in the order which Mr. R. has given them, do not always make perfect sense. To give an example of what we mean to say, we shall examine the first eight or ten lines, which are musical enough, and filled with pleasing imagery, but which nevertheless appear to have been put together without any particular reference to the sense,—a fault which surely Mr. Rogers will himself admit is unpardonable. We are told in the first four lines that the lark has done singing, and the bee done humming; and *still* the jests resound, and the bells ring round in Llewellyn Hall! As if there was any thing wonderful in that! In the next lines, however, he gives us the reason of all these signs of merriment; *for*, says he, the *caudle cup* is circling, and the godfathers and godmothers are praying; thus not only confounding most strangely all experience of causes and effect, but leaving the reader to suppose that the birth and the christening were both going on at the same time in Llewellyn Hall! Now in all this, the meaning of Mr. Rogers is plain enough; and it is, in fact, conveyed to the reader; but it is conveyed in a most vague and round-about way, and at the expence of all propriety of language, and precision of thought. The remainder of the passage is too long, or we would subject it to a similar examination, by which we could easily make it appear how loosely our author's ideas are connected together in his mind. The want of truth in the sentiments, and incidents and images, is hardly less apparent; instead of copying life and nature, one would almost suppose that the poet was merely describing an allegorical mask; and this is the case throughout. What, for example, can be so fantastical as the following emblematic portraiture of "Youth."

"Who spurs his horse against the mountain-side;
 Then plunging, shakes his fury in the tide?
 Cries ho, and draws; and, where the sun-beams fall
 At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?
 Who dances without music; and anon
 Sings like the lark—then sighs as woe begone,
 And folds his arms, and, where the willows wave,
 Glides in the moon-shine by a maiden's grave?
 Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow.
 Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now
 A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

He hears me not—Those sighs were from the heart.
 Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.
 He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,
 With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,
 Lie at her feet and on her slipper swear
 That none were half so faultless, half so fair,
 Now through the forest hies, a stricken deer,
 A banished man, flying when none are near;
 And writes on every tree, and lingers long
 Where most the nightingale repeats her song:
 Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent grove,
 Delights to syllable the names we love.—P. 26.

The account, which is given of the proper duties and destiny of your true statesman and senator, is, if possible, still more preposterous. Mr. Rogers seems to think that no man can be a true patriot, for this is the practical comment of the passage, who does not do something to draw down the vengeance of the laws of his country.

"In Autumn at his plough
 Met and solicited, behold him now
 Serving the State again—not as before,
 Not foot to foot, the war-hoop at his door,—
 But in the Senate: and (though round him fly
 The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,)
 With honest dignity, with manly sense,
 And every charm of natural eloquence,
 Like Hampden struggling in his Country's cause,
 The first, the foremost to obey the laws,
 The last to brook oppression. On he moves,
 Careless of blame while his own heart approves,
 Careless of ruin—"For the general good
 'Tis not the first time I shall shed my blood."
 On thro' that gate misnamed, thro' which before
 Went Sidney, Russel, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,
 On into twilight within walls of stone,
 Then to the place of trial; and alone,
 Alone before his judges in array
 Stands for his life: there, on that awful day,
 Council of friends—all human help denied—
 All but from her who sits the pen to guide,
 Like that sweet Saint who sat by Russel's side
 Under the judgment-seat.—But guilty men
 Triumph not always. To his hearth again,
 Again with honour to his hearth restored,
 Lo, in the accustomed chair and at the board,
 Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their claim,
 (The humblest servant calling by his name).
 He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,
 All met as at a holy festival!—P. 48.

Mr. Rogers, however, does not always write thus; his descriptions, whenever he paints really from nature, are often extremely pleasing. The following are, we think, singularly beautiful; and are in themselves quite sufficient to redeem the poem before us,

as well as the poet, from any sweeping condemnation. The poet is describing a mother and her infant:

" Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear forever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And; cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!—
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly;
Oh he would follow—follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight!

Ah who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
Now is the May of Life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet. Joy lifts him from the ground!
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my Jewels!"—P. 19.

There is, perhaps, hardly enough of simplicity in the above lines, and a tone of preconcerted elegance, which reminds us rather too much of Canova's manner; but it would be invidious to seek occasion of blame, when there is so much more field for praise.—Attached to the volume, are two minor poems; the one, "Lines written at Pæstum," and the other called, "They Boy of Egremond;" they are pleasing, but not remarkable; we shall,

therefore, not stop to extract from them. Of the poems in general, we think the perusal will repay the reader for his trouble, by many beautiful lines scattered here and there, and two or three detached descriptions of considerable merit. But considered as a whole, we think the poem is a failure, and likely rather to detract from than to increase Mr. Roger's reputation; for we think it contains matter of *proof* that his muse is not capable of any high or sustained flight.



ON THE STATE OF THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

Translated from the French.

To ———.

PARIS, 1st Feb. 1817.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to know the state of the press in France: in other words, what degree of freedom our writers enjoy. To answer this question clearly, it might seem sufficient to send you an abstract of our laws on the subject; but we have no laws. Then you will say what is the usage? Why, we have not yet any usage. Indeed, how can usage be established, in a country which has renounced all experience, in order to venture upon untried systems? Besides, a knowledge of the laws on any particular subject, is of little avail without an acquaintance with the manners of the nation for which those laws were framed. Thus, you see, your question leads to a far wider discussion, and if you would comprehend the state of the press, you must be made acquainted with the manners of the literary class in France.

The term *public opinion* is not to be found in any of the French historians prior to the reign of Louis XIII. Until that period, our literature was unformed; no one wrote on the administration of government, because the concerns of government were then very limited, and politics were a science studiously concealed from the vulgar eye. The minister of that king, our famous Cardinal de RICHELIEU, having formed the design of attacking the privileges and independence of the nobility, flattered the passions of the commonalty, and did all in his power to exalt that order. He affected to suppose that the French nation in general, entertained an opinion on state affairs, and by means of the support derived from this opinion, he endeavoured to render every thing subservient to his own will. There were some grounds for this notion; for in fact the French people really felt the want of union, steadiness, and congruity in their operations, qualities which had not existed since the death of Henry IV., not through the defect of the institutions, but through the weakness of the government.

Either from zeal for the advancement of literature, of which

the Cardinal RICHELIEU, though totally devoid of taste, was a great admirer; or else from policy, and a wish to erect a sort of visible tribunal for that *public opinion* to which this minister so frequently appealed, he associated the writers of reputation in his days, and founded the *French Academy*. In forming this association he took the members of it into regular pay, a proceeding apparently simple, but attended with important consequences, because our men of letters from that moment concluded that they were to depend on the government for subsistence, and that pensions granted by the court, were preferable to any emoluments that might arise from the independent exercise of their talents.

The nature of our legislation was conformable with these ideas. Our laws did not protect literary property. The dramatic authors were under the control and at the mercy of the players; whilst other writers were in like manner subjected to the booksellers. Our nation, in its chivalrous spirit, though enamoured of the pleasures arising from literature, imputed shame to a subsistence derived from the pen; and to make a trade of the art of writing, was to lose a portion of respectability, whatever might be the writer's talents, or however splendid his success. This will serve to explain, why the masterly productions of our literature during the age of Louis XIV. were utterly profitless to their authors. Thus the legislature, the national manners, and the prevailing prejudices, all contributed to debar them from every prospect of security against want, except such as might arise from the bounty of the government. It is not surprising, therefore, that they should become flatterers of power, and yield easily to its insinuations.

The maintenance of all those doctrines, which were in harmony with the form and spirit of the government, was at that time confided to certain religious societies, who pronounced public censure on authors whenever they deviated from the principles essential to the safety of the state. Our high courts of magistracy, to whom belonged every branch of police, even that which regarded opinions, punished the errors of writers; and though there were no special laws against the delinquencies of the press, yet, as in every civilized country, whatever is considered detrimental to established order, is in some way or other punishable, justice was executed on criminal authors, in the same manner as on criminals who were not authors. Thus, it may be said that the religious bodies denounced, and the parliament punished.

On attentively considering the history of the whole world, we shall every where perceive a distinction between *intellectual* and *material* power. To govern bodies and to govern minds have almost always been considered as two distinct things; and it would not be difficult to prove that nations have been more agitated by the pretensions of those who wished to influence the

mind, than by those who confined their aims to the subjection of the person. This idea suggests a thousand curious reflections. I merely throw it out for your consideration, and proceed with my survey. It is now generally allowed, that the mainspring of *representative governments*, is public opinion; but public opinion I regard as nothing more than the triumph of intellect over force. In this point of view, it is not to be imagined that the liberty of the press, can ever become questionable, in countries where the interests of the state are discussed in large assemblies, and where the deliberations of those assemblies are public. Indeed the very question would suppose an alarming inconsistency; but of this inconsistency we have just given another example; for in France we do not appear to take any interest in the establishment of a principle except for the pleasure of violating it in all its consequences.

The privilege of directing men's minds may sometimes belong to the passions, but never to ignorance, and those, who in the present day blame the monastic orders for having possessed themselves of that privilege, do nothing more than reproach them with having had greater talents and acquirements than the rest of their contemporaries. Had there been only one monastic order in Europe, I think it would have been impossible to take from that order what I call the *intellectual supremacy*; but when several such orders arose, there sprung up a rivalry among them; they contended for this power, which is certainly the greatest, and that which has most charms for exalted minds. What, indeed, can be more attractive than the idea of gaining the ascendancy of the age by dint of mental power alone? What other end does a man of letters propose to himself? Honoured be those writers who, on questions of public interest, sacrifice every personal consideration to the pleasure of meditating on the general welfare!

The Jesuits in France were in quiet possession of the right of directing the public mind, when the Jansenists attacked them for the purpose of wresting from them this high privilege. This was the real ground of the quarrel between these two bodies; theological disputes were merely the mode in which it was carried on. The Jesuits preached a lax morality in order to ensure a majority in their favour; the Jansenists, to make a striking impression and produce a strong contrast, propagated a system of morals at once gloomy and severe; but we may rest assured, that if they had found the Jesuits maintaining their influence over the public mind by means of strict principles, they would have sought popularity by propounding milder doctrines. Is not this generally the case at the present day, in deliberative assemblies when the parties opposed to each other, consider contrary doctrines merely in relation to the means which they afforded for obtaining the direction of public affairs?

It is here that we meet with a singular result of the creation of the French Academy; a result, certainly, not foreseen by Cardinal Richelieu, one of the most despotic of men in principle and disposition.

Whilst the Jesuits and the Jansenists contended for the privilege of directing the public mind, the men of letters who swayed the French Academy, formed an association under the name of *Philosophers*. Serving both parties in turn, for the sake of inflaming the quarrel, and alternately satirizing them both, in order to expose them to equal ridicule, they at last overthrew them both, and occupied their place. "We have driven out the foxes," wrote Voltaire confidentially to his disciples, "and now we must hunt the wolves." The foxes were the Jesuits, the wolves were the Jansenists; and though M. de Voltaire beheld in both of them the enemies of that supremacy over the public mind at which he was aiming, it is easy to perceive, by the different names which he gave them, that he still retained a tender recollection of the Jesuits, among whom he had been educated, and whose amiable and lively manners he loved, as much as he detested the rudeness and rigour of the Jansenites.

The former being ousted, and the latter overthrown, the men of letters in France, and all those whom they had admitted into their *philosophical* fraternity, ruled the nation, the Court, and even a great portion of Europe. As it had been necessary for them to propagate new doctrines in order to rouse the public mind, they were desirous of developing all the consequences of those doctrines in order to perpetuate their power. These consequences, rigorously uniform in their progress, placed the government in the hands of the populace in 1793; and the excesses of the populace paved the way for Buonaparte's usurpation. Thus the dominion of force over the ascendancy of intellect was again re-established in two different ways. Such is the circle in which human nature moves; and if there be any means of giving a legal organ to public opinion in order to ensure its triumph, those means can only consist in the adoption of a *representative government*, by which we Frenchmen generally mean the form of government so long and so happily established in England.

What the men of letters had received as a boon under Cardinal Richelieu and Louis XIV. they imperiously demanded when they had gained the ascendancy toward the close of Louis XV.'s reign; always asking, always complaining, and always threatening, it is impossible to say what was lavished upon them, and whether their rapacity did not even exceed their ambition. Secretaryships for ~~and~~ *literary* bodies were created for them with considerable salaries; places were multiplied for them in all the establishments dedicated to literature, science, and the arts; they had apartments in the Louvre, the finest of our royal palaces; and as it had become customary for every writer to be paid by the government, the better

they were paid, the more their numbers increased: They were insolent and factious; but not one of them was independent except *J. J. Rousseau*, who not being a native of France, set some value on his liberty; and in consequence he was the only one among the literati of that time who was really popular.

Buonaparte, eager to take the lead in every thing, had one measure of universal application; it was that of forming men into regiments. Thus he made a regiment of men of letters, [*savans*,] and artists; he gave them an uniform, a sword, and other ridiculous equipments, and this regiment was called the *Institute*. Dissatisfied with being held in subjection, but cowardly and ever ready to side with the victor, the members of the Institute knew not whether they were to consider themselves as a part of the state, or simply as a learned society; for the servants of government among them, who were strangers to literature and science, were more numerous than the men of letters; and all the men of letters and scientific persons of any merit, were made servants of government by Buonaparte. This strange combination is not one of the least skilful contrivances of that man, who perfectly understood the vices of his age, who would allow no liberty except to himself, and who was more ambitious of governing minds than bodies.

If the foundation of the French Academy by Cardinal Richelieu gave birth to a general notion that every writer in France ought to subsist on the bounty of the government, the establishment of the Institute by Buonaparte in like manner propagated the idea now so prevalent, that the cultivation of literature, science, and the arts, is not to be regarded as an end, but simply as a means of getting into place; and since books, dramas, and articles in the journals are written only with a view to obtain one or more situations under government, when that purpose is answered, nothing more is done unless the situation be such as to require its holder to write in favour of those by whom he is paid. Again, who are those that pay? Formerly it was the king. In our way of thinking, every favour from the King is honourable. Gods and sovereigns are the only beings, it seems, to whom men may confide their wants without blushing. Accordingly, nothing is more noble and more decorous than the letters written by Colbert to the men of merit in his time, announcing the favours granted to them by Louis XIV. Buonaparte, on the contrary, whose aim was to degrade human nature, assigned the duty of pensioning the men of letters to the police! Thus was established the custom which still continues. From the sacrifice of independence, we have proceeded to the disregard of delicacy. Such is in the natural course of events; but money compensates for every thing; in cases where it does not create an obligation, or even excite gratitude. Posterity has become fully acquainted with the pensions granted by Louis XIV. to men of letters; the modern police acts with greater

mystery; for the most of its pensioners are not even known to the literary world.

Having thus seen how the characteristic manners of our writers have been formed, having considered their habits and pretensions, and being able to appreciate their expedients for obtaining or extorting money from the government, you may compare the existing state of these matters in England, with that in France; you will then easily comprehend the details which I have to give you concerning the state of the press in the latter country; in what respects it differs from the freedom enjoyed by you, and what may be the obstacles to its improvement. But there is another observation for me to make, which is not without importance in the question before us.

In England, as the government does not undertake to provide for men of letters, philosophers, and artists, the rich and enlightened classes of your nation consider themselves as not exempted from all concern respecting them. For a different reason, the French nation, which has the reputation of being devoted to literature, sciences, and arts, does nothing for those who cultivate them; it leaves them to the care of the government. In your country, a writer of talent and reputation may open a subscription for a work; and it is soon filled up. During the time of the emigration, several French authors adopted this expedient, and met with the same liberality which is exercised toward your countrymen. If one of your political writers join the party either of ministry or of opposition, if he remain faithful to the cause he has embraced, and if his writings appear decisive and convincing, he is sure not to be abandoned. This is not the case in France. Opinions are there so variable that no value is attached to any except the opinion of the day. If a writer enjoying the greatest share of public favour were to sustain a misfortune, he would be blamed, and if he were reduced to open a subscription for a literary work, as a mode in which relief might be honourably afforded him, he would not only be unsuccessful, but I can affirm that the public would begin to doubt his talents. Opinions are not sufficiently settled among us, to become a bond of fraternity; and the interests of public liberty never elevate men's minds above the minor proprieties of social life. Your nation is conscious of being charged with the compensation of service and merit of all kinds; we are not conscious of this, because all our habits have tended to prevent us from feeling such a duty. Our minds are therefore not so independent, and consequently the government has less difficulty in establishing the restrictions, which it may require against the development and exercise of the intellectual faculties, the fairest endowment of man, and the only one, which can successfully contend against force in favour of liberty.

If you are convinced that public liberty is never sufficiently

secured by the laws, when it is not guaranteed by the national manners, you will perceive that nothing in France is more unprotected than the present and future state of the liberty of the press, since the manners of our writers are servile; and our politicians never find in the past, the measure of those sacrifices that are demanded from them in the name of the general safety. Ever under the dominion of ancient habits, they give up every thing which is demanded in the name of the royal power; because the royal power formerly left us nothing of our own. Certainly in a nation which had long been accustomed to discuss its own interests to defend its liberties, and which had not witnessed the origin and sudden death of more than twenty constitutions, a minister would not dare publicly to say, "You are not wise enough to enjoy the liberties granted to you by the fundamental laws of the state; I alone am wise; place therefore the liberty of each individual at my disposal, and you shall see that I will make a better use of it for all, than each would for himself. Let the liberty of the press also be at my disposal; let every one be silent; let me alone speak, and you shall be convinced that I am more in the right than all of you." In every country where such language could be held, its success would be certain; for if the manners of the people were not such as to suffer them to listen to such a proposal without laughter, not even a fool would attempt to make it. The moment it was hazarded, the greatest obstacle to its success would be surmounted. This has taken place before our own eyes ten times in the course of twenty-seven years; we have again witnessed it very recently, and it has succeeded among those who had a right to discuss the question. Beyond the walls of the chambers indeed I do not think that the same opinion prevails concerning this very important subject. So long as we are without regular and lawful liberty, we shall have liberty by fits and explosions which is the worst of all its forms: hence I fear our politicians may be compared to engineers who, having charged their cannon with powder, should say that they only put in grape-shot and wadding to prevent the powder from taking fire; but they forget that it is not at the cannon's mouth that the fire is applied. The liberty of the press is an article of our constitution; certain temporary laws are used with it, as wadding (we are told) to prevent it from inflaming the public mind; but there will still be a sufficient opening for the fire to be communicated, and the detonation will be the more violent in proportion to the force of the constraint.

On the first return of the king a law was made against the liberty of the press, that is to say, against the public journals, and against books containing fewer than twenty printed sheets. This law was made in concurrence with the two chambers. The journals thus compressed by the hand of authority, could not defend the power which coerced them: on the contrary, one might have

supposed that the restrictions had been contrived for the sole purpose of preventing the king and his ministers from obtaining any knowledge of the conspiracies then carrying on, for the purpose of bringing back Buonaparte or the Republic, for both these schemes were in agitation. Restrictive laws are fatal in consequence of their tendency to discourage the well disposed, who always feel less repugnance in obeying a law than in evading it, even when they deem it a bad one; whilst artful men turn and twist the law so many ways, that they at length find means to elude its provisions. So it happened in the present instance; the loyal writers had not time for the composition of publications of temporary interest exceeding twenty printed sheets; whilst the Jacobins, formed volumes of twenty-one sheets; and they would have contrived others of fifty, in order to keep clear of the law. In consequence, the latter became masters of the field almost before the battle had begun. This strange legislative combination fully exposed the futility of the minds which conceived it; and was favourable only to the factions. Such was, and such must always be, the event in similar circumstances.

On the second return of the King, it was unfortunately imagined that the restrictive law had not been made for the general interest of society, but for the particular interest of the King: for the King alone in part reformed what had been done, and could not have been done without the concurrence of the chambers. His ordinance left the journals under the control of the police; and books, of whatever size, were exempted from all ministerial censorship, provided they were not *periodical*; thus the *Correspondent* could not be translated into French, nor orders received for supplying it, without the permission of the police and a previous censorship, simply because it is *periodical*, that is to say, published at stated seasons, fixed upon and notified before-hand. The law is so inconsistent that it apprehends danger from the circulation of a book which appears only every two months, yet foresees no danger in the publication of the same book if it appear twelve times in the course of a year, at periods not previously determined, because in that case it would not be periodical. You will begin to doubt whether we are in our senses, when we take these precautions against a book, because it is announced on the 1st of January for the whole year, while we are without any legal provision against other works, which may be published without any previous annunciation. Let me undeceive you; nothing can be wiser; and be assured that when ministers propose laws, they have made every arrangement to avoid being annoyed by them. This belongs to their stations; it will be for the chambers to inquire whether the nation shall remain as free as the ministers. The police, having the control of all the journals, can prevent them from announcing works, which it is disposed to restrain from circulation; it can assail the authors, expose their books

to the laughter of fools, and injure their sale by other means that are at its disposal, and this so effectually, that a printed work shall be as little known as if the author had kept it by him in manuscript. On the contrary, a work appearing at fixed periods, and having regular subscribers, might circulate in spite of the journals, and would meet with striking success if conducted with talent and on sound principles. A periodical work might therefore obtain a greater ascendancy over public opinion than the works of all the writers in the pay of the police; this is what they will not allow. It would disturb the union of the *intellectual* and *material* power. The whole, then, that we have hitherto gained by a representative government, is that the laws guarantee the ascendancy derived from intellect to those who have none, against those who possess that faculty. Under the ancient Order of things such a combination could not have been conceived; and if the direction of the public mind was engrossed by the monastic orders, it was because they were at that time the sole depositaries of every science. It was reserved for what has been called an enlightened age to show us that the law recognizes every science to be the privilege of one man when he is minister of police. Do not laugh at us, but pity us; for every nation that has been misled from her ancient paths is for a long time to be pitied.

That which was regulated by an ordinance of the King on his second return has been confirmed by the present Chamber of Deputies and is now before the Chamber of Peers. If the Chamber of Peers should also adopt it, which they probably will do, the state of our laws regarding the press will be an apparent liberty for books, an avowed control over journals and periodical works. Now take our national manners into the account, and you will find that this state of things, which would be insupportable in England will scarcely be felt in France, where political liberty is a matter of only secondary concern, where every one has his own little private interest to promote, and with which he is exclusively occupied. Our writers aim not at independence of feeling; they aim at places and money; every thing is arranged with that view, and what is not yet so arranged, will be in a short time. As there is much less resistance in our manners, than warmth in our minds, recourse is rarely had to violent measures of control. The ministers are but little provoked by an attack; and those who are opposed by the ministers are also good-natured people who feel no sort of rancour, because they feel as little conviction. And how should there be any in a nation where doctrines are all uncertain and vacillate between remembrances of the past, and pretensions newly asserted. If we really loved public liberty, the case would be different; for the sake of a mighty interest the passions would take a loftier tone; but that is out of the question.

Do not conclude, however, that we are in love with despotism; our manners are too variable to yield to it; indeed we have no faith in it. Having for these twenty-seven years been accustomed to dwell on the events of to-morrow, what passes to-day never engages our thoughts; they are fixed only on what will come or what may come. How is it possible for a people incessantly changing their constitutions and laws, living only on exceptions, and in a continual succession of ordinances, to attach themselves to any thing? The royal charter had given us the liberty of the press: it was quite natural for a Frenchman to expect that the laws would take it away. In fact, a law has taken it away; it is quite natural for a Frenchman to look for some circumstance that will restore it to us. The same may be said of personal liberty; if the constitution had not guaranteed it to us, you would have heard of great debates for obtaining it; but as we have it by the constitution, great debates have been held to deprive us of it. In short, my dear Sir, a single reflection will suffice to show the difference between your English ideas relative to the press, and the notions which prevail on the same subject with us in France. You will probably admit, that if your ministry were to propose that all the public journals should be placed at their disposal, and under their control, the whole English people would deem it an attack on one of their most important privileges. Well, Sir, let us suppose the same proposal made in France, and you would scarcely meet a person who would think the question regarded any body but the Journalists. With this brief remark, which, I assure you, is not intended for sarcasm, but for simple, historical truth,

I remain very truly yours,
F.

LIFE OF PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR.

JOHN PLAYFAIR, F. R. S. of London and Edinburgh, was the son of James Playfair, a Presbyterian clergyman, whose parish was on the border of the Carse of Gowry, between Perth and Dundee, one of the most fertile and variegated tracts of land in Scotland, on the north side of the river Tay.

He was born in 1749, and, being his father's eldest son, was destined for the church. He was instructed in Latin, &c. by his father, who, though he never published any work, was a scholar; and, though a moderate, a very orthodox preacher. His sermons were all delivered without even the use of notes, nevertheless, they were remarkable for method and order.

At the age of fourteen, being a good Latin scholar, he was sent to the university of St. Andrew, where, owing to his good conduct and attention to his studies, he was noticed by all the professors.

He obtained a bursary and several prizes, and in particular was distinguished for his progress in the study of mathematics. The professor at that time for mathematics was Dr. Wilkie, author of "the Epigoniad," and some fables in verse, little known, but highly esteemed by those to whom they are known, for the smoothness of the verse, the ingenuity of thoughts, and their excellent morality. The doctor always treated the young student as his best friend; and when he died, the examination of his papers was left to Mr. Playfair, then only twenty-two years of age, to determine whether any of them should be printed.

In the year 1770, having quitted the college, Mr. Playfair was licensed to preach, when he occasionally assisted his father, whose health was in a declining state, though he had not attained the age of sixty.

In 1771 he went as tutor to a Mr. Sandelands, the son of a gentleman of fortune, who was sent to Edinburgh for his education and by that means Mr. Playfair, for the first time, passed a winter in the capital of Scotland. He, during that winter, made many respectable acquaintances, and gained the friendship of Professor Robertson, with whom he remained in a state of intimacy to the end of his life, and whom he assisted in his last work, entitled "A Disquisition on the Commerce of Ancient India," as Dr. Robertson himself states in his preface to that work.

In May, 1772, Mr. Playfair's father was attacked by a cold and fever, and died after ten days' illness; and his son instantly turned the whole of his views to maintaining the helpless family his father had left. He had four brothers, three of whom were under fifteen, and two sisters, mere children.

Mr. Playfair's father had always been on terms of friendship and intimacy with Lord Gray, of Gray, the principal landed proprietor, or what they call heritor, in the parish, who immediately presented the living to the son; but the right of presentation was disputed: however, the contest finished, after the delay of a year, in favour of Lord Gray, and the presentation was confirmed by order of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Mr. Playfair had, in the mean time, given the greatest part of his attention to the education of his two younger brothers, who had been learning Latin under their father; and he was particularly careful to instruct them in the elements of mathematics.

When it became necessary to send his brothers out into the world, Mr. Playfair made great efforts; and, probably, had their father lived, though one of the best of men, they would not have been sent out so well; for their father, with the best will possible, was so little acquainted with the world, that he would not have known what was necessary to be done.

In 1782 Mr. Playfair came to London, on a visit to one of his brothers; and, though he only staid a few months, he got acquainted with the greatest part of the scientific men of that day.

Before he returned to Scotland, an offer was made to him by Mr. Ferguson, of Raith, who had just come to a great fortune, to superintend the education of his sons, of whom the gallant general Ferguson was one. This offer he accepted; with a suitable annuity for life; and, giving up his living in the church, went to reside in Edinburgh, where he was more in his element than living as a country clergyman.

When the Royal Society at Edinburgh was established, he was one of the first members, and chosen secretary. At that period (1784) there were a number of distinguished men of science and literature at Edinburgh: Principal Robertson, the elegant and profound historian; Drs. Blair, Black, Cullen; Mr. Adam Smith, the author of "the Wealth of Nations;" Dr. Hutton, the geologist; and several more of lesser note. With all of these Mr. Playfair was on the best terms, and with some of them on the most friendly footing.

Mr. Ferguson, professor of Moral Philosophy, the author of "the History of the Roman Republic," retired from his class about this time, and was succeeded by Professor Stuart, who had filled the mathematical chair. By the same arrangement, and at the same time, the magistrates of Edinburgh, who have the patronage of the university, nominated Mr. Playfair to the Professorship of Mathematics, for which he was peculiarly fitted, and the duties of which he fulfilled with equal zeal and ability till the death of Professor Robinson, lecturer in Natural Philosophy, to whom he succeeded. In this last situation Professor Playfair remained till his death. The natural philosophy class gives more scope for genius than that of mathematics, which is a science reduced to positive certainty; so far, at least, as is taught at any university.

A great deal depends, in the study of natural philosophy, on the manner of teaching, and on the order followed. Phenomena that are easily understood, if brought into consideration at the proper stage of investigation, are very difficult to comprehend, and are never very clearly comprehended, if improperly or prematurely introduced. In the study of mathematics, the order in which knowledge is acquired is fixed and unalterable; in natural philosophy, it is not, but depends in a great manner on the judgment and good sense of the teacher. Professor Playfair is said to have been particularly careful in respect to the order he followed in his lectures, and highly successful in the result. In addition to a most excellent order in teaching, he had a method that endeared him to those he taught, which contributed greatly to the progress they made in acquiring knowledge.

The respect paid to the professor's memory by those who knew him best, and by the youth whom he instructed, prevent the necessity of saying much with regard to the manner in which he performed his duty; but the friendly feelings of his heart, and the strength of his mind, showed themselves in a very superior manner.

Amongst the persons with whom the professor was particularly connected in friendship, was Doctor Hutton, the author of the *Geological Theory* that long went by his name. The Doctor did not long survive his work, and geology was at that time but a new study; and, as it is the most uncertain of all, as the theories that may be formed are as numerous as the phenomena on which they are founded, Hutton's book was attacked with violence, and some personal acrimony. As a more mild and inoffensive man never lived than the doctor, Professor Playfair, with the warmth of a friend, and the ability he has so often displayed, undertook the vindication of his theory. He defended the memory and the theory of his friend ardently and well, but, in a geological contest, there is no possibility of gaining a victory. He was in his turn attacked by M. de Luc; but, had the contest continued till this day, or were it to continue for a thousand years, with the present data, there could be no coming to any thing like a conclusion on which dependance could be placed.

The world is filled now with geological enquirers and disputants, who, though they are divided into two great parties, the *Vulcanists* and *Neptunists*, yet these again are subdivided into innumerable sects, who agree in some things, and differ in others. Whether this earth was convulsed by means of fire or of water, or by both, it never exhibited a greater variety of appearances than the geologists have of theories. All is confusion; and the farther they proceed, the less likely they are to come to any thing that approaches to certainty.

There are strong reasons for thinking, that feelings of friendship, highly honourable to the professor, led him into this contest, and not any predilection for the study, which was then almost new to him: merely by the strength of his own mind, and his reasoning powers, which were of the first order, he acquitted himself well, and probably would have gained a victory, if victory had been possible; but, in fighting with a shadow, there can be no victory.

That controversy, however, had a powerful influence on the future life of the professor. Geology became his chief object of research; and it has certainly this one advantage,—that the inquiry is inexhaustible.

Another occasion soon after called forth the professor's argumentative powers in behalf of a scientific friend.

Mr. Leslie, well known since for various discoveries, (the Sir Humphry Davy, of Scotland,) was proposed for professor of mathematics, in place of Mr. Playfair, when he succeeded Robinson in natural philosophy. The magistrates of Edinburgh approved of the choice; and the nomination was about to take place, when one of the ministers of Edinburgh accused Mr. Leslie of having, in one of his lectures, made use of expressions that indicated a disposition to encourage the doctrine of materialism; and addressed

the magistrates, representing him as being a person unfit to be entrusted with the education of youth.

Mr. Playfair, knowing that the sentence objected to would not bear that interpretation, answered the attack of the clergyman. The whole of the Presbytery took up the cause; but the subject of this memoir, in a very happy strain of argument, mixed with something approaching *une sarcasme menagee*, proved to the magistrates first, that the accusation was wrong in its origin; second, that the clergy of Edinburgh had a view to monopolizing for themselves, as much as possible, the chairs of the university; and lastly, that such a monopoly was contrary both to the interests of the university and of the church, and not very conformable to the constitution of the Church of Scotland.

The magistrates, who only wanted to know what was best to be done, were satisfied that the professor was right, that the clergy were actuated more by interest than by religious zeal, and Mr. Leslie was nominated to the professorship, which he has since filled with much honour to himself, and advantage to the students.

No man was, from natural disposition, more averse to any sort of controversy than Professor Playfair; but, on both those occasions, he was led on by an impulse of friendship highly honourable to himself, and in neither case had he the least personal interest.

With respect to the geological contest, it would be absurd to give an opinion. With respect to that with the clergy, the arguments were acute, ingenious and highly entertaining. Had the author of the History of Charles V. been alive, it never would have taken place. That great man was zealous for the interests of the Church of Scotland; but he never would have tried to advance its interests by an unfair attack on any individual.

This affair occasioned a sort of breach between the clergy and the professors, which however went no farther than to show itself by a coolness and want of the cordiality that had before existed; but, what was still more important, it served to convince the magistrates, that, unless under very peculiar circumstances, the college and the church should be kept separate. The duties of a clergyman in Edinburgh are sufficient for one person, if duly performed; and so are those of a professor in the university; besides as the Church of Scotland does not admit of a plurality of livings, it is an infringement of its rules, and such an infringement, that were it not advantageous to the clergy themselves, they would never in any case have admitted; for Mr. Leslie's case is but one amongst many in which they have shown the rigidity of their church-discipline.

A new edition of Euclid, in which some improvements were made, was one of Professor Playfair's first works. His Vindication of the Huttonian Theory came next; but, in the interim, there appeared numerous papers by him in the Philosophical Transactions.

Professor Playfair was by no means a voluminous writer; he was extremely anxious to be correct, and therefore he necessarily proceeded slowly. In his conversation his opinion was always delivered deliberately, though without the least degree of affectation; and his manners were very impressive, and at the same time highly agreeable.

His latest publication was entitled *Outlines of Natural Philosophy*, and is chiefly valuable for its order and perspicuity, which are indeed two of the most essential objects in a work of that nature.

Professor Playfair generally spent the summer-months, of late years, in travelling with some friend, who, like himself, was in search of geological knowledge. Lord Web Seymour, brother of the Duke of Somerset, who lately died in Edinburgh, was most frequently the friend with whom he travelled.

In 1816 he went on a geological tour to the Alps and Italy; and on his journey there, and return, spent some time in Paris, where there is so much to be seen of every thing that is curious or rare.

It is to be hoped that he has left some of the results of the journey, of which he has not published any part, but it was undertaken too late in life; for he was near his seventieth year, when he, for the first time, quitted his native island.

The life of a literary man is seldom much variegated, particularly when he is prudent in his conduct, and enjoys a certain income; and at Edinburgh, at a distance from politics and commerce, the lives of such men are less varied than almost at any other place.

Mr. Playfair is said to have written a variety of articles in the *Edinburgh Review*; but if so, there is little similarity between his writings there and elsewhere, and there is some reason for thinking that it is not so.

When a brother of the professor wrote notes and a supplement to Adam Smith's book on the *Wealth of Nations*, the production was treated with great scurrility by that *Review*. In a short review of two pages there were three sentences written in bad grammar. Cadell and Davies were abused for profaning the great work, particularly as the reviewer complained that, having used the same type for the original and the supplement he did not know when he was reading Smith, and when Playfair.

Lord Kenyon was treated as an ignorant contemptible man, because he had admitted the reality of monopoly; and the short but curious article, was a singular specimen of literary rage. A reply was written and shown to the professor, who happened to be in London, and, at his very earnest request, the reply was suppressed: the editor of the *Review* saying that the article was written by a stranger, not by any habitual writer in the *Review*, and that he had not seen it before it was printed, otherwise it should not have gone in.

Had the professor himself been a writer in the *Review*, this

would probably not have happened; but it is well known that he openly cendemned the asperity of that publication, and certainly could not have been the author of any of those abusive articles with which that very able publication abounds.

Professor Playfair was never married: we have seen, that in the first part of his life he maintained his father's family; and, in 1795 a brother who died left a young family. The professor entirely provided for two sons that were left, and assisted the widow and three daughters.

His mother and sisters lived with him at Edinburgh, and in the winter he often had nobleman's and gentlemen's sons of distinction, who boarded in his house. Amongst others was Lord John Russel, who, if it were possible, promises to add to the lustre of his family-name.

Ever since his return from Italy, in October, 1817, Professor Playfair's health was evidently on the decline; and, about the middle of June, he was severely attacked by a violent disease in the intestines, which put an end to his existence on the 20th of July 1819, at seven in the morning.

Through life he was kind and generous to his relations; in his friendships he was select; and we have seen, in two instances, what lengths he went to serve those who had the advantage of being of the number.

The esteem in which he was held by those who had the best opportunities of knowing his private worth, is evident, by the sensation his loss has produced.

As to science, he was to the end zealous in the cause of its promotion. We lately had an account of his discovery concerning the rays of the sun entering a darkened room through a hole in the shutter of the window. His account, too, of the wonderful velocity with which the timber felled on a mountain in Switzerland descended by a wooden trough to a Lake eight miles off, is a proof of his constant attention to the collection of all those facts that contribute to the increase of knowledge. His preface to the second part of the Supplement of the Encyclopædia Britannica is a master-piece. It displays a variety of knowledge, deep thinking, and deep research.

CESSION OF THE FLORIDAS.

Remarks on the Cession of the Floridas to the United States of America, and on the necessity of acquiring the island of Cuba, by Great Britain.

From the tenour of the following remarks, the reader will very naturally conclude that the British Government is not quite so conscientious in regard to her own interests as some of the English Reviewers would endeavour to persuade the world. They are extracted from a very interesting essay, which purports to have been communicated to the *Morning Chronicle*, (1st Sept. 1819) by Freeman Rattenbury Esq. They tend to show that notwithstanding the scorn and contempt with which those writers affect to treat this country, they are disposed to watch our progress with serious apprehension. Nothing seems to alarm them so much as the aggrandizement which would flow from our possession of the Floridas, because among the consequences of that event they behold the uncertain tenure, by which they may then enjoy their West India trade.

The island of Cuba offers that indemnity, and the only one we can consider equivalent to the injury our commerce will sustain by their cession of the Floridas to the United States. This beautiful island, the most important in the Western hemisphere, salubrious in climate, and luxuriant in soil, is separated from the island of St. Domingo (which lies to the south-east) by a narrow channel; directly below it, West and by South of the latter, at the distance of about ninety miles, lies our island of Jamaica. The length of Cuba is estimated at 250 leagues, and its breadth from 15 to 20, comprehending a great variety of unequal surface. Cotton was found here in abundance by the early settlers, but the proverbial indolence of the Spaniards induced them to neglect the cultivation of this valuable shrub, which requires little from the care and labour of the planter. This article has given place to the more recent culture of sugar, coffee, indigo, and tobacco, and there is little doubt but if in possession of a vigorous Government, disposed to give encouragement to a more extensive agriculture, this island would produce a sufficient quantity of sugar for the supply of the whole of Europe,* for although the surface is unequal and mountainous, it possesses extensive plains abundantly watered, for the cultivation of the cane, and of every article necessary to the existence of man; its tobacco surpasses in quality the growth of every other part of America, and its reputation is so well

* The extraordinary fertility of the Island, and the consequent ascendancy it will acquire by a more extensive agriculture, will doubtless excite the opposition of the British West India interest, when its accession shall become the subject of debate—with Cuba in our possession, we may abandon the whole of our West India Islands.

established as to require no comment. The range of mountains extending from one extremity to the other of the island, offers to the climate a variety of temperature and rich soil, producing abundant crops of coffee, while the wilderness of the interior affords protection and pasturage to extensive herds of cattle.

A very inconsiderable part of the island of Cuba is at present in a state of cultivation; some plantations are to be found in the neighbourhood of St. Jago, a port to the windward of the island, and at Trinidad to the south, and in the neighbourhood of Matanza, a secure and spacious bay at the entrance of the old canal; but the principal plantations are confined to the beautiful plains of the Havanna.

The Spanish Government has lately given considerable encouragement to foreign settlers, professors of the Roman Catholic religion, in consequence of which, emigration has increased with astonishing rapidity, both from Europe and the continent of North America: the white population is now estimated more than equal to the proportion they bear to the negroes in the islands of the West Indies; the last census of the latter was eight hundred thousand.

The harbour of Havanna, directly opposite Cape Sable, is one of the *securest* in the world, and sufficiently capacious to receive the fleets of Europe; it is defended by the Moro, and a fort at the point; the former, a fortress of considerable importance, is elevated high above the surface of the sea, unassailable by ships of war, protected on the land side and towards the harbour by four bastions, with a wide and deep ditch cut out of the rock, and a covered way. The Cavagnac, another fortress, at a greater elevation, commands the Moro and the town, while the Dalteres and Arostigny batteries contribute to its security.

The city of Havanna is esteemed the finest colonial city of the world; a superb square ornaments the centre, and handsome structures adorn its various sections; the churches are inconceivably magnificent, and richly endowed with plate of gold and silver. The opera house of San Carlos equals in the magnificence of its decorations, those of Europe.

The city of St. Jago de Cuba was originally the capital of the Island, but it has receded in consequence, with the advance of the Havanna, denominated by the Spaniards the key of the Western World, and certainly with much justice, since its possession must controul the commerce of the Gulph of Mexico. It is from this harbour we must, in time of war with the Americans, dispute the passage of the Gulph; from this we must succour and support our convoys against their hostility, and present to them a secure retreat from the violence of the elements, in the dangerous navigation of the stream. Here must be the depot of our *naval thunder* to awe our enterprising enemy; while Cumberland harbour on the S. E. a capacious and secure estuary, already well known to our cruisers,

commands the windward passage, and offers to our controul the trade of the West Indies and the Spanish Main.

Those advantages, a few of the many prominent ones which the island of Cuba possesses as a territorial acquisition, are, however interesting in themselves, secondary in comparison with the important considerations it presents for the security and support of *our naval ascendancy*, a commanding influence, the chain of our existence as a nation, which has given to our pigmy territory the arms and power of a giant, suited to the genius of the people, and familiar to the habits of our country, for the maintainance of which we would sacrifice every other influence.

With Florida on one side, and the island of Cuba on the other, in the possession of hostile and energetic powers, our intercourse with the Gulph of Mexico might be interdicted, and our flag excluded at their caprice, from the abundant marts for our manufactures, dawning upon our commercial enterprize with the infant liberties of South America.

We must not flatter ourselves with the hope that our pacific relations with the United States will have longer continuance than the influence of necessity shall operate to restrain their hostility. The ambition of that nation to become pre-eminent on the ocean, has been nourished by the successes which attended their naval contests in the late war, and they confidently anticipate a series of triumphs with renewed warfare, forgetting, or rather wishing to conceal from themselves, that the circumstances which gave temporary ascendancy to their ensign, did not result from their superiority either in tactics or in bravery, but in almost every case they had to contend with inferior force both in ships and men, while the greater part of their own crews were English deserters, impelled to deeds of daring by the recollection that defeat would be attended with certain and ignominious death. I do not, in saying this, wish to detract from the merits of the American sailors, a hardy and intrepid race, but I will not cede one atom of the courage of the British tar, bold as their native rocks, in favour of any nation under Heaven. I lament, in common with every admirer of our naval prowess, that a single laurel should have been stripped from our brows, for the magic influence of success is dispelled by a single reverse.

But whether Spain, in ceding Cuba, could give possession to Great Britain, is, I confess, a matter of speculation. The people of that island have little to complain of the government of Spain; they are not oppressed by taxation; they have a degree of freedom unknown to the generality of Spanish possessions; their ports are open to the commerce of the world, and their produce is preferred to the growth of other western colonies. Under England they would contemplate being subjected to our colonial policy, and to a consequent reduction of trade, and indeed if we do not place Cuba, in the event of acquiring it, under the re-

strictions which exist in our islands, we shall be guilty of a partiality that may induce the complaints of the latter.

These menacing evils, the people of Cuba have anticipated; for the possibility of such a cession, from the weakness of Spain, and her decreasing influence on the American Continent, has been contemplated by them. The people of the United States, dreading the proximity of our arms, are actively nourishing this apprehension of evil, and are ready to aid the first manifestations of a desire to throw off the sovereignty of Spain. But for the intolerable egotism of the people of the Union, and for the contempt they have excited by their vanity and ambition, Cuba would have long since unfettered her dependence upon the Spanish Monarch, and thrown herself into the federal embrace of the North American Union.

During the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, while Spain bowed beneath the yoke of France, from which there was then no prospect of relief, the people of Cuba feeling themselves incompetent in force to maintain their independence, sent a deputation to Washington, proposing the annexation of the island to the federative system of North America. The President, however, devoted to French influence, and vainly calculating upon the triumphs of that nation on the ruins of the British power, until the important victory of Trafalgar dissipated the delusion, declined the proffered acquisition.

While I hazard the opinion that the people of Cuba will be adverse to the sovereignty of Great Britain, coupled with the restrictions of our colonial policy, I am far from believing that they would feel disinclined to the transfer of their allegiance, provided our possession of the island should leave them, in their present situation, free to the commerce of the world. Advancing in the scale of consequence, by becoming tributary to the first commercial and maritime nation of Europe, secure in property and liberty, under our protection, the island of Cuba would increase in population and wealth, with a rapidity unequalled, and would amply repay the British government for its fostering care and protection, while its rich mountains and fertile plains would present to the redundancy of our population a delightful refuge from the misery of poverty and despair.

It is our bounden duty, it is our imperative policy to anticipate the rivalship of the United States, and, by erecting a power capable of contending with them, in their own hemisphere, to prevent the destruction of our commerce, which will otherwise inevitably follow our neglect of those precautionary measures. For, in spite of the insatuated indifference which marks our policy towards the republic, in spite of the apathy with which we view their rapid progress in wealth and power, hereafter the contest for the empire of the sea will be between England and the North American Union; a warfare suited to the prejudices of their people, and the character of their country.

Our North American colonies will also derive security from the accession of Cuba by Great Britain. Exposed to our hostility on the southern frontier, and the consequent distraction of their attention to the various assailable points of their extensive territory, the American Union will not be able for many years to come, to detach a sufficient force to subjugate the Canadas; in the meantime, the latter will grow in consequence and population equal to their own protection.

Spain will doubtless reluctantly consent to the alienation of the Island of Cuba from her sovereignty, but I trust that the Ministers of Great Britain will not permit that nation to withhold a possession rendered necessary to the protection of our commerce, by the weakness which has induced her to cede to the demands and menaces of the United States, the important position of the Floridas. If ever there existed a necessity for departing from the ordinary courtesy and delicacy of nations; if ever self-defence justifies coercion, surely the present is the moment; and the apologists for the seizure of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, cannot want an excuse for this equally necessary violence.

If any example was wanting to prove the degraded power of Spain, the imbecility of her councils, and the truckling policy of her adoption towards the United States, it would be amply furnished by the recollection, that her minister was directed to negotiate the cession of the Floridas, while the troops of the Union were in hostile possession of Fort St. Marks and the Island of Amelia, while their hands were yet reeking with the rapine of her polluted territory, and red with the blood of our murdered countrymen!!!

But Spain, in the cession of the Island of Cuba to the British government, will not merely consult the interest and advantage of this country, she will minister to the security of her yet unalienated territories on the American Continent, by placing the key of the western world in the possession of a power capable of restraining the rapid progress of that ambition with which the United States are fired, a passion far more formidable to Spain than to England. But should her obstinacy refuse, or our mistaken jealousy withhold us from demanding the cession of Cuba, a short time, with the Floridas in possession of the United States, will suffice to place that island out of the power of Spain to cede, and ours to acquire.—If, however, Spain, shall at this period of the negotiation, assume the language of independence, and hazard the experiment of a refusal, we cannot doubt that she is animated by the promised support of a formidable alliance. In the meantime, the re-opening of congress in the United States will call for the explanation of the President upon this extraordinary and unexpected delay, and the speculators in the Florida lands (who are numerous,) will be clamorous for possession.

Influenced as the American Executive are by the tide of popular feeling, it is extremely doubtful, whether they will be able

to withstand the demands for the subjugation of a territory so highly important to their security and consequence. Nothing less than the fear of being involved with the powers of the European Continent will restrain them from seizing on the Floridas by force of arms. It is true, that their financial and commercial difficulties are great and paralyzing. Imitating the vices of our system, they have created a fictitious capital through the agency of paper circulation. Obligated to return to a more wholesome currency, without the gradual operation of legislative restrictions, and unpossessed, like ourselves, of a proportionate metallic medium, they have felt the influence of the transition more severely than the people of England.

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Translated from the French.

WHEN first in Cyprus Love was born,
And on his blooming mother smil'd,
Disputes arose that very morn,
Each strove to nurse the beauteous child!

With all a mother's fondness blest,
The Queen of Beauty instant cried,
"Cease! cease your strife! from this fond breast
"My darling boy shall be supplied!

But Love was such a roguish child,
He'd gaze upon the heavenly spot,
'Till by the beauteous vase beguil'd,
The treasure there he quite forgot!

"Alas!" exclaim'd the Queen of Charms,
"He'll never thrive with me, I fear;
"I yield him now to other arms;
"Who will the smiling infant rear?"

Then Constancy and Truth arise,
And eager offer all their aid;
While Tenderness, who sought the prize,
Her fascinating charms display'd!

Then soft-ey'd Delicacy came,
And seem'd as if she wish'd to ask,
But felt her tender languid frame
Unequal to the pleasing task!

Desire appear'd too warm, they said;
 They thought that danger might ensue:
 Attention, then, the boy had bred,
 But she would soon have spoil'd him too!

In short, the court could not agree
 What nymph should have the general voice,
 When Hope exclaim'd, "Oh give him me!"
 And Love appear'd to like the choice.

When Pleasure heard all this, she thought
 The preference due to her alone;
 With hasty steps the infant sought,
 Determin'd he should be her own.

Disguis'd like Innocence she went,
 And every winning art display'd,
 'Till Hope, unthinking, gave consent,
 An unsuspecting simple maid!

O'ercome with heat, she wish'd to sleep,
 Her head upon her arm repos'd,
 And gave the smiling boy to keep
 To Innocence, as she suppos'd.

'Twas this the wily maid desir'd;
 Then gave him such delicious fare,
 That on her bosom he expir'd
 With joy too exquisite to bear!

What sorrow in each face appears;
 The blooming little Love is dead!
 And his fond mother, all in tears,
 Despairing, droops her languid head!

"He breathes, he breathes! Oh be assur'd
 "He's only sleeping," Pleasure cries,
 "And will immediately be cur'd;
 "A lethargy has clos'd his eyes."

Delightful task! see Tenderness
 Attempts to wake the boy again;
 She lulls him in her warm caress,
 But sighs and kisses all are vain!

Then Folly shakes her rattling beads;
 But unavailing every chance,
 'Till Jealousy at last succeeds;
 And wakes the infant from his trance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WOODVILLE.

THEY tell me of the villas fair,
 That on the banks of Schuylkill rise;
 But ev'ry charm that opens there,
 Beneath the face of summer skies,—
 The green sward walk thro' scenery,
 That like a bride draws ev'ry eye,
 And fruits and flow'rets ev'ry where—
 All have I seen, and all are fair.

But Georgia's clime delights me more;
 I would not journey north again,
 For all that art and nature pour
 Upon the fruitful land of Penn;
 For nature's choicest bounty lies,
 Beneath the warmth of southern skies;—
 Here all the sweets of earth combine,—
 Land of the orange and the vine.

They tell me that of lovely streams,
 The elm-bound Merrimack excels;
 On its green brink, in fairy dreams
 Enrap'd, I've sat 'till evening bells,
 From distant steeple broke the chain,
 Which fancy wept and wove again;—
 Yes, while a boy, I wander'd there,
 And own that Eastern Lands are fair.

But Eastern Lands may boast their groves,
 Their ocean-isles and emerald fields;
 Our piny-woods, and turtle doves,
 And gardens where the red bird builds;
 Our river-cane that hides the doe,
 Our forest oak with misletoe,
 Our stately pine and cornel tree,
 Have thousand nameless charms for me.

O, Woodville! wheresoe'er yet
 To roam shall prove my destiny,
 O, never can my soul forget
 The pleasant hours I've spent by thee!
 Thy pines may no fierce lightnings rend,
 But show'rs of silver dew descend,
 And on thy sylvan bosom swell,
 Those beauties which I love so well.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Lord Byron.—We noticed the poem of "*Don Juan*," in our last, and have been not a little gratified by the coincidence between the language of reprehension which we employed, and that of two respectable foreign journals which have been imported since our Number appeared. The "*British Review*" commences an article on the subject, by asking the question—"Of a poem so flagitious that no bookseller has been willing to take upon himself the publication, though most of them disgrace themselves by selling it, what can the critic say?" And then, like the old pedagogue, the writer proceeds to answer his own inquiry. The praise or censure of the critic, he very properly remarks, ought to found itself on examples produced from the work itself. For praise, as far as regards the poetry, he continues, many passages might be exhibited; for condemnation, as far as regards the morality, all but none for either purpose can be introduced, without insult to the ear of decency, and vexation to the heart that feels for domestic or national happiness. The Reviewer proceeds to vindicate his own character from an infamous aspersion, contained in the 209th and 210th stanzas of the first canto of this poem, in which he declares that there is not one word of truth.—The other Journal to which we alluded is Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*; the editor of which remarks, that it is truly pitiable to think that one of the greatest poets of the age should have written a poem, which no respectable bookseller could have published without disgracing himself. The editor adds, in reference to a communication which is deferred to the ensuing Number, a work so atrocious must not be suffered to pass into oblivion, without the infliction of that punishment on its guilty author, due to such a wanton outrage on all that is most dear to human nature.

Discoveries in Arabia.—Mr. Banks, who has visited some of the most celebrated scenes in Arabia, intends to publish an account of his excursion to Wadi Moosa, (the Valley of Moses,) with engravings of the drawings which he made of the hitherto undescribed excavated temples there; as well as of the Jerrasch, which excel in grandeur and beauty even those of Palmyra and

Balbec. In company with several other English travellers, Mr. Bankes left Jerusalem for Hebron, where they viewed the mosque erected over the tomb of Abraham; an edifice constructed in the lower part of such enormous masses of stone, (many of them upwards of twenty feet in length,) that it must be ascribed to that remote age in which durability was the principle chiefly consulted in the formation of all edifices of the monumental kind. They then proceeded to Kerrac, through a country broken into hills and pinnacles of the most fantastic form; and along the foot of mountains, where fragments of rock-salt indicated the natural origin of that intense brine, which is peculiarly descriptive of the neighbouring waters of the Dead Sea. After leaving Karrac, they sojourned for a short time with a party of Bedouin Arabs. Quitting the tents of these Bedouins, they passed into the valley of Ellasar, where they noticed some relics of antiquity, which they conjectured were of Roman origin.—The Ruins which have acquired the name of *Wadi Moosa*, from that of a village in their vicinity, are the wreck of the city of *Petra*, which, in the time of Augustus Cæsar, was the residence of a monarch, and the capital of *Arabia Petraea*. The country was conquered by Trajan, and annexed by him to the province of Palestine. In more recent times, Baldwin I., king of Jerusalem, having made himself also master of Petra, gave it the name of the Royal Mountain. The travellers having gratified their curiosity with a view of these stupendous works, went forward to Mount Hor, which they ascended, and viewed a building on the top, containing *the tomb of Aaron*, a simple stone monument, which an ancient Arab shows to the pilgrims.

Volcanic Water.—The fountain which M. Gimbernot has contrived in the interior of the crater of Mount Vesuvius, by means of a certain process which condenses the volcanic vapours, attracts still more and more the attention of the curious. During the last feast of Pentecost, the peasants who were making their accustomed pilgrimage to the hermitage of Vesuvius, were not a little astonished at finding, just in the neighbourhood of fire, a source of the most delicious and salutary refreshment, where they could quench their thirst. The pilgrims took a liking to this volcanic water; and as several amongst them had experienced its salutary effects on the stomach and bowels, its medicinal fame rapidly

spread. Curiosity, and the hope of being relieved from slight indispositions, have ever since daily attracted crowds of pilgrims, who traverse the beds of lava, in repairing to the fountain of Vesuvius.

An Electrical Man.—Dr. Hartman, of Frankfort, on the Oeder has published in a German Medical Journal, a statement, according to which he is able to produce at pleasure an efflux of electrical matter from his body towards other persons. You hear the crackling, see the sparks, and feel the electrical shock. He has now acquired this faculty to so high a degree that it depends solely on his own pleasure to make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other part of his body. Thus in this electrical man, the will has an influence on the development of the electricity which had not hitherto been observed except in the electrical eel.

A Biography of General Hamilton is preparing for publication by *Joseph Hopkinson, Esq.* into whose hands the papers, &c. of the late General Hamilton have been delivered.

According to the latest accounts from the literary circles abroad, it appears that Professor Leslie, whom it was expected would succeed the illustrious Playfair, in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, will, in all probability, fail of that object; the celebrated Chalmers, of the Tron Church, Glasgow, having offered himself as a candidate to the town council for that station. Mr. Chalmers is perhaps not less remarkable for his acquirements as a mathematician and natural philosopher, than as a preacher.

A new volume of *Travels through the United States and Canada*, by one Palmer, has just appeared at London. Fearon's work has reached the fourth edition.

Seybert's *Statistical Annals of the United States* are advertised by Longman and Co. London. Price 13 13s. 6d. sterling. A French translation will shortly appear at Paris.

The last volume of the *Swedish Philosophical Journal*, just published, in the Swedish language, contains an ample analysis of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York. We shall be much obliged to any of our New York friends who will favour us with a translation of this paper. Professor

Pictet, of Geneva, has also given a translation, in the French language, of the principal papers in the same Transactions.

The British minister at Paris has been instructed by the Prince Regent, to endeavour to procure a copy of the Logarithmic Tables prepared by the French Institute; and to propose to have it printed at the joint expense of the two nations.

The "Tales of the Hall," by Mr Crabbe, consist of many poems, in which the lives of so vast a number of individuals are unfolded, that it may almost be said that a general view is given in them of the moral character of the people of England. There is something very happy in the plan of that one poem to which all the different stories belong; and the interest that we are made to take in the destinies of the persons who recite the narrative, imparts so great a charm to the whole, that our feelings never flag, but with increasing sympathy and delight, watch the fortunes of every successive actor that is brought to figure before us. Two brothers, who had been separated in youth, and had never met each other since that early separation, meet in advanced life in the paternal "Hall" of the elder; and recount to each other all the most deeply interesting events of good or bad fortune that had befallen them,—drawing, in fact, a picture of their own lives, and of all those who had interested their affections, or influenced their happiness. The characters of the two brothers are admirably delineated—the elder being a grave, and somewhat formal bachelor, with most of the peculiarities of that class of men, but sensitive, affectionate and thoughtful—and the younger a generous seaman, who, having long buffeted with fortune, and learned many fine virtues in the school of adversity, had rather improvidently but happily married; and had visited his rich brother with many misgivings of mind and doubts of brotherly reception. They are delighted with each other—and, when the day of parting arrives, the sailor finds that the squire has purchased for him a pleasant dwelling not far from the "Hall," where he, his wife, and children are to reside for the rest of their lives. There is great tenderness and beauty in all that relates to the affection of these brothers; and the contrast of their characters is throughout most admirably sustained. All they have to tell each other is perfectly new; and consequently all their relations are given with wonderful earnestness and vivacity. Mr. Crabbe lets us in at once to their charac-

ters—and loving the men, we listen with all the eager attention of friends to the varied story of their lives.

The last Number of the "British Review," contains a very long and interesting, though rather a superficial article on the *State of Literature, Religion, Slavery, &c.* in this country. Prefixed to this paper we have the titles of no less than seventeen of the productions of our own press. The writer commences with some very just observations on the infancy of our literature, and he assigns some reasons for the slowness of its growth. What strikes him, in the first place, is the thin population which is spread over the immense surface of our territory, and opposes many serious obstacles to the production and circulation of literary effusions. We have not sufficient family wealth to create a demand for original works; there is little literary competition among us; no rewards, and few honours capable of exciting a generous emulation. The compiler of a heavy, dull and tasteless podrida, under the name of a political journal, will be richly compensated; while literary works, in which wit, genius and learning, combine to amuse and instruct, are annually descending to the tomb of the Capulets. If such be the character of the patrons of literature in our country, it is scarcely necessary to add that we have few authors by profession. If, here and there, such a person exist, he will be found, drudging along in his gainless calling, in solitude and silence. He does not repose in the bowers of academic learning, where the wise of other ages and nations surround him and encourage his labours. Among his cotemporaries, he finds no congenial mind with which he may compare his own; nor, if it be of that exuberant and powerful description which requires no auxiliary, are there any publishers or public institutions among us, to print books on such terms as are indispensable to their completion and finish. An American author can enjoy none of that leisure to correct which Horace enjoined. Nor do his labours terminate with the delivery of his Mss., or the visits of the Printer's Devil. He must pass through another purgatory. A distant day is assigned for the payment of what he has earned, which, in many instances, never arrives, and he is condemned to endless Jeremiads about "Delinquent Subscribers," "Dull Sales," and bankrupt agents. To such causes as these may be added the constant influx of foreign literature, which furnishes without any charge

for copy-right, full employment for all the capital that we can invest in this species of trade. The English books are offered to the American bibliopole with the advantages of established reputation. They come from a foreign country, too, which consideration can only operate in favour of our countrymen when they go abroad to become prophets. Thus if an American writer rely upon the bookseller, who is the true *Mæcenas*, he must encounter fearful odds, and if he trust to a subscription, he is likely to find patronage, like Love, as he is described by the poet, an inhabitant of the rocks.—The Reviewer notices the great number of our newspapers, which he characterizes very justly as being miserably edited; yet his condemnation is much too general when he affirms that they seldom contain any thing but shipping intelligence, extracts from English newspapers, and advertisements, among which those for run-away slaves form a frequent and prominent article. Such advertisements as are here alluded to, are never seen but in the papers of the Southern States, and they do not occur there oftener than in his Britannic Majesty's West-India islands.

Our *Law-Books* are represented as consisting principally of reports of cases, adjudged in the various courts of justice in the different states, digests of the laws of the several states, editions of "*Blackstone's Commentaries*,"* and other English elementary law books with notes, adapting them to American readers, and some translations of the works of eminent French jurists who treat on commercial law. Mr. Fearon is quoted as having given some instances of the dependance of our judges upon the counsel, which the Reviewer thinks cannot fail to produce strong sentiments of contrast in the mind of the reader who reflects upon the independence and uprightness, which so eminently characterise those who preside in the different English Courts of Justice. We believe that we are quite as well acquainted with this matter as Mr. Fearon is, and we hesitate not to aver that our Bench exhibits quite as much integrity of character as that of Great Britain. No instance has occurred here of an impeachment for corruption!

* There have been three American editions of this work: viz two in this city, of which one was published by *Bell* during the Revolution, and the other contained the notes of Judge Tucker; the third, enriched with Christian's notes, was published in Massachusetts.

We have yet produced no Lord Bacon! As to our lawyers, it is sufficient to say that an attorney is not here as he is in England, a bye-word for chicanery. The assertion of Fearon that want of principle among our professional men, is loudly complained of among the Americans, must be understood as referring only to that class with which he appears to have associated. Among our publications relative to topography, the labours of the New-York Historical Society occupy a conspicuous rank and of those works most deserving of attention among our histories, the writer enumerates Smith's Histories of New-York and New-Jersey; Trumbull's Connecticut; Ramsay's South-Carolina; Jefferson's Virginia; Belknap's New-Hampshire; Drake's Picture; Williams's Vermont; Hutchinson's Massachusetts; Darby and Stoddart's Louisiana; and he regrets that he has not room to quote from Dr. Johnson's "*Letters from the British Settlement in Pennsylvania*" an exposition of the fallacious statements contained in Mr. Birkbeck's *Letters from the Illinois*." Wilson's "*American Ornithology*," it is admitted is a work of equal accuracy and splendour, and might accompany without disgrace, the finer specimens of the English press. This is high praise, but it is not more than was dearly earned by the zealous but unfortunate projector of this invaluable work. In natural history, mineralogy, botany and medicine, we are allowed to boast of several eminent writers. Maclure and Cleaveland are particularly praised; and it is admitted that the Medical School at Philadelphia is conducted by professors, whose skill and attainments would not disgrace any European University. The information contained in the first volume which has been published by the "Committee of History" &c. attached to the American Philosophical Society, is considered as too interesting to be despatched in this brief notice, and therefore a separate article is allotted to it. Next in order to this body of American ~~savants~~ the English reader is introduced to their silent but industrious competitors, the Academy of Natural Sciences, which was established in this city in 1817. The Philadelphia Agricultural Society follows. Chief Justice Marshal's biographical work is described as unquestionably the greatest work which the United States have produced. Though it bears evident marks of haste and even negligence, yet it is considered, upon the whole, as creditable to the author both as a scholar and historian. The writer

finds many important materials for American history in the sixteen volumes of historical papers of the Massachusetts Historical Society, but he refers to the work of Mr. Pitkin, for no other purpose, it would seem, than to remind us of the acknowledgments of Mr. Bristed in reference to his obligations to that valuable collection of political and statistical information. Of Mr. Bristed's book we have already intimated our opinion; and of Mr. Warden's it need only be said, that it is a crude and undigested mass of information, collected without judgment and arranged without taste. The compiler is so ignorant of this country that he knows not what is important and what deserves no attention. The "Statistical View" of Pitkin and the "Annals" of Seybert, are works of unquestionable authority, which will rise in value, in proportion as they are known, and we should be glad if the English critics would introduce them to their readers along with the rhetorical flourishes of some of our writers and the dull compilations of others. The late Mr. Eddy is praised for the accuracy of his maps, and important acquisitions to science are anticipated from the trigonometrical survey of our coast by Mr. Haslee (*Haslet*.) By a communication from this gentleman, which was read at the last meeting of the American Philosophical Society, we learn that this arduous undertaking is nearly completed. The result of Mr. Haslet's labours will probably appear in the next volume of the Society's "Transactions." Of American novels, the critic finds none that possess sufficient merit to claim a notice; yet we know that the productions of Mr. Charles B. Browne have been warmly applauded by some of the best critics in England. Mr. Adams's "Lectures on Rhetoric" are praised for exhibiting much useful learning, well digested. His style, it is said, is not entirely free from Americanisms, and it is sometimes even inflated. This gentleman is considered as one of our best scholars, but we think his style is far from being, as the Reviewer states, pure and easy. Mr. Adams claims a right to coin words; which is a pernicious heresy in the Republic of Letters. Why should I not employ a new word, exclaim those who contend for this privilege, when I can find none to express so precisely what is passing in my mind? Without admitting the poverty of language which is here presumed, we answer that the new word should be excluded, because the reader cannot know what was the precise state of mind which ren-

dered this innovation necessary. Such men as Bolingbroke, Addison and Swift, found no difficulty in conversing with the world through the common channels, and until men of mightier minds shall arise among us, we do not perceive the necessity of inventing extraordinary means of communication. We shall not enter the lists with the Reviewer on the subject of our poetry, though we object to the competency of that tribunal which decides that the versification of Mr. Paulsen's (*Paulding's*) "Backwoodsman" is uniformly smooth; nor are we willing to admit the character which he ascribes to the "sentiments" and "invectives" of the wretched doggrel of that poem. Foreign critics do us great injustice when they suppose that the gentlemen of this country indulge in such vulgar rancour as they find in these lines; and in point of fact the Reviewer is entirely mistaken, when he asserts that the Transatlantic critics have awarded the highest place among their native poets to "*Mr. Paulsen*." His poem was received with the most frigid indifference, nor could all the applause of "the most eminent literary men in the United States" preserve it from contempt. Mr. Niles, too, quoted the apostrophe to Independence, as a specimen of the work, and he challenged "a comparison of it with any thing that the best-puffed poets of the old world had *given* us for fifty years past!" (Niles' Register, 14 Nov. 1818.) Our opinion of it will be found in the Number for January last. Under the head of *Arts and Sciences*, two journals are mentioned; to wit, Judge Cooper's "Emporium of Arts and Sciences," a valuable work which followed the common fate several years ago, and Dr. Silliman's journal, which is deservedly praised. No less than nine literary magazines illustrate the title of *general literature*. The *Analectic Magazine*, it is said, contains many able criticisms and well written essays; the most eminent literati are contributors to it, and its monthly sale is estimated at three thousand.* At the commencement of the present year, it was announced that the formidable corps which is here alluded to had been strengthened by "an extended number of able contributors;" and it must be admitted that the Reviewer could scarcely say less of the fruits of such a combination of talents, when we observe that by far the most considerable portion of their labour consists in

* It is generally safest to believe no more than half of what we hear.

copying from the English journals. The "Port Folio," continues the Reviewer, enjoys nearly an equal circulation,* and is conducted with ability. "This journal was established nearly twenty years ago, by the late Mr. Dennie, who has been called the Addison of America, but whose talents were not appreciated by his countrymen as they deserved.†" Mr. Dennie was appreciated to the full extent of his merits. He had in the Port Folio, what Dr. Johnson would have described as the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice. But he wantonly threw it from him, and perpetually declaimed on the very evils which his own want of prudence had created. The "American Review" had an extensive patronage, but it was speedily discontinued in consequence of the bankruptcy of the publishers. The fate of the "North American Review" cannot yet be predicted. It is said to be supported by an association of distinguished literary gentlemen in New-England, but the fact does not fully appear on the record. There is one article in the last Number, which contains as much bad writing as could well be brought together in the same space. We never saw much "ability" in the "American Magazine and Review," at New-York, and the public probably entertained the same opinion, as it was suffered to enjoy but a very brief existence, and it died unhonoured and unlamented. Of the "Western Review," but two Numbers have yet appeared.

The "American Law Journal, by Mr. Hall," and Johnson's Reports, are mentioned under the title of *Law*. A comparison between our Reports and those which now emanate from the British press, would redound much to our honour.

We feel no inclination to notice any of the recent publications on the domestic convulsions in Great Britain. The Mobs which are striving to disturb the peace of society, cannot fail to excite commiseration for the delusion under which they are brought together. That the designing knaves who have deluded the people,

* See the last note.

† Here the Reviewer repeats the sarcasm of Mr. Bristed, in which Mr. Dennie is represented as having received from "his benevolent fellow-citizens, as a recompence for his felicitous effusions of genius, taste, &c. &c.—*permission to starve*;" we have already stated, that this is an assertion which is without the slightest shadow of foundation.

will succeed in forcing the slightest change of measures upon the Government, no rational man will believe. That Government is supported by the men of property in the kingdom, who, without reference to any Ministry, or any party, will take the alarm, and rally round the constituted authorities, on the slightest apprehension of violence and misrule. Thus the hands of the Ministry are strengthened; and the moderate friends of reformation are compelled to admit the necessity of what are called *strong measures*: such as the "Suspension Act," the "Seditious Meeting Act," and other laws, which the Reformists of 1817 ought to remember. A reform can only be accomplished in England by peaceable means; and the successful champions must be sought, not among the vagabonds, male and female, who make inflammatory speeches, but among the wealthy, who have a stake in the community.—These men are cautious and timid, but they are the supporters of the Government. If the *Brummagem* patriots were to elect a parliament of their own men, they could not find food and employment for the poor, unless they could create a demand for English manufactures. Their fellow subjects cannot be persuaded, by all the blandishments of Reform, to consume more than they want. The demand of Government has been greatly diminished by the peace, and foreign countries are every day learning to supply themselves. Throughout the whole world, industry has been checked, enterprise enervated, and credit destroyed; and we fear that the great political system will not be put to rights by the philosophers of Birmingham and Smithfield.

The proceedings on the trial of M. Bavoux, Professor in the Law School at Paris, present some curious indications of the feelings of the French people and of the French government. M. Bavoux was accused of having excited citizens to disobey the laws, by expressions used by him in his lectures. The passages which have been alleged against him, consist of a very free, and, as it appears to us, on the whole, a just criticism on the code Napoleon, especially on the Penal code. With reference to the formation of this code, M. Bavoux says, "Legislation, which was so far advanced in 1791, and in the year four, far from continuing its progress, and reaching the level of the knowledge of the age, seemed to move in a retrograde direction. Humanity lost all the

conquests which it had made in former years. All that there was great or generous in our criminal laws was unworthily effaced from them. The pompous words *juries*, *public procedure*, *judicial independence*, *individual liberty*, were perfidiously preserved, but they were made void of meaning. Many of the defects of our ancient jurisprudence were recalled, sometimes indirectly, but always effectually; the institution of juries, as we have seen, was totally deprived of its virtue. In dread even of the shadow of it that remained, the formation of the juries was given up to authority. The judicial bodies thus assisted by the Prefects, and placed under the direct influence of the government, were armed with a very great power. They might deprive the citizens of their liberty under the slightest pretexts, and keep them for a long time in chains without bringing them to trial. Their discretionary power, added to their formation of Juries at their will, made them almost sure of obtaining convictions." Another passage which is alleged against M. Bavoux, is one in which he quotes the authorities of Beccaria and Bentham, in disapprobation of the prodigality with which the punishment of death is scattered through the penal code; but we shall rather quote the passage which refers to crimes against the state.—"It is here" he says, "that the distrustful and suspicious character of the Imperial Government manifests itself in the first class of crimes against the external and internal safety of the State; it plans plots and crimes against the Prince and his family. We are not astonished that the legislator has busied himself with this crime before any other. What is remarkable, is, that he has placed in the same rank, plots and overt acts, (*attentats*), in spite of the enormous difference-which exists between them." [Here the Professor explained the enactments respecting plots and overt acts, *complot et attentat*, and showed that the enactment in the case of *lese-majeste* was directly contrary to the practice respecting other crimes, in which the design to commit a crime is never considered equal to the crime itself, except when it is manifested by overt acts.] "It belongs only," he continued "to him who readeth that which is not written, to weigh thoughts in a balance, and to apply to them punishments proportioned to their consistence or reality; besides, if the aim of penal law is to repair as much as possible the mischief resulting from a crime, how can a conception which has produced

no evil, become an object of punishment? The dream of *Marsyas* which Dionysius of Syracuse, punished as *lese majeste'*—the death of the gentleman executed in the *Halles* of Paris for having thought of assassinating Henry III., acts which posterity has loaded with constant and universal execration, are they not legalised by our present code! To deviate from the common rule for the crime of *lese majeste* by punishing the beginning of *the execution* of *ad-sign*, even when by the free will and reflection of the culprit it has been stopped, to close in this case all avenues to repentance was in direct opposition to the purest morality of all religions, but it was a great sacrifice which the sanctity of the Monarch called for. At least, in this case then, was that external manifestation which showed that the criminal did not confine himself to imagination. But going further, we are plunged into uncertainty. The Legislator and the judge plunge themselves into fallibility; they give to a future event a real existence, and strike at a shadow instead of a substance."

Whether the observations were well placed in the lectures of M. Bavoux, we think there can be but one opinion as to the prosecution against him. It shows that the inculcation of laws favourable to tyranny, is not pleasing to the French Government, even when these laws have emanated from Bonaparte himself. The trial was full of irrelevant matter. Questions were put to him which could have no reference to the establishment of his criminality, though they might fix on him moral blame. He was asked for instance, whether he did not justify the Convention, and attack the emigrants, and treat the *doyen* (in a private conversation) as a *brigand*. What all this had to do with the question, whether he had excited his pupils to disobey the laws, we cannot conjecture. *It seems to have produced laughter in the whole court.*

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

LE SAGE'S ATLAS—GREATLY IMPROVED.

M. CAREY & SON, Philadelphia, propose to publish, by subscription, LAVOISNE'S complete Genealogical, Historical, Chronological, and Geographical ATLAS ; being a general guide to History, both Ancient and Modern ; exhibiting an accurate account of the origin, descent, and marriages of all the royal families, from the beginning of the world, to the present time ; together with the various possessions, foreign wars, battles of renown, and remarkable events, to the battle of Waterloo, and general peace of 1815 ; according to the plan of Le Sage. Greatly improved. From the new London edition, enlarged with eleven new Historical, and twenty-six Geographical Maps : the whole forming a complete system of Geography and History. By C. Gros, of the University of Paris, and J. Aspin, Professor of History, &c. The whole carefully revised and corrected, with the addition of two new charts, one of the United States, and one of South America ; and an Index to all the names contained in the work.

HISTORY is very justly esteemed a considerable branch of polite literature ; few accomplishments are more valued than an accurate knowledge of the histories of different nations ; and scarcely any literary production is more regarded than a well written history of a nation. The justness of this observation has been acknowledged by the wisest and best of men in all civilized countries. Cicero has said of history, that it enables us to triumph over time itself, by carrying us back through the vast and devouring space of numberless lapsed ages, and making us eye-witnesses of all the revolutions that have happened in the world ; and he pronounces a sentence of perpetual childhood on the man who continues ignorant of what has passed prior to his birth.

The ancients were so convinced of the importance of History, that they deified and raised altars to it ; gave it the first place among the sciences, and esteemed it before all others, because, they said, the study of it required a combination of them all : Clio, the first of the nine Muses, whom their inventive imaginations had created, presided over History. They considered those who devoted themselves to this charming study, who were possessed of the necessary talents for writing History, to be men privileged above their fellows, worthy of the most unlimited recompence and

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of the highest honours. In the remoter periods, they were looked upon as beings more than human ; a kind of demigods : their works were read at the public festivals, and listened to with rapture ; the people testified their approbation by unbounded applauses, while they adorned the heads of the writers with crowns ; Kings and Rulers of States admitted them to their councils, and into their most intimate society : in short, the historian held the first rank among his fellow-citizens. Incredible as this may appear in the present day, it is no exaggeration ; Herodotus, Thucydides, and many others, were loaded with honours equal to those conferred upon the most renowned Generals of their age.

As to the study of History, we must consider that all the revolutions that have happened in the world are to be derived from two causes : First, The connections between the different states existing in the world at the same time, or their situations relatively to each other. Secondly, The different characters, geniuses, dispositions, &c. of the people, who have constituted those states. The student in History, therefore, ought first to enquire into the state of the world in general in its various ages ; what nations inhabited its several parts ; what was their extent of territory ; at what particular period they arose, and when they declined. His next object should be to know the various events that have happened to each individual nation : and thus he will discover many of the causes of those revolutions, which before he knew only as isolated facts.

To read History to advantage, it is also requisite to be well acquainted with the sister-sciences of GEOGRAPHY and CHRONOLOGY, which have emphatically and justly been called "*The Eyes of History*," on account of the light and perspicuity they impart to it, and without the assistance of which, the reader will soon find himself bewildered and perplexed in the attempt to draw a perfect whole from the various detached events presented to his view ; and will probably be induced to relinquish his study as a vain pursuit.

By Geography, which describes the situations of countries, we learn the locality of events ; and by Chronology, which treats of time, we understand not only the period in which they took place, but also their relation one to another.

GEOGRAPHY is either *ancient*, of the *middle ages*, or *modern* : by the first we learn the state and division of the ancient continent from the most remote times to the end of the fifth century of the Christian æra ; that is, to the fall of the Western Roman Empire. Geography of the middle ages describes the state of the world between the fifth and fifteenth or sixteenth centuries ; and Modern Geography explains the political divisions of the earth adopted by modern nations, down to the present time.

Of the Geography of the earth prior to the Deluge, few observations present themselves. Indeed the total wreck induced by that tremendous event forbids us to enquire beyond it. The situation of the terrestrial Paradise has been warmly debated by writers, though it is certain that none of them could ever hope to arrive at demonstration. And whether Moses, in writing his description, had an eye to the actual state of the earth in his own time, or to its condition before the Flood, we are in either case too remotely circumstanced, even to hope for any thing better than conjecture.

The ancient Geography after the Deluge, though still obscure in many points, presents somewhat of certainty in its more important branches,

owing to the light thrown upon it by celebrated ancient writers. Pomponius Mela, a Spaniard, who lived under Tiberius, and Ptolemy, of Pelusium, in Egypt, who flourished about a hundred years after, have rendered important services in this respect ; though they are both inferior to Strabo, a Greek Geographer, who lived under Augustus, and whose works, written with taste, and full of interesting historical accounts, are in every respect worthy of the enlightened age in which they were composed. The celebrated D'Anville, by an unremitted application during his whole life, in the last century, threw so much light upon this science, that he has left very little to be desired.

In what are termed the *middle ages*, owing to the unsettled state of mankind, the multiplicity of evanescent kingdoms, which arose and disappeared almost in the same instant, and the universal ignorance which prevailed, we have few good maps or treatises to illustrate the Geography of that period.

Modern Geography is not only better understood than the two branches just alluded to, but claims a much higher degree of importance, and when combined with them renders the whole complete. Though last in order, it should certainly be the first attended to, as it enables the student more readily to apprehend the places of antiquity, and to apply the new names to them. For instance, when reading of *Gaul* or *Iberia*, he should be prepared to identify them with France and Spain, places whose situation are rendered familiar to him by daily occurrences and conversation. And as Geography is necessarily encumbered with a multitude of names, which it is nevertheless necessary to commit to memory, it has been found useful to adopt an artificial mode of fixing them there, by characterising every place by some historical subject, either natural, civil, or ecclesiastical ; or by some particulars of its commerce, soil, or manners of the inhabitants, of some remarkable battle or siege, the origin of some considerable family, &c. This association of ideas, at the same time that it makes a very durable impression on the mind, will also render the study itself agreeably interesting and amusing.

The study of History also includes that of STATISTICS, or of the manners, customs, religion, laws, language, and occupations of the nations treated of : they are sometimes taken in conjunction ; though more generally Statistics have the precedence.

The science of GENEALOGY, a very prominent feature in this Work, chiefly applies to illustrious families, and as it points out the ties of blood between sovereign Princes, ought never to be omitted by those who would obtain a clear and perfect understanding of the history they peruse ; for it leads to a just means of appreciating the rights of succession, as well as of the pretensions of Princes to the thrones they occupy or lose, frequently discovers the secret motives of their wars and alliances, and elucidates many facts, which otherwise must remain obscured by doubts.

CHRONOLOGY, it has already been observed, presents the order of time in which the several transactions recorded in history occurred. This science has been erroneously neglected by readers of history, from a supposition that it could afford them no amusement ; or that its office was merely to decide controverted points of uncertain date : but upon due examination, such readers will discover that historical facts derive a strength and energy from Chronology, which distinguish them from legendary tales, and characterise them as identical links in the chain of human affairs. Chro-

nology, therefore, is of the first importance to a right understanding of History, as without it, no just estimate could be formed of what must ever be a primary consideration—the state of the world at large during the period of which we read.

Method of studying History, and superior advantages of this Work.

IT has been well observed that “ what is received by the eye makes a more lasting impression on the mind than what enters by the ear;” and hence it is, that no one pretends to teach Geography without laying before his pupil a Map of the country which forms the subject of the lesson; for in vain would the teacher dictate, and the scholar read, without the help of this visible representation of the object of their labours. Maps of Geography, had been long in use before any attempt of a similar kind was made in the department of History and Chronology: but at length the great advantage of presenting to the eye an embodied form of what was described in the historic page, shone like a new light upon the world, and we are now in possession of many Maps and Charts of Chronology and History, which, while they represent the principal revolutions of empire, in the different ages of the world, serve also to explain in a clear and simple manner the most intricate and obscure branches of those sciences. As this invention, however, is but of recent date, it is still subject to all the variations as to its mode, which the genius of different writers may suggest; and as no general plan has yet been laid down, as in the case of Geographical Maps, it remains open to the improvement of every successive endeavour.

A few years ago, an attempt was made in this country, by Mr. Le Sage, to exhibit several important branches of History upon a series of Maps, presenting at one view whatever is most interesting in the several countries of which they treated; particularly the Genealogy of the Sovereigns, and the Chronological order of Events: after his return to the Continent, the same gentleman published an enlarged edition of that work: but though his plan was greatly approved, it was considered as defective in method and execution. This was the inducement that led the late Mr. LAVOISNE to undertake a new work upon the same model; but in which he reduced all the Maps to an uniform character, and many subjects were introduced, entirely unadverted to by his predecessor. This ingenious and learned gentleman, unfortunately, did not live to see his work completed; and even the Maps that went to press under his inspection, being executed while he was in a declining state of health, were consequently less correct than could have been wished, or than it is presumed would have been the case, had not his lingering situation rendered him incapable of the application requisite for a work of such deep research, keen penetration, and intense study. But notwithstanding these defects, the Work was no sooner published than it met with general approbation, and the Proprietor was most liberally encouraged to project a new Edition, in the bringing forward of which he has exerted his utmost diligence to render it superior to every preceding or contemporary effort of a similar nature; and by the introduction of a COMPLETE SERIES OF GEOGRAPHICAL MAPS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, to leave nothing to be wished for in the several departments

of History, Chronology, Genealogy, Statistics, and Geography, that should not be found in this new edition of LAVOISNE'S ATLAS.

With this view, besides the Continuator of the first Edition, the Proprietor has engaged an English gentleman, whose historical writings have been very favourably received in the higher circles, to superintend the progress of the Work in its Chronological and Geographical branches, with an express desire that nothing might be spared that could possibly tend to further his object of producing a more perfect analysis of History and Geography than has ever before appeared. And he flatters himself that his efforts have not been in vain, and that he shall have the satisfaction of seeing his most sanguine hopes crowned with all the success he has anticipated.

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66. **UNITED STATES.**—Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Map.
67. **SOUTH AMERICA.**—Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Map.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

GENTLEMEN—When Le Sage's Atlas arrived in the United States, about nine or ten years ago, I perused it with care, and derived from it much instruction. I considered it the most correct, comprehensive, and methodical performance I had seen; uniting history, geography, and chronology into an admirable epitome.

I understand that Messrs. Gros and Aspin have continued the series of events, down to the peace of 1815; with the exception of those which occurred in our Fredonian, and the other American dominions. These omissions, your full information and well known diligence will supply; and thereby render it, as published by yourselves, preferable to the European copy.

I consider the book as worthy of a place in public libraries, and in the parlours of private houses; and I congratulate the country on the prospect of possessing so valuable a work, upon reasonable terms.

Be pleased to accept my wishes for your health and prosperity.

SAML. L. MITCHELL.

New York, October 8, 1819.

Messrs. M. CAREY & SON.

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GENTLEMEN—I have examined "*Lavoisne's Atlas*," with care, and compared it, throughout, with the celebrated work of Le Sage, to which it is greatly superior. The number of charts is *greater*, by THIRTY-ONE; the price is *less*, by TEN or FIFTEEN DOLLARS; and the size of the book altogether more convenient. The paper, letter-press, and colouring are beautiful; and the execution, particularly of the geographical maps, is much better than that of Le Sage's, now before me. The addition of new maps and charts by the American publishers, if done with ability, will leave nothing to be desired to make it "a complete system," and a most invaluable appendage to the library of every public institution, and private gentleman in the United States.

Most respectfully yours,

D. H. BARNES, A. M.

Principal of the Classical Academy, New-York.

Messrs. M. CAREY & SON.

New York, 12th October, 1819.

GENTLEMEN—I have examined, with some care, the book which you sent me, entitled "*Lavoisne's complete Genealogical, Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Atlas*." The general plan and execution of this work, so far as it extends, (being chiefly limited to the *eastern continent*;) are, in my opinion, well calculated to answer the end proposed, namely, of "being a general guide to History, both ancient and modern." And with the corrections, and the extension of the plan to North and South America, which the editors contemplate, it must be a most valuable aid to the American student.

R. PATTERSON,

Director of the Mint, and late Professor
in the University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, August 26, 1819.

Messrs. M. CAREY & SON.

GENTLEMEN—I have had the pleasure of examining the work you had the goodness to send me, entitled *Lavoisne's complete Genealogical, Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Atlas*. I am convinced by the perusal of it, that its republication in this country will materially subserve the interests of literature, form an important auxiliary to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge in the various branches comprised in its plan, and be a valuable treasure to schools, colleges, and private literary gentlemen. I wish you great success in your proposed undertaking.

Yours respectfully,

Philadelphia, August 28, 1819.

Messrs. M. CAREY & SON.

SAMUEL B. WYLEY.

GENTLEMEN—We have examined "*Lavoisne's Historical and Geographical Atlas*," on the plan of Le Sage's celebrated Atlas, to which it has a decided superiority for the arrangement and additional matter it contains. As a guide and reference for the student or reader of history, too much cannot be said in its recommendation, and we know of no work which can supply its place in schools, colleges, or in the libraries of private gentlemen.

Philadelphia, August 27, 1819.
Messrs. M. CAREY & SON.

CARRÉ & SANDERSON.

TERMS.

I. The work shall be well executed on superfine paper, and will be equal, if not superior, to the London edition.

II. It is now in preparation, and will be finished in the month of June, 1820.

III. It shall be handsomely half bound with morocco backs and corners.

IV. The price to subscribers will be Twenty-five dollars—to non-subscribers it will be raised to Thirty dollars. The price of the English Edition is Forty-five dollars.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1819.

No. VI.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE POETICS OF ARISTOTLE.

[Continued from p. 370.]

ARISTOTLE says little of comedy and the epopeia, because he reserved the subject for the conclusion of his treatise. According to him, the epic, like tragedy, is an imitation of the beautiful, by discourse, and they differ in this, that the one imitates by recital, the other by action. To this difference in form, may be added the indeterminate extent to which the epic may be carried, whereas tragedy is confined to a single day or a little beyond that space. Here we see that Aristotle is very far from that rigorous pedantry with which he has been reproached. As to the epic compared with tragedy, he says very judiciously, "all that the epic contains may be found in tragedy; but all that is in tragedy is not to be found in the epic." The latter may be delivered indifferently in prose or verse, an opinion which is not held by the moderns, some of whom find themselves, compelled to support it, but it is generally regarded as a paradox; and the *Telemachus* admirable as it is, never obtained more than the name of a poem, which the author himself never dreamed of giving to it. If we seek the reason of this difference of opinion between the ancients and moderns, I believe it will be found to consist in the

lofty idea which we justly attach to the ability of writing well in verse, in a language in which versification is so prodigiously difficult. We have not wished to separate this merit from so great a work as the epic poem, and upon the whole it enters but little into our thoughts to separate poetry from versification. I believe that in this we should be very right. The difficulties to be surmounted, not only add to the fine arts a splendour in proportion as they are overcome, but they open an abundant source of new beauties. The glories of so fine an art as poetry, should not be made too common. If a prose writer could be a poet we should have too many, and we know that there are already enough.

"The progress of tragedy, and its authors," says Aristotle, "is well known, but it is different with regard to comedy, from its being less cultivated at first. For it was not till late that the comic chorus was appointed by the magistrate; but it was performed by voluntary actors, till at length, having attained certain forms peculiar to itself, the writers of comedy were deemed worthy of remembrance. Nevertheless, it is still unknown who introduced the masks, the prologue, the number of actors, and other things of that kind. Epicharmus and Phorinus commenced the practice of giving a fable to comedy, the origin of which must therefore be derived from Sicily: for among the Athenians, Crates was the first who abandoned personal satire, and introduced a general subject or fable."*

All that is worthy of remark here, is the ancient custom of making theatrical representations a public solemnity. The archons, who were the first magistrates of Athens, superintended them. They purchased the productions of authors and caused

* Crates flourished about the 82nd Olympiad, about 450 B. C. By forsaking personal satire, Aristotle means the gross invectives of the first comedy. Comedy was not raised to any form or shape of art, until about the time of Aristophanes, (B. C. 434.) who was the first model. He was called the prince of ancient comedy as Menander was of the new. Tragedy, by this time had undergone all its changes, and had attained its highest perfection. The Athenians had long enjoyed the wild sublimities of Eschylus and the moral pathos of Euripides, before they were amused by the buffoonery and ribaldry of the comic writers

them to be represented at the expense of the state. Two consequences resulted from this: it retarded their arrival at that degree of perfection which it has attained among us, where the daily representation of pieces has exercised and improved the spirit of criticism; but on the other hand, this very establishment, prevented satiety and long opposed the corruption of the art: at least we do not see that the Greeks, after Euripides and Sophocles, fell, as we have done, into a total neglect of all the rules of good sense. It was in the age of these two distinguished men, and particularly by their works, that tragedy was carried to its brightest pitch of splendour. "After many changes," says Aristotle, "it was established in its present, which is the true form: but to examine whether it has attained its perfection, with regard to itself, or to the theatre, is another question." He declines a consideration of this point, or perhaps he may have discussed it, in the treatise which is lost. If he has not done it, his silence, exhibits a degree of prudence, unwilling to impose limits on art or genius.

He defines comedy to be an imitation of worse persons; yet not such as are bad with respect to general depravity, but in that particular species of turpitude which is calculated to excite ridicule.*

After these general views, Aristotle commences the consideration of tragedy, which he appears to have regarded as the highest and most difficult effort of the imagination. He defines it to be "an imitation of an important and complete action, possessing a certain degree of magnitude, in ornamented language, having its forms distinct in their respective parts, by the representation of persons acting, and not by narration, effecting through the means of pity and terror, the purgation of such passion." Ch. VI. p. 32.

I stop at this definition because it has been badly interpreted, and in fact it is liable to be misunderstood. Every reader at

* I do not know what edition of Aristotle was used by La Harpe. If we refer to the second chapter and add to the text there *καὶ τοιούτοις*, according to Winstanley, which reading Batteaux says is confirmed by a MS.—, we shall find Aristotle's meaning, in this place to be, that comedy consists in an imitation of worse persons than those of the present time in general.

once asks what is the meaning of *purging* terror and pity by inspiring them. Corneille explains the passage thus: "The pity which we feel for a person like ourselves, who has been overtaken by misfortune, excites the fear of such an event happening to us. Fear creates a desire to shun, which desire teaches us to purge, to moderate, to rectify and even to eradicate those propensities which have produced the misfortune before our eyes; by this familiar, but indubitable and natural mode of reasoning, which, to avoid the effect strikes at the root of the cause." The logic here is very good; but if this was the meaning of Aristotle he has very vaguely expressed the simplest thing in the world; for he had only to say that tragedy, by means of terror and pity, corrects the passions that occasion the misfortunes, which excite emotions of terror and pity in the breasts of those who behold them.* But this is not all that he says; for the original embraces the analogous ideas, to temperate, to modify, terror and pity, and the meaning of the author has been missed by our not following him word for word. He wishes to say, as has been amply demonstrated in our time, that the object of all theatrical imitation, even at the moment when it excites pity and terror, by exhibiting fictitious actions, is to soften, to moderate in us, that which these passions would have been too sensible of, if those actions had been real. The idea of Aristotle, thus extended, is as just as it is clear. Who, for instance, could behold the wretchedness of Œdippus or Andromache, or Hecuba, actually exhibited? Such a spectacle, far from being agreeable, would be insupportable.

* Milton, in the preface to his *Sampson Agonistes*, quotes this definition, and observes that "tragedy purges the mind of these and such like passions, as are here mentioned by tempering and reducing them to just measure with a kind of delight, which is stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours." In short, diversions of this kind, wear out of our thoughts every thing mean and little, by lifting up our minds to the contemplation of magnanimous actions. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, mitigate austerity, sooth affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence. See likewise Lowth's *Lectures*, p. 156.

table. This is the charm, the wonder of imitation which produces agreeable sensations from what in reality would be disgusting. This is the secret of nature and art combined, which such a philosopher as Aristotle has thought worthy of developing.*

Ignorance has sometimes endeavoured to take advantage of those contradictions which arise between the lovers of antiquity. What confidence, say they, can we repose in persons who cannot agree among themselves? We may appeal to any one who has even studied any other language than his own, even a living tongue. There is no writer in whose pages we do not sometimes meet with passages which are difficult to a stranger. How much more then may we expect to find these difficulties in a dead language

* La Harpe had been so far misled by commentators, as to adopt the ancient explanation, in his *Essay on the Greek Theatre*. He was convinced of his error by the reasoning of *Balteaux* who translated the Poetic, and he very frankly acknowledges his mistake.

To enter into a full investigation of the various opinions concerning this celebrated definition of tragedy would exceed our present purpose. What Aristotle means by purging the passions, will be best explained by referring to his *Politics*, l. viii. ch. vii. where the same medical metaphor is applied to music. "Whatever," he says, "affects any minds violently, will have some effect on all, and will only differ in degree. Even those who are very subject to enthusiastic affections, when any of those strains of grave and sacred music are performed which are calculated to touch the mind, are soothed and quieted as if it were by medicine or purgation: and the same will happen to those who are very susceptible of the passions of pity or terror, or whose passions in general, are easily excited; they will perceive a kind of purgation or unburthening of the mind, accompanied with some degree of pleasure."

From this definition, and from the subjects proposed by Aristotle as proper objects of tragic imitation, (see particularly ch. xiii.), I think his notion of the end of tragedy to be the exciting the passions of pity and terror by imaginary scenes of distress, for the purpose of blunting or deadening their effects in real circumstances; and not the laying down examples for the general conduct of life, by exhibiting the ill consequences of carrying the passions to excess, as some have ingeniously imagined, and to which opinion I own I was strongly inclined, till my present undertaking led me to examine the general tenor of Aristotle's reasoning on the subject with greater attention. This doctrine is particularly illustrated by Mr. Harris, in his treatise on painting, poetry and music.

the monuments of which are very ancient and have undergone great changes.

Let us take the other parts of this definition. *Tragedy is an imitation of a great action.** None but the moderns have deviated from this principle. Their tragedy is a mixture of seriousness and buffoonery, of gravity and burlesque, which so grossly disfigure the English and Spanish pieces, like the remains of barbarism. Aristotle adds that the action should be *entire and of a certain degree of magnitude*. What I mean by entire, he adds, is comprehending in itself a beginning, a middle, and an end.† A beginning is that which does not itself necessarily follow any other event, but to which some other events may naturally succeed.

* An action is *entire*, when it is complete in all its parts, or as Aristotle describes it, when it consists of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single step should be omitted in that just and regular progress which it must be supposed to take from its commencement to its consummation. Thus we see the *anger* of Achilles in its *birth*, its *continuance* and *effects*: and Eneas's settlement in Italy, carried through all the opposition that was made to it by land and sea. The action in Milton is contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and punished by Heaven. The parts are told in the most distinct manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural order.

† By the greatness of the action is here meant, not only that it should be great in its nature, but also in its duration, or in other words that it should have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatness; and the just measure of this kind of magnitude, by a very apt similitude. What those animals are to the eye, a very short or a very long action would be to the memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have shown their greatest art in this respect. The action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Eneid* were, in themselves exceedingly short; but they are so beautifully extended and diversified, by the invention of Episodes and the machinery of the Gods, and similar poetical ornaments, that they form an agreeable story sufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. As to Milton's action, it is enriched with such a variety of circumstances, and, notwithstanding all the restraints he was under, is filled with so many surprising incidents, bearing so close an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without offending the most scrupulous.

An end is just the contrary; for it is that, which, either of necessity, or according to the general course of things, must follow some other event, but requires nothing after it. A middle requires other circumstances both to precede and follow it. Fables, then, to be well constituted, should not begin or end casually, but should agree with the ideas we have mentioned. As to magnitude, an animal, or any other thing that has constituent parts, to be beautiful, must not only have those parts well connected, but should also have a certain proper size, for beauty depends on size as well as symmetry. As, therefore, animals and other bodies should have such a size as may easily be comprehended in one view,* so the dramatic fable should have such a length that the connexion of the circumstances may easily be remembered.—In short, to give the definition in simple terms, that is the proper boundary of the length, in which either necessarily or probably, according to the common order of things, the change of fortune from happiness to misery, or from misery to happiness may be effected.

The more we reflect upon these principles, the more we shall find that they are founded on a knowledge of human nature. The pieces of Lope de Vega and Shakspeare, for instance, contain so many incidents that the best memory could not give an account of them. Who can doubt that these pieces are of an inconvenient length, and that in violating the precept of Aristotle they are at war with good sense. For we are not susceptible of more than a certain degree of attention; we are amused, instructed, or pleased for a certain time. Taste consists in seizing this happy and proper measure, and in this respect the legislator agrees with the poets.

Aristotle introduces into his definition the ornaments of discourse which conduce to give effect to the poem. With us, these ornaments are reduced to those of versification and declamation.

* The word *νοεῖν* (intellectu facilis) in the Greek language is a most happy expression to signify such a disposition of parts, in any work or design, as that the eye, shall not only run over the whole with ease—keeping continually in view the principal subject—but when the same eye shall, without the least detention, in any of the particular parts, and resting, as it were, immoveable in the middle or centre of that whole, see at once, in an agreeable and perfect correspondence, all that is there exhibited to the sight.

The ancients had more of the recitative and the music of the songs and rythmical measures which it executed. "Every tragedy has six parts: the fable or action, the manners or characters, the language, the thoughts, the apparatus of the theatre and the song." Substitute declamation for the song, and our tragedy agrees exactly with that of the ancients. Let us attend to what follows and ascertain whether Aristotle was well acquainted with tragedy. "Of all these parts," he says, "the action or fable is the most important.—Action and fable are the end of tragedy, and the end is the object to be principally considered in every thing. Tragedy cannot exist without action, but it may without manners, for most of the tragedies of the later writers are without manners.—If a set of moral sentences should be put together, with the language and sentiment well executed, it would by no means produce the effect of tragedy. This effect would be much better obtained by a dramatic piece which possessing these in an inferior degree, had a fable, and combination of incidents.—Those who first attempt to write dramatically, can sooner excel in the language, and the manners, than in combining the incidents, as was the case of almost all the earliest poets."

All this is as true now as it was when the author first wrote. That the action or fable is of the first importance is sufficiently proved by the fact that we are delighted at the representation of plays which we never think worth reading. But here there is a great difference between the Greeks and us; the most rare merit among them was a perfection in subject and plan: with us a good style is least common. We have twenty authors who have written for the stage, and with great effect; and there are not more than two,—I speak of those that are dead,—who are uniformly eloquent in verse, and who have reached the perfection of tragic style, Racine and Voltaire. What is the cause of this difference? It arises, I believe, from the nature of language and their tragedy. The Greek idiom, the most harmonious that we are acquainted with, gave great facility to versification, and the accompaniment of music added new charms. It cannot be doubted that this union is not very flattering to the Greeks, for Aristotle says expressly that the recitative gives the greatest pleasure to tragedy. We may form an idea of this from our operas, where we find that our

most vivid emotions are owing chiefly to the music. The other reason arises from the nature of their tragedy, which was always confined to their own history; and even, as Aristotle says expressly, to a small number of families. Among us, the genius of the stage may seek its subjects in all parts of the known world. There even exists for it another world, with which the ancients were not acquainted. We need only mention *Alzire*, to convey all that need be said on this subject.

It is not surprising then that it should be more common to meet with suitable subjects for the stage than to find tragedies written in the true language of poetry. But it is a remarkable and happy trait in our literary history, that those of our dramatic writers who have written best are the most popular; our best pieces are also the most eloquent, and it is this collection of all the different kinds of perfection which has placed our theatre above all others in the world.

Aristotle continues to trace the rules of tragedy. "The unity of a fable does not depend on its relating to one person only, but as relating to one fact. For it is not an imitation of the life of a man, of a single action in his life—the parts should be so constituted, that if a single one were transposed or omitted, it would no longer exist. For that can never be esteemed a part of any thing, which makes no sensible difference whether it be there or not."

This is the most complete and just idea that can be formed of the contexture of a drama; it is an express condemnation of all those foreign episodes, those morsels of stories, with which it is usual to fill up pieces, when the subject itself does not afford sufficient materials. Aristotle teaches us that "the object of the poet is to treat the fact not as it actually occurred, but as it might have happened, and to describe what is possible according to probability."

"The essential difference between the poet and the historian is not that one writes in prose and the other in verse; for the writings of Herodotus put into verse would still be a history. The difference between them is, that one describes facts and the other, what might become so. For this reason poetry is more philosophical and more instructive than history. One describes individuals, the other the species."

"Perhaps this disparity is not exactly correct, because it would be difficult to describe the persons of history faithfully, without conveying some knowledge of human nature. But the passage shows that the ancients attached a higher consequence to poetry than we do.

Aristotle distinguishes between tragedy founded upon history and that which is derived from invention, and he approves of both. But none of the Greek tragedies of the latter kind have descended to us. The episodical class he formally condemns. "By episodical pieces," he says, "I mean those in which the parts are not connected with each other, either necessarily or by probability. Such fables are constructed by meddling poets from a want of genius, and by good authors to please the performers. In order to give them a character which will suit them, they stretch the fable beyond its strength, and the connexion is destroyed."

We see here that the tyranny which is exercised over artists by those who are the only and necessary instruments of his art is not confined to our own times.

With regard to the chain of events, which should grow out of each other, he gives an excellent reason. "Surprise is much more strongly excited by what appears to be the effect of design, than by what arises from accident: as in the instance of the statue of Mityus in Argos falling down, and killing his murderer while he was looking at it." This example is selected with singular felicity.

He distinguishes also between simple and complex fables. By the first he means those fables in which all the persons are known, and by the latter, those in which they are discovered. He makes another difference; "that is a simple action, which being connected* and uniform has the transition of fortune without peripetia,† or discovery: and that is a complex action, where the transition is effected by the means of peripetia, or discovery, or both."

Discovery and the peripetia are very properly considered as two great means of exciting pity and terror. To prove this he mentions the situation of Iphigenia, recognizing her brother at the

* *Συνεχης*, continuous, not episodical.

† *Περίπτεσις*, is an unexpected revolution of fortune. The word is naturalized in the language of dramatic criticism.

moment she is about to sacrifice him, and that of Merope ready to kill her own son, under a belief that she was avenging him.

To these two means of exciting interest, Aristotle adds a third, namely, that which strikes the eye, such as assassinations, poniards, combats and the business of the stage; but he remarks very justly, that this is inferior to the other two and requires less poetical talent. "For," says he, "the fable ought to be so constituted, that a person only hearing the narration, should both shudder and be affected with compassion, as would be the consequence if the story of *Œdippus* were related. But to effect this by means of the representation only, is very unskilful, and rather the business of the manager of the theatre. Those who excite horror, instead of terror, by the representation, have none of the properties of tragedy; for every sort of entertainment should not be sought from it, but only that which is peculiar to it."*

We find here the great principle which occurs every day, and by which Aristotle, two thousand years ago, answered, as it were by anticipation, those who think they defend every thing by saying *it is natural*: as if every thing natural was to be exhibited to a multitude; as if spectacles and the fine arts were an imitation of common nature, instead of being an imitation of its choicest productions.

We have already far advanced in the *Poetics* of Aristotle, and we have only presented some of the leading ideas, omitting what is peculiar to the Greek tragedy, and stopping at those parts which might be applied to our own. We have ventured sometimes, though rarely, to differ from him. He says, for instance, that "we should not represent virtuous persons as falling from a state of happiness into misery, for that would excite disgust, ra-

* Such is the horror excited in the *Eumenidæ* of *Eschylus*, where such a number of furies in horrid forms were introduced, that the whole audience were terrified, children died of the fright, and other serious accidents happened.

It is the part of ordinary writers, says Aristotle, to endeavour to excite pity and terror, not by affecting sentiments and brilliant language, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. Addison has exposed something very ridiculous of the kind in the English theatre, with great humour and success. See the *Spectator* No. 42. 44.

ther than pity or terror." ch. xiii. Many instances might be adduced to show the fallacy of this rule. What follows, however, cannot be disputed. "Neither should wicked men be shown as rising from misery to happiness, for that would be directly opposite to the design of tragedy." This is one of the great defects of the tragedy of *Atreus*, where this monster, at the end of the piece, exults with horrible satisfaction in the situation in which he had placed the unhappy *Thyestes*, and concludes with this verse,

I reap, in the end, the fruit of my crimes.

No man ever wished to leave a place of amusement with such an impression upon his mind. It is true that in *Muhamet* the crime is triumphant; but the criminal is punished in the loss of what he loves: he is followed by regret and remorse. But notwithstanding all the art of the author, this defect is perceived in the termination of the last act, and it is the only fault in this excellent play. Neither should a very wicked person be represented as falling from happiness to misery; for though such an arrangement might be agreeable to our feelings, it would excite neither pity nor terror; for pity is excited by the misfortunes of an innocent person,*

* Intentionally innocent in regard to the crime or misfortune for which he suffers, as was the case with *Œdippus*. By equality, is not meant equality of situation in life, but in virtue or vice. A private Athenian citizen might conceive himself in the same situation, as a son, with *Œdippus*, though a monarch; but we are little interested by characters of consummate goodness, or consummate villainy, as we can hardly bring their situation home to our own bosoms.

Aristotle's observation that our pity, and not terror, is excited by seeing a man of virtue mingled with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, though very true on many occasions, does not hold good in the case of Adam and Eve, in *Milton*: because, though the persons who there fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what possibly may be, but what actually is our case, since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and in some other very few instances, as Addison observes, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry, which he had drawn from his reflections on Homer, cannot be supposed to agree exactly with the heroic poems which have been written since his time; since it is evident that his rules

and terror by the misfortunes of a person in the same situation with ourselves, pity, on account of the distress being undeserved, and terror from the equality."

This very just remark does not militate with the propriety of punishing the wicked in a drama. Aristotle means no more than that it is not by this means that pity or terror are excited; these emotions must be drawn from other sources. He is right. For when the wicked man, an oppressor or a tyrant, is punished on the stage, it is not the punishment which raises pity or terror in the breast: these emotions result from the danger or misery in which some person is, in whose fate we are interested, and as the punishment terminates the danger or removes the misery, the dramatic effect is thus produced. Thus in the *Iphigenia*, which we have before mentioned, it is not the killing of Thoas by Pylades, which produces the tragical denouement: but this death delivers *Œrestes* and *Iphigenia* from their peril; they were the object of interest and the spectator is contented.

"The character that remains is a medium between these: a man neither eminently conspicuous for virtue or villainy, and who falls into misery, not through any crime or detestable depravity, but in consequence of some fault or error natural to human nature, which precipitates him from the summit of grandeur and prosperity."

We should bear in mind, always, that Aristotle speaks only of such persons as are calculated to produce interest, and what he says here of those characters, which *Corneille*, in his dissertations calls *mixed*, has appeared to this writer as throwing a great light on a knowledge of the théâtre, and in general, on every kind of imitative poetry. In fact, it has been observed that nothing is more interesting than this mixture, so natural to the human heart. It is in this point of view that the character of *Achilles* appears so dramatic in the *Iliad*, and that *Phædra* is not lessened on the stage by her passions and her remorse. Nothing shows more clearly how those persons deceive themselves, and how erroneously they judge, who, so to speak, make it a point of morality, not to be-

would have been still more perfect, could he have perused the *Eneid*, which was composed some hundred years after his death.

come interested at the theatre, but by irreproachable characters, and who determine the merits of a tragedy by the principles of society.*

To all these sources of the pathetic, another, the most fruitful of all, is to be added—which Aristotle does not mention because the Greeks never tried it but in a single instance. It is unsuccessful love. Of this passion the moderns have made great use, but the ancients never introduced it into their tragedies, if we except the character of Phædra, whose intrigue was notorious throughout Greece: and even in Euripides, it is not by any means so interesting, as in Racine. This single difference between the Greek theatre and ours, makes the art far more rich and extensive in our day. What a treasure to the stage must be that passion to which we are indebted for *Zaire*, *Tancred*, *Ines*, *Ariane*, and many others consecrated by this particular merit, which has supplied the want of so many others, and makes us pardon so many faults,—the power of making us shed tears!

As to the denouement, Aristotle prefers those in which the peripetia, or change of fortune, is from happiness to misery. "This being the most perfect form of tragedy, according to the principles of the art, those who blame Euripides, because he pursues this method, and makes his tragedies end with distress, are themselves wrong; that system being proved to be right. The greatest proof of this is, that such dramas appear most tragical in the performance, if they are well managed; and Euripides, if he does not contrive so well in other circumstances, is allowed to be the most tragical of our poets."

Let us not forget what has been already said; viz: that in matters of taste it is not necessary that every principle should be absolutely true, but that they should have a sufficient probability, that is to say, be applicable in a great many instances. Such is Aristotle's principles with respect to denouement; and it is gene-

* In performances of a kind, where there is a double plot or double catastrophe, though the grief of the audience should not be changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies,—than which nothing can be more absurd,—yet it is directed upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action; besides, the prosperity of the good has nothing tragical in it, and the punishment of the bad, nothing terrible or pitiable.

ally true. The four dramas which we have just cited afford a proof of this: they are such as Aristotle speaks of, and they are among the number of those productions which excite the liveliest interest. There are however, other denouements of character entirely opposite, and which also produce great effect. They on a sudden extricate the person in whose fate we take an interest, from a situation of imminent peril, and they create this revolution by natural and unexpected means. Such, on the French stage, is the denouement of *Adelaide*. We confess that we are acquainted with few so beautiful.*

* As the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but a slight impression upon us, if we know that in the last act, he is to obtain the object of all his wishes and desires. While he is plunged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to derive consolation from the certainty that in the end he will be happily extricated from them—and that his countenance however it may be cast down at present, it will ere long be brightened with the smiles of gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of tragedy, treated men, in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making them sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable:—as they found them in the incident which they had selected for a plot—or as they thought they might create the most impressive effect upon their audience. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these ways, and observes that those which ended unhappily, always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those which concluded happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind, and fix the audience in a serious composure of thought, which is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under the pressure of their calamities, than those in which they rise above oppression or affliction. It must be acknowledged, however, that this kind of fable, which is the most perfect in tragedy, is not so proper for an epic poem. Milton seems to have been aware of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to remedy it by several expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adversary of mankind meets with on his return to the assembly of infernal spirits, as it is described in a beautiful passage of the tenth book: and likewise by the vision, at the close

Aristotle treats the subject of manners and characters with much less diffuseness, because it is not so complicated. They should be consistent throughout. This precept applies to every species of drama, and never was it observed in a more striking and happy manner than in the *Irresolute* of Destouches; a play, in other respects, of no great merit. This *Irresolute* after having vacillated throughout the whole piece, between two females whom he wished to espouse, at length makes his determination. But he is scarcely married, before he repeats aside, this line with which the piece concludes:—"It would have been better, I believe, to have espoused Celimene."*

On this subject we cannot inculcate upon the mind of the poet a better lesson, nor one which deserves more profound meditation than the following, which contains every thing: "In depicting manners and characters, the poet should always keep before his

of the poem, in which Adam sees his offspring triumphing over his potent enemy; and himself restored to a happier paradise than that from which he had fell.

* Horace gives us an amusing picture of an inconsistent person in the character of Tigellius (Lib. 1. Sat. 3. *Omnibus hoc vitium est*) who, when pressed, refused to sing, but when unasked would sing from morning to night: sometimes ran through the streets, and at others stalked with a deliberate pace: sometimes attended by one hundred slaves, and at others by none.

Such a character, says Mr. Pye, is to be kept up consistently throughout, and not made to act consistently in some instances and inconsistently in others. With the utmost deference for his critical abilities, I cannot but think the bishop of Worcester has refined too much in his ideas of this passage. He thinks Aristotle means that an inconsistent person, like Electra or Iphigenia, may be so managed by the poet, as to have the irregularity made consistent with the basis or foundation of the character; and this he endeavours to prove Euripides has done, not only in Electra, but in Iphigenia, the very character which Iphigenia produces as a blameable instance of inconsistency. Now, to bring the very character quoted as violating a general rule, to illustrate the author's own principles an exception to that general rule, and that, by changing the words defining such exception from their received and obvious meaning, can hardly be justified by the laws of sober criticism.

In preserving the uniformity of his characters Shakspeare is unequalled.

eyes, not only the structure of the fable, but what is probable and necessary in the order of things. He should constantly ask himself, "is it probable that such a person would act or speak in this manner." We need not be surprized that this rule is violated so frequently: to observe it in practice requires a superior degree of judgment, which is not more common than a fine imagination; and both are necessary in the composition of a good tragedy.*

He has treated the subject of *style* in the manner of a grammarian who addressed the Greeks in their own idiom: as to the sentiments, he refers us to his treatise on Rhetoric, because the rules which relate to this head are the same in prose as in verse. What regards the song, which is the last part of dramatic imitation, has been lost: but it would be of no further use than to give us that

* Aristotle mentions four ways in which an honourable action may be committed between friends or relations, and then shows which ought to be preferred in tragedy, together with the reasons for each.

1. A person may act with *an entire knowledge* of the thing, and *accomplish* what he intended.

2. He may act *without knowing* it, and may *discover* his crime, when he has *committed* it.

3. He may be *upon the point of executing* his purpose *without knowing his error*, and may *discover* it *before he acts*.

4. He may act with *an entire knowledge* of what he is about, and *not accomplish his design*.

Of these four, the last according to Aristotle, is the most faulty; for it has every thing that is *heinous* in its nature, without any violence committed, so as to touch the audience with pity, &c.

Next to this, the most faulty, is the first; it is preferable to the last, because, although it is indeed of a very heinous kind, yet there is a passion or suffering in it, which the other has not.

The second is, without contradiction better than the first and the last, for it is not heinous, upon account of the *actor's* ignorance, and has all the advantages arising from the passion or suffering.

The third is preferable to all the others. Aristotle does not assign the reason of this, because it is immediately perceived. For it is more interesting than the second; it is less heinous and answers all the wishes of the spectators, who having been so long in fear for two persons so nearly related, experience, at length, a lively delight, in seeing them avoid the evils which threatened them.

information which we want respecting their music, which however, is entirely foreign to our tragedy. We shall confine ourselves, therefore to what has been said, in general, respecting the language. He thinks it should be elevated above the vulgar style, that is, be ornamented with metaphors and figures, but at the same time, it must be very perspicuous. "The too frequent use of figures," he says, "makes language enigmatical; and by too liberal a use of foreign terms it becomes barbarism."

In the use of these ornaments he recommends great caution. What he observes in the end shows that we require a similar lesson. "It is a great talent to understand the proper use of the metaphor: which the production of a happy genius—the glance of an eye which takes in at once every similitude."

All that he says respecting epic poetry or the epopee, is contained in two chapters, because most of its general principles are the same as those of tragedy. We shall postpone an examination of the little he has said on this subject, until we speak of *Homer* who is cited by Aristotle as the only instance in that species of composition.

The last of the twenty-five chapters which have been preserved relate to one of those idle questions, about which it seems the Greeks were as much occupied as we are. He examines whether tragic or epic imitation be preferable. Of what consequence is this, if both be good? However, the discussion is not very long. He states the reasons on both sides, and decides in favour of tragedy: and we are not inclined to differ in opinion with him.

J. E. H.



JUSTICE.

ONE of the principal parts of national felicity, arises from a wise and impartial administration of justice. Every man reposes upon the tribunals of his country, the stability of profession, and the serenity of life. He therefore who unjustly exposes the courts of judicature to suspicion, either of partiality, or error, not only does an injury to those who dispense the laws, but diminishes the public confidence in the laws themselves, and shakes the foundation of public tranquillity.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ENSIGN ODOHERTY.

Some account of the Life and Writings of Ensign and Adjutant Odoherly,
late of the 99th. Regiment.

(Continued from our last.)

The ode to Messrs Young and Waters, with part of which we closed our last notice of Mr. Odoherly's life, has a merit which is far from being common among modern lyrics—it expresses the habitual feelings of the author. The composer of an ode, in these times, is usually obliged to throw himself out of his own person, into that of some individual placed in a situation more picturesque than has fallen to his own share. He is obliged to dismiss all recollection of his own papered parlour and writing-desk, and to imagine himself, *pro tempore*, a burning Indian, a dying soldier, or a love-sick young lady, as it may happen. He thus loses that intense air of personal emotion, which forms the principal charm in the stern heroics of Peter Pindar, the elegant drinking songs of Horace, the gay *chansons* of Deshouliers, and the luxurious exotics of Tom Moore. Odoherly wrote of Young and Waters in his own person; the feelings which he has embodied in verse, are the daily, or rather nightly, visitants of his own bosom. If truth and nature form the chief excellence of poetry, our hero may take his place among the most favoured children of the muse.

These taverns were, however, far from being the scenes of mere merriment and punch-drinking. The bowl was seasoned with the conversation of associates, of whom it is sufficient to say, that they were indeed worthy to sit at the board with ensign and adjutant Odoherly. The writer of this has no personal knowledge of these distinguished persons; but from the letters and poems of the ensign, composed during his stay in Edinburgh, it is evident, that those upon whom he set most value, were the following gentlemen: James Hogg, Esq. the celebrated author of *The Queen's Wake*, *Pilgrims of the Sun*, *Mador of the Moor*, and other well-known poems. Of this great man Odoherly always wrote with rapture—take the following specimen:

While worldly men through stupid years
Without emotion jog,

Devoid of passions, hopes, and fears,
 As senseless as a log—
 I much prefer my nights to spend,
 A happy, ranting dog,
 And see dull care his life unbend
 Before the smile of Hogg.

The life of man's a season drear
 Immers'd in mist and fog,
 Until the star of wit appear
 And set its clouds agog.
 For me, I wish no brighter sky
 Than o'er a jug of grog,
 When fancy kindles in the eye,
 The good gray eye of Hogg.

When misery's car is at its speed,
 The glowing wheels to cog;
 To wake the heart where sorrows bleed
 Leap lightly like a frog;
 Gay verdure o'er the crag to shower,
 And blossoms o'er the bog,
 Wit's potent magic has the power,
 When thou dost wield it, Hogg.

In the escritoir of the ensign, his executor found, among letters from the first literary characters of the day, many excellent ones from Mr. Hogg; and the following beautiful lines formed the post-script to that one in which he returned thanks to our poet for the above tribute to his own kindred genius:

O. hone, Odohertry!
 I canna weel tell what is wrang;
 But oh, man, since you gaed frae me,
 The days are unco dull and lang:
 I try the paper and the sclate,
 And pen, and cawk, and killivine;

But nothing can I write of late,
That even Girzy ca's divine.

O hone, Odoherty!

O hone, Odoherty!

O weary fa' the fates' decree,
That garred the captain part frae me;

O hone, Odoherty!

Come back, come back to Ettrick lake,
And ye sall hear, and ye sall see,
What I'se do for the captain's sake;
I'll coff tobacco of the best,
And pipes baith lang and short I'se gie;
And the toddy-stoup sall ne'er get rest,
Frae morn till night, 'tween you and me.

O hone, Odoherty!

O hone, Odoherty!

O welcome sall the moment be
That brings the captain back to me.

Next to the Ettrick Shepherd, the member of the Dilettanti who shared most of ensign Odoherty's confidence and affection was William Allen, Esq. This gentleman's genius as a painter does not require any notice on the present occasion. He has, we understand, done justice to his own feelings, and to his friend, by introducing a striking likeness of Odoherty's features into one of his principal pieces. Reader, the cobbler in the Press-gang is Odoherty! To Mr. Allen, Odoherty frequently addressed humorous epistles in verse. We prefer, however, to quote the following eulogy, which is written in the adjutant's best manner:

When wondering ages shall have worn away,
And that be ancient which is new to-day;
When time has poured his warm and softening glow
O'er that pale virgin's* throbbing breast of snow,
And lent the settled majesty of years
To those grim Spahis, and those proud viziers;
From distant lands the ardent youth shall come
To gaze with admiration—breathless—dumb—

* Circassian Captive.

To fix his eyes, like orbs of marble, *there!*
 And let his soul luxuriate in despair.
 Posterity! Ah, what's a name to thee!
 What Raphael is, my Allen then shall be.

As the writer of the present notice intends to publish in a separate form the poetical verses of Odoherty, with authentic portraits of his friends, it is not necessary to quote any more of these effusions now. The pleasantry of the ensign was always harmless, and his very satire was both dart and balsam. He never condescended to personalities, except in one solitary instance, in a song, entitled, "The Young Man of the West," composed upon Mr. James Grahame, the famous Anti-Malthusian philosopher. This song he used to sing with great humour, to the tune of "A Cobbler there was," &c. but though frequently urged to do so, he never would print it; and on his own manuscript copy there is this note, "Let the Young Man of the West be destroyed," an injunction which has been scrupulously complied with.

During one of those brilliant evenings at the Dilletanti, which says our bard in a letter to the present writer, "will forever live in the memory of all who enjoyed them," the conversation ran upon the Italian improvisatori. Odoherty remarked, that the power which appeared to many so wonderful, was no way uncommon, and offered to recite, or write down *currente calamo*, a poem upon any given subject. The president proposed "An Elegy, by a Young Lady in a Ball-room disappointed of a Partner," and the adjutant wrote down the following twenty-four line stanzas in fifty-three minutes nineteen seconds by a stop-watch. Such an achievement throws the admirable Crichton in the shade.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

The beaux are jogging on the pictured floor,
 The belles responsive trip with lightsome heels;
 While, I, deserted, the cold pangs deplore,
 Or breathe the wrath which slighted beauty feels.

When first I entered glad, with glad mama,
 The girls were ranged and clustered round us then;
 Few beaux were there, those few with scorn I saw,
 Unknowing dandies that could come at ten.

My buoyant heart beat high with promised pleasure,
My dancing garland moved with airy grace,
Quick beat my active toe to Gow's gay measure,
And undissembled triumph wreathed my face.

Fancy perspective took a proud survey
Of all the coming glories of the night;
Even where I stood my *feet* began to play——
So racers paw the turf e'er jockies smite.

And "who shall be my partner first?" I said,
And my thoughts glided o'er the coming beaux——
"Not Tom, nor Ned, nor Jack,"—I toss'd my head,
Nice grew my taste, and high my scorn arose.

"If Dicky ask me, I shall spit and sprain;
When Sam approaches, headaches I shall mention;
I'll freeze the colonel's heart with cold disdain."
Thus cruelly ran on my glib invention.

While yet my fancy revell'd in her dreams,
The sets are forming, and the fiddles scraping;
Gow's scraping chords a stirring prelude screams,
The beaux are quizzing and the Misses gaping.

Beau after beau approaches, bows and smiles,
Quick to the dangler's arm springs glad m'amselle;
Pair after pair augments the sparkling files,
And full upon my ear "THE TRIUMPHS" swell.

I flirt my fan in time with the mad fiddle,
My eye pursues the dancers' motion flying——
Cross hands! Balancez! Down and up the middle!
To join the revel how my heart is dying.

One Miss sits down all glowing from the dance,
Another rises, and another yet;
Beaux upon belles, and belles on beaux advance,
The tune unending, ever full the set.

At last a pause there comes—to Gow's keen hand
The hurrying lackey hands the enlivening port;
The Misses sip the ices where they stand,
And gather vigour to renew the sport.

I round the room dispense a wistful glance,
Wish Ned, or Dick, or Tom would crave the honour;
I hear Sam whisper to Miss B. "Do dance,"
And lanch a withering scowl of envy on her.

Sir Billy capers up to Lady Di;
In vain I cough as gay Sir Billy passes,
The Major asks my sister—faint I sigh,
"Well after this—the men are grown such asses!"

In vain! in vain! again the dances mingle,
With lazy eye I watch the busy scene,
Far on the pillowed sofa sad and single,
Languid the attitude—but sharp the spleen.

"La! ma'am, how hot!—You're quite fatigued, I see;"
What a long dance!"—"And so you're come to town!"
Such casual whispers are addressed to me,
But not one hint to lead the next set down.

The third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, are gone,
And now the seventh,—and yet I'm asked not once!
When supper comes must I descend alone?
Does Fate deny me my last prayer—a dunce?

Mama supports me to the room for munching,
There turkey's breast she crams, and wing of pullet;
I slobbering jelly, and hard nuts am crunching,
And pouring tuns of trifle down my gullet.

No beau invites me to a glass of sherry;
Above me stops the salver of champagne;
While all the rest are tossing brimmers merry,
I with cold water comfort my disdain.

Ye bucks of Edinburgh! ye tasteless creatures!
 Ye rapid Dandies! how I scorn you all!—
 Green slender slips, with pale cheese-pairing features,
 And awkward, lumbring, red-faced boobies tall.

Strange compounds of the beau and the attorney!
 Raw lairds! and school-boys for a whisker shaving!
 May injured beauty's glance of fury burn ye!
 I hate you—clowns and fools!—but hah!—I'm raving!

We shall now take leave for the present, of Odoherly and the Dilletanti society, with an extract from his longest and latest poem, entitled "Young's Night Thoughts" (a humorous allusion to the before-mentioned celebrated tavern). Lively as this strain is, we can scarcely read it without tears; for it was, we repeat, the very last of his works here below. The following poem, copied by a female hand on hot-pressed gilt paper, is intended to explain the great leading object of the poem.

There was a time when every sort of people
 Created, relished, and commended jokes;
 But now a joker's stared at, like a steeple,
 By the majority of christian folks.
 Dulness has tanned her hide to thickness triple,
 And observation sets one in the stocks,
 When you've been known a comic song to sing,
 Write notices or any harmless thing.

This Edinburgh, Edina, or Dunedin—
 'Clep'd in the Bailie's lingo, "the Good Town;"
 But styled "Auld Reeki e' by all celts now treading
 Her streets, bows, wynds, lanes, crescents, up and down,
 Her labyrinths of stairs and closes threading
 On other people's business or their own—
 Those bandy, broad-faced, rough-kneed, ragged laddies—
 Those honey-fisted, those gill-swigging caddies.—

This Edinburgh some call Metropolis,
 And capital, and Athens of the North,

I know not what they mean.—I'm sure of this,—
 Though she abounds in men of sense and worth,
 Her staple and predominant qualities
 Are ignorance, and nonsense, and soforth;
 I don't like making use of a hard word
 But 'tis the merest hum I ever heard.

There's our Mackenzie; all with veneration
 See him that Harley felt and Caustic drew:
 There's Scott, the pride and darling of his nation,
 Poet and cavalier, kind, generous, true,
 There's Jeffry, who has been the botheration
 Of the whole world with his glib sharp Review,
 And made most young Scotch lawyers mad with whig-
 gery—
 There's Leslie, Stewart, Alison and Gregory.

But these and some few others being named,
 I don't remember one more great gun in her;
 The remnant population can't be blamed,
 Because their chief concern in life's their dinner.
 To give examples I should be ashamed,
 And people would cry, "Lord! that wicked sinner!"
 (For all we gentry here are quite egg-shells,
 We can't endure jokes that come near "*oorcells*.")

They say that knowledge is diffused and general,
 And taste and understanding are *so* common,
 I'd rather see a sweep-boy suck a penny roll,
 Than listen to a criticising woman.
 And as for poetry, the time of dinner all,
 Thank God, I then have better things to do, man.—
 Exceptions 'gainst the fair were coarse and shocking—
 I've seen in breeches many a true blue stocking.

Blue stocking stands, in my vocabulary
 For one that always chatters (sex is nothing,)
 About new books from June to January,
 And with re-echoed carplings moves your loathing.

I like to see young people smart and airy,
With well dressed hair and fashionable clothing,
Can't they discourse about ball, rout, or play,
And know reviewing's quite out of their way?

It strikes me as a thing exceeding stupid,
This conversation about books, books, books,
When I was young, and sat 'midst damsels grouped,
I talked of roses, zephyrs, gurgling brooks,
Venus, the Graces, Dian, Hymen, Cupid,
Perilous glances, soul-subduing looks,
Slim tapering fingers, glossy clustering curls
Diamonds and emeralds, cairngorms and pearls:

On Una that made sunshine in the shade,
And Emily with eyes of liquid jet,
And gentle Desdemona, and the maid
That sleeps within the tomb of Capulet.
Hearts love to ponder—would it not degrade
Our notions of a nymph like Juliet,
To be informed that she had just read through
Last Number of the Edinburgh Review?

Leave ye to dominies and sticker stibblers,
And all the sedentary generation,
The endless chitter-chatter about scribblers,
And England's melancholy situation.
Let them be still the customary nibblers
Of all that rule or edify the nation;
Leave off the corn-bill, and the law of libel
And read the Pilgrim's Progress or your Bible.

RICHES.

Every man is rich, or poor, according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments. Any enlargement of riches is therefore equally destructive to happiness with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he shall never obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BOTANY AND MINERALOGY.

Mr. Thomas Nuttall, well known as the author of a useful work on the North American plants, and who formerly explored the Botany of the Missouri as far as Fort Mandan, is at present engaged with unabated ardor in a similar pursuit on the Arkansaw. In a letter to a gentleman of Philadelphia, he informs his friend that he has found upwards of one hundred new plants, all of them, as might be expected, herbaceous, except an *Æsculus*, intermingled with many plants common to all the middle and southern states. Amongst them are seven or eight new genera. He has seeds of a second species of *Collinsia*; also bulbs of a beautiful new species of *Moræa*, allied to *Tigridia*, with bright blue flowers and which at first sight he supposed to be *Ixia cælestina*, but the scape is branching, and six-flowered. There are also several interesting plants which have been considered rare, such as *Bellis integrifolia* of Michaux, which is found there in profusion. Of the new genera, one is allied to *Lagœcia*, a second to *Cœnanthe*, a third to *Æthusa*, a fourth to *Aldea* and *Phacelia*, a fifth to *Lunaria*, a sixth to *Pectis*, a seventh to *Hyoseris*, an ambiguous *Roella*, an *Agrostis* allied to *Javana*, a *Phalaris*, apparently *P. aquatica*, an *Ægilops*, new *Rudbeckias*, *Helianthi*, *Coreopsides*, an elegant *Monarda*, flowers pure white, spotted with carmine; a second species not yet in flower. A *Brassica* with yellow flowers, a new *Houstonia* closely allied to *Carphalea* very ornamental, new *Pentstemons*, a new *Eriogonum*, new species of *Plantago*, *Erigeron*, and *Ellisia* &c. &c.

Mr. Nuttall's views are not limited to Botany. He remarks that mountains as considerable as those of Alleghany, and of similar structure, traverse the country of the Arkansaw from the Little Rock to the place where his letter is dated; namely Fort Smith, on the Arkansaw. This garrison is at the confluence of the Pottoe and about one hundred and fifty miles below the country where trees, except on the bank of the river, entirely cease, and by common estimate four hundred miles from the first main chain of the primitive mountains, and he thinks, considering the ordinary width of the secondary calcareous formation and the direction of the transition ridges, these last must at length coalesce with the primitive, or make some near approach towards the kingdom of New Mexico.

AN ARGUMENT *against the DOCTRINE of MATERIALISM, addressed to THOMAS COOPER, Esq.*—By JOHN FERRIAR, M.D.

An toti morimur? nullaque pars manet nostri?

Senec. Troad. Act. 2.

[We are indebted to a learned friend for a reference to the following argument on a very interesting question, which we extract from the papers of the *Manchester Literary Society*. In order that it should have its full force upon every description of our readers, we have added translations of the French and Latin passages. These will be found at the end of the article, by observing the references (A, B,) &c. For the convenience of those who do not subscribe to this Journal, a few extra copies of this paper will be struck off, while the work is passing through the press.]

WHEN you were employed, some time ago, my good friend, in subjecting the doctrines of the immaterialists to the terrible ordeal of your logic, you may remember, that in one of our conversations, I objected to the material hypothesis those facts collected by Dr. Haller, which prove that great and extensive injuries have been many times sustained by the brain, without detriment to the thinking faculty. You thought the objection inconclusive, and noticed it as such: (Tracts, vol. 1. p. 181. Note.) though not then aware of its full force, I was pleased to see it introduced by you; those important cases (noticed by Dr. Haller for other purposes) being totally neglected, as far as I have observed, by every writer on this question, but yourself.

It is natural to expect, that proofs which convince ourselves should also convince others; yet, though I consider the medical facts as almost demonstrating that the brain is the instrument only, not the cause of the reasoning power, I entertain no hope of their converting one thorough materialist. Hypothesis is a mistress not easily abandoned, and equally courted by philosophers of both sides.

It is said of Democritus, that perceiving his figs to relish with honey, one day, he made a problem of the incident, and was proceeding to solve it, when his attendant confessed that she had kept the figs in a pot which had formerly contained honey. The philosopher was enraged, and complained that by this familiar explanation, he was deprived of a more important cause of his own invention. Many writers seem to have inherited the spirit of the old Grecian, in the present contest. They have run their metaphysical career without stopping to inquire for facts, and there has been great sport, in the erection and demolition of the fanciful opinions which each party has brought into play;

—ὡς ὅτε τις ψάμβου παῖς ἄγχι θαλάσσης,

ὅς τ' ἔπει ἐν ποίῃσι ἀθύρματα νηπιήσιν,

Ἄψ αὐτὶς συνέχισε ποτὶν καὶ χερσὶν, ἀθύρων. Homer. Iliad. xv.

Your philosophy is of mature age, and defies the application; but too many of the Materialists have reckoned their doctrine established, because some absurd theories of their adversaries were overthrown; they have accumulated their strength against defenceless points; and have thought it a complete victory, to triumph, like Caligula, over rubbish and sand.

Great danger attends every step beyond direct inference, in reasoning concerning the facts of Neurology. Many of them tend to perplex, and many seem to contradict each other. But on the present question, though the facts are uncommon, they are complete; they cannot, therefore, be reckoned anomalous. And their authenticity would not be questioned even by a general reader, acquainted with the great names only of modern philosophy, though they had remained unnoticed by MORGAGNI and HALLER.*

The materialists deny the necessity of any thing more than the visible structure of the brain, to produce the act of thinking, in consequence of perception; but the contrary seems to be probable from these facts, which show that, at different times, every part of that structure has been deeply injured, or totally destroyed, without impeding or changing any part of the process of thought. It is otherwise in the organs of sense. When the parts of the brain which, in common language, give origin to the nerves supplying those organs, are injured, the senses are, in general, proportionably affected. This seems to point out a difference in the causes of thought and sensation.†

Cases in which considerable parts of the substance of the brain have been lost, either by immediate injuries, or by suppuration following wounds and fractures of the skull, are more numerous, than conclusive.‡ Neither will you make much account of them, as they chiefly relate to the hemispheres, and you seem (Tracts, vol. 1. p. 181. Note.) to make the basis of the brain the most essential part to perception, consequently, according to your scheme, to the process of thinking. Of this I am very glad, for a reason which shall be given afterwards.

* I have omitted a great number of facts, strongly in my favour, because the authorities were not perfectly unexceptionable.

† Do not call this assertion extravagant, till you read the following story, quoted by WEPFER.

"Mirabilis est capitis vulneratio, quam recenset Valleriola Obs. Med. "l. 4. obs. 10. demilite quodam, qui ænei tormenti globulum excepit in "tempore sinistro, eo paulo altius egrediente ex opposito latere, distracto "et dilacerato utrinque Cranio; qui citra apoplectica symptomata, miracu- "lo integre curatus fuit, nisi quod *surdaster et cæcus manserit*. De loc. af- "fect. in Apopl. p. 205. (A.)

I dare not transcribe the story of the Polish Nobleman which follows; (p. 206, 207)—the *ridiculum acri* may coalesce, but the *ridiculum vero* is a hazardous conjunction.

‡ V. Haller. Physiolog. T. 4. p. 316 et seq. and respecting the Cerebellum. Morgagni, Epist. lii. §27. Haller T. 4. p. 350 et seq.—Diemerbroeck Anatom. p. 582. Wepfer Hist. Apoplecticor. (Ed. 1727) p. 208, 209.

The late Dr. Hunter was in possession of a skull, in which the bones of the cranium, on the right side, were every where corroded. He had opened the head soon after the decease of the patient, and found the whole of the right hemisphere destroyed by suppuration. Yet the man retained his faculties perfectly till the instant of his death, which was sudden.

Dr. Haller mentions a case, in which half a pound of pus was found in the ventricles of the brain, yet the faculties had been unimpaired till death.

Sir John Pringle found an abscess in the right hemisphere of the brain, as large as an egg, in a patient "who had never been delirious, nor altogether insensible; (Diseases of the Army, p. 259.) and in another, who "had never been so insensible, as not to answer reasonably when spoke to," he discovered an abscess of the cerebellum, as large as a small pigeon's egg. For a similar case, see Wepfer. Hist. Apoplect. p. 363.

La Peyronie found pus lodged between the hemispheres, and compressing the corpus callosum: when the matter was evacuated, the patient recovered, without detriment to his faculties. (Memoir de l'Academ. de Chirurg. An. 1703.)

Vesalius found almost nine pints of water, in the brain of a girl only two years old. She had retained her senses perfectly till death.*

Diemerbroeck, among other observations of the little effect produced on the mind, by wounds of the brain, mentions one which came under his own notice. A young man received a thrust with a sword, in the inner canthus of the eye, which passed through the right lateral ventricle, and slanting upwards, almost passed through the skull, at the upper angle of the lambdoidal suture: yet the patient remained in his usual state of mind, "cum sociis convenienter et bono cum judicio quacunq; de re disserens," (C.) till the tenth day, when he was carried off by a fever. (Anatom. Lib. 3. p. 637.)

The same author quotes a case from Lindanus, of a patient, who, after receiving a wound in one of the lateral ventricles went about as usual, for a fortnight. He then died. It seems that his surgeon thrust a probe into the ventricle daily, without exciting any sensation.†

* Morgag. de Caus. & Sed. Morb. p. 3. §2. Wepfer. 66.

In one case mentioned by Morgagni, where the patient died, a month after falling on the head, and where the faculties were retained to the last, there was a curious affection of the brain: "Vix Dura detecta fuerat, cum animadversum est, in cerebri hemisphærio sinistro tertiam anteriorem aut esse sua compari, multoque molliorem, neque in summo tantum, sed ubique penitus ne basi quidem excepta. Scilicet ob eam Mollitiam ita subsederat: quæ Mollities cum in corticali substantia erat, tum multo majus in medullari. Hæc enim in quandam velut *gelatinam* magna ex parte mutata erat." (B.)

† In Dr. Haller's experiments on living Animals, the basis of the brain appeared to be the seat of sensibility. Physiolog. T. 4. p. 315.

A woman, under Diemerbroeck's immediate inspection, whose skull was fractured by the fall of a large stone, lost a quantity of brain equal in size to a man's fist, yet she lived thirty-six days after the accident, without alienation of mind, though paralytic on the side opposite to the fracture. On dissection, a considerable vacuity appeared on the right side (from which the portions of brain had been discharged) accompanied with suppuration, and extending through the lateral to the third ventricle, and to the os sphenoides. *Anatom.* p. 580, 1.

The most remarkable case of this kind is quoted by La Peyronie: A child, six years old, received a pistol-shot in the head; a suppuration followed, during which he lost a great quantity of the brain at every dressing. At the end of eighteen days he died, having retained his faculties till the last. When the head was opened, the portion of brain remaining in the skull did not exceed the size of a small egg. *Mem. de l'Academ. Ann.* 1741.

Lest this narration should startle you, as La Peyronie, in the essay referred to, had a favourite spot which he wished to render the seat of the soul, namely, the *corpus callosum*, suffer me to guard it by a similar quotation from the cautious Morgagni: "et si parietum lateralium ventriculorum crassitudo vi aquæ fuerat in quinquenni illo Tulpii, non modo in trienni Hildani, aut bienni Vesallii, supernè, et ad latera usque adeo extenuata, ut prima inspectione nulla esse videretur, cum *instar alicujus crassioris membranae adheresceret undique arcuatæ dissolutorum ossium circumferentiæ*; nihil dubii est quin, &c.* (D.)

After reading these histories, you would be greatly surprised to find, in Mr. Pott's treatise on injuries of the head, that death has so often followed slight effusions and extravasations under the *dura mater*, preceded by comatose symptoms, and frequently by total insensibility. The contrast has often astonished me, but does not alter the nature of the facts; and only serves to show the danger of analogical reasoning in Neurology, or perhaps, as a French wit has expressed it, that truth and probability are not always of a side.*

On the faith of my authors, then, I shall suppose it proved, that the thinking faculties have subsisted after the destruction of any superior or lateral part of the brain, and we will now consider, if you please, how far they have survived the deprivation of the cerebellum. To this purpose some examples are given by Morgagni, (*Epist. Anat. Med.* LII. Art. 26, 27.) but with such a truly Italian prolixity, that I am content to wave them, and to mention some that may be brought within the bounds of ordinary attention.

* *Epist. Med. Anat.* XII. Art. 8.—Consult some preceding passages, where he ascribes the apparent defect of brain in some fetuses to a wasting caused by the continued pressure of effused water.

† This thought, by the way, is attributed to St. Jerome. (*See Gest. Mag.* Dec. 1786)—*Multa incredibilia reperies, et non verisimilia, quæ nihilominus tamen vera sunt.*

Haller says, "non infrequentia ulcera Cerebelli sunt, etiam cum integritate mentis, morsque inde lenta, duodecimo die, aut multo serior, successit." (Element. Physiolog. p. 350. (E.)) And he mentions several instances of Scirrhus affecting the Cerebellum, and producing death; without previously injuring the faculties. One case fell under his own inspection. (1d. 1b.)

In Morgagni's sixty-second epistle, art. 15, a particular account is given of a fatal Scirrhus of the Cerebellum, slow in its progress, not affecting the patient's senses till the last, and then only by intervals. The whole Cerebellum was found diseased, though not equally.

The difference between the affection of the external and internal senses in the following case, where the pressure must have acted at least equally upon the Cerebellum as on the Cerebrum, is worth remarking.*

"Vidit Clariss. Dom. Drélincurtius tumorem steatomatis, consistentia, pugnique magnitudine, cerebrum et cerebellum inter, eo præciue loci ubi conarium utrique substernitur choroidis plexus alæ, spatio semestri a sensibili læsione, cæcitatem primo, surditatem subinde, omnium denique sensuum et functionum animalium abolitionem, et necem ipsam intulisse." (Addend. ad Wepfer. Hist. Apoplect. Obs. 83.) (F.)

Mr. Petit speaks of a soldier, who received a musquet shot in the head; the ball passed through the left side of the Cerebellum, and penetrated into the left lobe of the left hemisphere of the brain. He survived the accident forty-three hours, and his faculties were perfect to the last.—Mem. de l'Academ. 1748.

We will now pass to the Basis of the Brain, the inmost seat of reason, according to general opinion, and certainly, as far as we may conclude from Dr. Haller's experiments, possessing a nicer degree of sensibility than the upper and lateral parts of the mass: distinguished too, as whimsically in its different regions, by anatomists, as the celestial globe is divided by astronomers.

† Morgagni relates the case of a man, who died on the fourteenth day of a paralytic affection, having retained his senses during the greatest part of the time. On opening the head, and taking out the brain, a small quantity of purulent matter was observed in the basis of the skull; "qua abstersa, dum cerebrum, tractatur, ibidem nova conspicitur. Nimirum per infundibulum e ventriculis prodibat. Nam eadem sinister, dexterque præsertim redundabat. Quippe in hujus striato corpore foramen erat, quocum

* Dr. Tyson mentions a case, in which the left hemisphere was found sphacelated, and the *testis* of that side greatly enlarged and stony. The patient had been ill for two months, and for the most part rational. (Phil. Transact. No. 228.)

† I may refer you to Dr. Haller's Physiology for a collection of proofs (against La Peyronie) that diseases of the Corpus Callosum and Fornix do not affect the faculties. Tom. 4. P. 342.

ulcus sinuosum communicabat, tertiam partem occupans substantiæ, quæ a dextris basim cerebri faciebat. (Epist. Anat.—Medic. v. Art. 2.) (G.)

The following story, from Tulpus, (Observ. lib. 1. Cap. 13.—Vide Addend. ad Wepfer. Hist. Apoplect. p. 583) deserves to be inserted entire. "Septuagenarius ebrius, delapsus ex altiori loco, contraxit in Calvaria tam amplum vulnus, ut commodè per ejus hiatum educeretur quicquid inhæreret extimæ cerebri membranæ. Invadentibus ipsum nihilominus illic vertigine, vomitu ac stupore, sive a residua crapula, sive a concusso cerebro, sed postridie rediit ad se, exfers febris et immunis omnium aliorum symptomatum. Verum die quarto, excreatis prius sputis purulentis, periit præter omnem spem, ab inopinata apoplexia.

"Cujus ergo interiora capitis penitus perscrutantibus, obtulit se primum frequens humor replens ventriculos cerebri: Sed mox longissima rima excurrens continuata serie, per frontem oculique foramen usque ad sellam equinam,* prope ossis cuneiformis medium: quo loco animadvertimus (quod jure in omnium oculis fuit rarissimum) ingens ossis Cuneiformis fragmentum, ita sejugatum a reliquo osse, ut manifestè elevaretur supra quascunque partes circumpositas. Sed morbus attonitus, qui ipsum occidit, traxit originem partim ex obstructis processibus spinalis medullæ (qui sunt verum Nervorum principium) partim vero ex Angustia retis mirabilis. Quibus nobilissimis partibus impeditis privatur homo, non modo sensu ac motu, sed ipsa vita." (H.) This is a tolerable stroke at the rational organization of the basis, since the fracture of the sphenoid bone, in that place, must have immediately given a great shock to the Pons Varolii, and the medulla oblongata; but I must bespeak your patience for the next quotation, which is at least as important. It is a case of Dr. Brunner's in the Appendix to Wepfer. Truth distils slowly through Teutonic Latin.

A blacksmith 64 years of age, a potent drinker, and industrious workman, (as Dr. Brunner tells us, in an eloquent periphrasis,) was struck down in a fit of Apoplexy on the 7th. of October, 1687, and expired immediately, though he had passed the morning in apparent good health. His faculties had never been impaired. The dissection you shall read in the Doctor's own words: "Serra satis cautè inciso cranio scalproque effracto, dura mater circa frontem lacerata fuit leviter: revulsurus ollam, satis firmiter sinui longitudinali adherentem, observavi piam matrem aqua limpida turgidissimam, instar hydatidis proruere, et vix cavi, quin dum aufereram cranium, subinde effluxerit aqua. Incisa dura matre nihil seri inter hanc et piam matrem inveneni, quippe jam effluxerat. Sinis longitudinalis amplus, nihil humoris aut Sanguinis continuit,

* The Pons Varolii rests against the middle of the posterior clinoid processes which form one side of the Sella Equina, and the cuneiform process of the Os Sphenoidis.

sed omnis refluxit versus sinus laterales fluidus. Ablata dura matre serum perpetim exsudavit et effluxit limpium—uterque autem ventriculus aqua scatebat turbida, quin omnes recessus et cerebri cavitates hac inundatæ et repletæ fuerunt. Plexus choroidei submersi albicabant, qui alias rutilare conspiciuntur: hydatides aliquot in his numeravi;— Infundibulum aqua plenum, et reliquæ cerebri cavitates aquarum illuvie inundatæ fuerunt, præsertim *quartus ventriculus*, ut immissus stylus ad spinam dorsi usque dilaberetur.—Carotides aquis mersæ albicabant. Cerebellum minime flaccidum, sed sicut reliquæ cerebri partes firmum apparuit. *Tota basis cerebri et ipsa spinalis medulla* aquarum illuvie inundata fuit: stylus huic commissus ibat in profundum per spinam dorsi.—certum est omnes cerebri recessus et cavitates fuisse repletas et distentas aqua; ipsam quoque spinalem medullam in suo involucrio hac penitus submersam observavimus.* (I.)

Dr. Brunner adds, in the *Scholtum*, that the man had been remarkably acute in his judgment. I observe that some facts of this kind had made an impression on Wepfer himself; for in his *exercitation de loco affecto in Apoplexia*, he takes some pains to show, against Riolan, that the faculties are not always injured by considerable collections of water in the ventricles of the brain. P. 54. (Edit. 1724.) and seq. Indeed, in hydrocephalous cases, and in suppuration of the brain, I have observed with astonishment, that the faculties were improving, as the fatal disease proceeded.

In the following case, related by Du Verney, though the condition of the basis of the brain is not clearly described, yet a considerable injury must have been done to it, by the fracture of the os sphenoides in the direction specified.

A gentleman had his left eye crushed to pieces by a blow from a stone, and the orbit beaten in upon the brain. After the first shock, his faculties were entirely unimpaired, till his death, which happened on the seventh day; insomuch that some of his medical attendants pronounced it impossible that the brain should be injured; the appearances on dissection were these: "Le crane levé et le cerveau ouvert, nous le trouvâmes rempli d'une espee de bouillie qui n'etoit autre chose qu'une fonte d'une partie de la substance du cerveau avec quantité de petites esquilles qui avoient été poussées jusques là, ou par la violence de coup, ou par la suppuration. Toute la substance du cerveau étoit également contuse et altérée jusqu'au cervelet; leurs anfractuosités se trouvant séparées les unes des autres par la dissolution et le relachement de la pie-mere. Enfin le cerveau étant oté, nous reconnûmes que la partie antérieure de la selle de l'os sphenôide étoit toute ecrasée." (K.) *Memoir. de l'Academ. Roy. l'an 1703.* But whatever you

* Wepfer. *Hist. Apoplect.* p. 427. See a history equally striking in the *Addenda to Wepfer*, p. 607.

may think of this story, you will find the next, from La Peyronie, sufficiently particular.

A man, thirty years of age, who had been troubled with hypochondriacal symptoms for ten years, complained at times, during the last three months of his life, of heaviness and pain in his head, especially towards the occiput. Two days before his death, he was convulsed; but recovering, felt himself easier than he had been for a long time; the convulsion returned, and killed him in a quarter of an hour. His faculties were never affected. On dissection, the ventricles were found dilated with water; "*le plexus choroïde du quatrième ventricule n'étoit qu'un amas de glandes fort gonflées et dures; il y en avoit quelques unes au milieu desquelles on trouvoit un petit noyau de suppuration; elles étoient collées ensemble par leurs vaisseaux et par leurs membranes; la reunion de ces glandes formoit une tumeur dure environ de la grosseur d'un œuf de poule, qui occupoit la place du cervelet, lequel n'étoit plus qu'une membrane glaircuse de l'épaisseur d'une ligne; et qui enveloppoit la tumeur; les peduncules étoient extrêmement aplatis, et n'avoient presque point de consistance.*"

"Le corps étranger, soit par sa figure, soit par sa situation, avoit pressé, et beaucoup diminué la volume des testés, celui des cordons qui vont des testés au cervelet, et les cordons qui vont du cervelet à la moëlle de l'épine, pour former la plume à écrire, enfin toute, la portion de la moëlle allongée, qui s'étend depuis l'ane et la vulve jusqu' à la moëlle de l'épine, étoit fort applatie."——(L.)

Look at the perpendicular section of the brain, engraved in Dr. Monro's treatise on the nervous system, and you will perceive, that pressure in this direction must have produced a violent effect, on those parts which you seem inclined to reckon the most important, at the basis of the brain.

As to the *pineal gland*, it has so often been found suppurated, (Mem de l'Acad. Royal. l'an. 1703.) or petrified, (Manget. Theatr. Anatom. L. 4. C. 2.) or full of sabulous particles, without any previous affection of the faculties, that it seems to be given up as unnecessary to thinking, by general consent; and as Mr. Shandy himself abandoned it, (See Tristram Shandy, vol. II.) I think it may pass for an untenable post.

Haller quotes a case from Dr. Ridley, which I have not been able to verify by consulting the original, and as you well know the danger of giving implicit faith to quoted quotations, you will expect to see Haller's own words: "*Ulcus cerebri piam membranam et corticem ad medullam globosam usque crosit, absque dolore aut sensuum læsione.*"* (M.)

Morgagni mentions an apoplectic patient, who died on the ninth day from the attack of the disease; who was for the most part sen-

* Haller. Physiolog. T. 4. 338. Ridleii observ. Anatom. p. 212. By the *Medulla globosa*, I presume, we must understand the *Medulla oblongata*.

able; and who could describe, towards the last, the seat of his pain, in the hind-head, and along the spine. On opening the head, much water was found in the ventricles; grumous blood collected, where the medulla spinalis leaves the head, and many watery vesicles on the crura of the medulla oblongata. Morgag. de caus. et Sedib. Morb. p. 14. § 20.

I should have placed little dependance on the collections of Schenkus, *Observat. de cerebro*. as most of his authorities are become very obscure, if they had not found credit in Bonnet's *Anatomia Practica*. Sheltered by such a name, I shall venture to extract one or two of them.

Massa speaks of a Venetian nobleman, who, though wounded in the back part of the head to the depth of three inches, preserved his faculties, and recovered completely.

Another of his patients received a wound from a halbert, which pierced to the *os basilare*;* he retained his faculties, but became epileptic, in consequence of a collection of pus being formed on the bone.

The wound of the duke of Guise, mentioned by *Ambroise Paré*, *Chirurg. Lib. 10.* is still more extraordinary; yet *Paré's* authority is very great. The duke, says he, was wounded in the head by the thrust of a lance which entered under the right eye, near the nose, and came out at the neck, between the ear and the vertebrae. The steel of the lance remained in the brain, and was extracted with great difficulty. The patient recovered completely. *Paré*, I think, speaks of this case from his own knowledge.

But, to come still closer to the point, Bonnet himself saw the structure of the basis wholly destroyed, in a patient who died after an illness of eleven days; who suffered no alienation of his faculties till within a very short period before his death, and was then only delirious at times, and perfectly sensible during the intervals. The appearances were striking. "*Tota fere basis cerebri*," says Bonnet, "*imprimis cerebellum, et ea pars spinalis medullæ quæ primis vertebrae excipitur*——*Sphacelof inventæ sunt corruptæ.*" (N.) Bonnet. *Anatom. Practic. p. 42.*

The spinal marrow, where it leaves the head, has been seen greatly injured, in other cases, where no change in the thinking powers had been observed. Bonnet. *Id. p. 352.* *Ephem. Nat. Curios. T. 6. Obs. 1733.* Wepfer. *Hist. Apoplect. p. 379.*

It answers my purpose to remark, that in these different partial injuries, which we have followed round the brain, reason has not been affected sooner than life, but objections lie against the conclusion which I wish to draw from the facts.

* There is an ambiguity in this word, as both the *os occipitis* and *os sphenoidis* have had this name applied to them, but from the expression, and the intimation of internal suppuration, I conceive the latter to have been meant.

† That sphacelus may take place in the brain, is allowed by Morgagni. *De Caus. et sed. Morb. p. 42.*

The principal objection that occurs to me, is that the medullary fibres of the brain decussate and intermix with each other, on the pons varolii, and at the beginning of the medulla oblongata. See Winslow's *Anat. sub titulo*. In consequence of this connection, it is easy to explain several phenomena in diseases, especially in palsies, which otherwise appear difficult; and in this way, it may be said, when one part of the brain is deeply injured, or destroyed, the loss of its activity is unfelt, because, in a healthy state, the opposite parts have formed a habit of interchanging impressions with each other. A simple increase of activity, therefore, in the sound parts, may be supposed sufficient for continuing the mental functions. But this objection is, in the first place, inconclusive and hypothetical, for morbid affections may be transferred, as well as healthy ones; and this actually takes place, in those paralytic cases where the resolution of the nerves is perceived, in the side opposite to that on which the brain is injured. And the objection cannot be offered, against conclusions drawn from the histories of injury done to the basis of the brain, where both sides of the medullary substance, together with their connecting fibres, have been destroyed, without injury to the mind. It was on this account that I professed myself glad of your affixing such importance to the basis. p. 5.

Another objection, which I have heard started in conversation, is that a state of disease, in many of the glands, is compatible, to a certain degree, with the exercise of their natural functions. To this I would answer, that I apprehend such an objection to be quite inadmissible, because it is an opposition of analogy to absolute facts: And of analogy very unsafe, for the brain is not known to be a gland. Even if the analogy and the objection were admitted, I do not know where any facts can be learned, that shall bring the assertion to an equality, with the degree of organic lesion compatible with the exercise of intellect. Chronic inflammation of the liver, which is attended with few and trifling symptoms, (though a fatal disease) is the only considerable instance that I recollect. This only proves, in conjunction with many other facts, the little sensibility of the liver, and consequently can be paralleled by no analogy with diseases of the basis of the brain.

Though many of the histories already noticed, afford examples of very extensive diseases in the head, yet the argument would press more strongly against materialism, if it could be showed, that men can think, with little, if any portion of the brain in a sound state. The following cases come nearer to this point than any I have heard of. In the dissection of a person who died apoplectic, and who had been dull and heavy before his death, *Tulpius* found the brain flaccid, and the membranes covered with a fluid, which it was necessary to take up with a sponge. The ventricles of the brain contained a great deal of water, and the spinal marrow was

so drenched, that the operator was obliged to sponge it before he could examine into its condition.* (a)

What Platerus saw, shall be told by himself: "*Ipsam adeo cerebri substantiam in anu quadam defluxisse observavimus monspessuli, quæ subito apoplexia tacta expiravit: hujus calvariam cum aperimus, cerebrum illius in meninge crassa hinc inde fluctuareprehendimus. Quod et dissecta apertaue dura dicta matre, liquoris alicujus spissioris et albi pulmentis referentis per faciem universam defluebat, et hinc inde in pannos dispergebatur.*"† (O.)

Of all the learned in *us*, whom I have quoted, I believe you have the greatest respect for Bonnetus; and it happens very luckily that the strongest fact to my purpose depends on his own observation. In a patient who died after an illness of twelve years, without having any alienation of mind, Bonnet found the whole substance of the brain watery, and so soft that it would hardly bear the knife. The spinal marrow was equally tender, and shrunk to half its natural size. Bonnet. *Anatom. Pract. Tom. 1. p. 246.*

An observation of the same kind came under my own notice very lately. A girl died in the fourth month of an arthritic complaint, with evident symptoms of an oppressed brain, but in perfect possession of her intellectual powers. When the upper part of the skull was removed, before opening the dura mater, I was surprised at the flaccid appearance of the brain; it did not seem to fill its membranes, and it moved under the fingers with a very trifling resistance, so as to feel almost like a poultice.‡ We found the ventricles quite full of water, and an effusion of blood upon the tentorium, on the right side. But the principal disease seemed to be a total change in the consistence and colour of the brain, throughout. It would scarcely bear either handling or cutting, and the parts were uncommonly indistinct.

On reviewing the whole of this evidence, I am disposed to conclude, that as no part of the brain appears essentially necessary to the existence of the intellectual faculties, and as the whole of its visible structure has been materially changed, without affecting

* Addend. ad. Wepfer de Apoplex. p. 600.

(a) For the following very striking history, I am indebted to the kind communication of Dr. Percival. "—was born with a very large head; but seemed well in health, increased in strength, and grew fat. The head soon became so unnaturally large, and the features were so much altered, as to leave no doubt concerning the nature of the disease. The child however increased in size, grew strong in his limbs, and took food. He could both hear and see well, and so continued till he was eighteen months old. He then died suddenly, without any convulsive attack. On opening the cranium, more than five quarts of very limpid water were found within it; there was not the smallest trace of membrane or brain, except opposite the orbits and meatus auditorius, where something like medulla still remained."

Dr. Quin on Dropsy of the brain. Append. p. 105.

† Addend. ad Wepf. p. 615.

‡ The patient had not been dead more than twenty-four hours.

the exercise of those faculties something more than the discernible organization must be requisite to produce the phænomena of thinking.*

Thus, my dear friend, I have played off my small stock of quotations against one point of your excellent tracts; as Diogenes roiled about his tub, that he might not appear to be the only idle man in the city. I know that you will not misinterpret this attempt to furnish information, which medical writers only can supply, concerning a question which you have treated with so much clearness and precision. However we may have differed in opinion, concerning this, and other subjects of importance, we have always agreed in preserving good humour. And in such a contest, it will be honour enough for me to say with Lucian,† (but without intending a pun) *κακούλισταί δ' ἐπὶ τοῦ 'εν Κρανίῳ*.

TRANSLATIONS.

(A) It is an extraordinary wound of the head, which Valleriola has noticed, (Obs. Med. l. 4. obs. 10) of a certain soldier, who received the ball of a brass-piece, in his left temple, which passed out from the opposite side, a little higher, the skull being fractured and torn on each side. He was perfectly healed as if by miracle, without any symptom of loss of senses, except that he remained somewhat deaf and blind.

(B) Conversing on any subject with his companions without inconvenience and with good sense.

In note. (C) Scarcely had the Dura been uncovered, when it was perceived, that in the left hemisphere of the cerebrum, a third part of that which was anterior, was much lower than the correspondent part, and much softer; and that not in the surface only, but every where throughout, without exception, even of the lowest part. It had in fact settled downwards, by reason of that softness, which while it was in the upper substance, was much more in the medullary, or spinal marrow; for this was in a great part changed into a gelatinous state.

(D) And of the thickness of the lateral concavities of the parietes (side bones of the head) had been by the force of the water, in the five-year's-old case of Tulpus, not to speak of those of Hildanus and Vessalius, of three and two, so entirely dissolved on the top and at the sides, that at first sight there seemed to be none, when like a denser membrane of some kind, it was adhering on every side to the arched circumference of the dissolved bones, there can be no doubt but, &c.

(E) Wounds of the cerebellum are not uncommon, even with soundness of mind; and death though slow, finally succeeds, on the twelfth day, or much later.

(F) The celebrated Mr. Drelincourt observed a tumour, of the consistence of suet, and of the size of the fist, between the cerebrum, and cere-

* Tu semper fulges, divinæ particula auræ;
Igneus ille tuus vigor et cœlestis origo
Deformem leti faciem, tenebrasque silentes
Ridet, et æternæ spondet tibi sæcula vitæ.

Jortin. *Lus. Poet.*

† Lucian: *πῶς δὲν ἰσοῦται συγγράμματα*.

bellum, precisely in that place, where the pineal gland is situated under each wing of the plexus choroides; which tumour, in the space of six months from the perception of disease, produced, first, blindness; then deafness, and finally the destruction of all the senses and animal functions, and even death itself.

(G) Which being wiped off, fresh matter by agitating the cerebrum appears in the same place. This matter certainly came out of the ventricles through the Infundibulum. For the left ventricle, and especially the right was filled with the same kind of matter. There was also in the striated body of this, a foramen with which the sinous ulcer communicated, occupying a third part of the substance, which formed the basis of the cerebrum on the right.

(H) A drunken man, seventy years old, having fallen from a great height, received so large a wound upon the top of his head, that whatever remained of the outermost membrane of the brain, could be easily taken out through its opening. Nevertheless, vertigo, vomiting and stupor seizing him, either from his remaining intoxication or from concussion of the brain, he came to himself, the day after, free from fever, and all other symptoms. But on the fourth day, purulent discharges having been first thrown out, he died, contrary to expectation, from an unexpected apoplexy. The first thing that offered itself upon a thorough examination of the interior of the head, was the abundant humor, filling the ventricles of the brain. But afterwards a long fissure emptying itself by a continued flow, through the forehead and the aperture of the eye, even to the sella equina, near the middle of the cuneiform bone; in which place we observed (what is truly very rare in the eyes of all persons) a large fragment of the cuneiform bone, so separated from the rest of the bone, that it was manifestly raised above the surrounding parts. But the dreadful disease, which killed him, had its origin, partly, from the obstructed processes of the spinal marrow, (which are the true origin of the nerves) and partly from the narrowness of the net-work of the blood vessels in the brain; which very important parts being obstructed, the man was deprived, not only of sense and motion, but of life itself.

(I) The cranium being sufficiently cut through with a saw and broken off carefully with the denticular raspatory, the dura mater was slightly lacerated around the forehead: as I was about to tear away the hollow portion of the cranium which had been thus separated, which was adhering very firmly to the longitudinal sinus, I observed the pia mater very much swollen with clear water, to fall forwards, like a hydatid, and whilst I was taking off the cranium, I could with difficulty prevent the water from now and then flowing out of it. Having cut through the dura mater, I found no serous fluid between it and the pia mater, because it had already flown out. The large longitudinal sinus contained no blood or water, but all the fluid had retreated towards the lateral sinuses. The dura mater being taken away, a clear serum perpetually exuded and flowed out—but both ventricles were filled with turbid water, and all the recesses and cavities of the cerebrum, were covered and filled with this fluid. The plexus choroidei being immersed in it, were white, which otherwise appear red; in these I discovered some hydatids;—The Infundibulum was full of water, and the remaining cavities of the brain were completely inundated by a flood of water, especially the fourth ventricle, so that a probe introduced could slide down even to the spine of the back. The carotid arteries immersed in it were white. The cerebellum was not soft and loose, but appeared as firm as the other parts of the cerebrum. The whole basis of the brain, and the spinal marrow itself was covered over with this effusion

the probe introduced into it, passed down deep into the spine of the back—it is certain that all the cavities and recesses of the brain were full and distended with water; we also observed that the spinal marrow itself was wholly immersed in this fluid, in the cavity of the spine.

(K) The skull being removed and the brain opened, we found it filled with a kind of pap which was only a dissolved mixture of a part of the substance of the brain and a quantity of small splinters which had been driven there by the violence of the blow or by suppuration. The whole substance of the brain was equally bruised and changed as far as the cerebellum; their convolutions were separated from each other by the dissolution and relaxation of the pia mater. Finally the brain being taken out we perceived that the sella turcica was entirely broken.

(L) The choroid plexus of the fourth ventricle was only a collection of glands much inflated and indurated, in which were found small nuclei of suppuration. They were connected together by their vessels and membranes; the union of these glands formed a hard tumour about the size of a pullet's egg, which occupied the place of the cerebellum, which was only a slimy membrane of the thickness of a line, and which enveloped the tumour; the peduncles were extremely flattened and had scarcely any consistence.

The morbid structure both by its figure and its situation had pressed and greatly diminished the volume of the testes and of the chords which pass from the testes to the cerebellum, and the chords which pass from the cerebellum to the spinal marrow to form the calamus scriptoreis; finally all the portion of the medulla oblongata which extend from the anus and vulva to the medulla spinalis, was very much flattened.

(M) An ulcer of the cerebrum consumed the membrane of the pia mater and its cortical substance even to the round marrow, without pain or injury to the senses.

(N) Almost the whole basis of the cerebrum, and especially the cerebellum, and that part of the spinal marrow which is contained in the first vertebrae were found destroyed by mortification.

(O) We observed the substance itself of the brain to have wasted away, in a certain old woman of Monspessulum, who died suddenly, seized by an apoplexy. When we opened her skull, we found that her brain was floating on all sides in a thick membrane. The dura mater being dissected and opened, there flowed out a thick and white liquor resembling gruel over the whole face and clothes.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE DEVIL AND THE FRIAR.

A wicked wretch upon his death bed lying,
In comes a ghostly frightened Friar, crying;

"Repent, repent, for just now, I could see

"The devil, below stairs, coming after thee."

"What was his shape?"—"An ass's"—"Pray be cool,

"Nought but *your shadow* frightened you, you fool."

ON THE CORPORATION OF LONDON, ITS ANTIQUITY, AND POLITICAL IMPORTANCE.

[The following letter from an intelligent Englishman, will be read with peculiar interest at the present moment, when the great metropolis seems to be convulsed to its very centre.]

THE constitution of the corporation of London, is founded not only in chartered, but prescriptive customs, the origin of which latter have been lost in the lapse of ages. From the first records of the history of England it seems, that London had made a conspicuous figure; and on one great occasion, viz, the Revolution of 1688, it was called upon to send the lord mayor, all the aldermen, and fifty of the common council, to sit and deliberate in the convention parliament, as one of the co-estates of the realm.

The form of its government is almost an epitome of the British constitution: it is guided by the lord mayor, as the executive, but not as a separate power: the courts of aldermen and common council are the deliberate bodies, the former of which acts separately in some of its functions, but in general measures they act conjointly, each individual of the whole having an equal vote.

A. D. 1191, during the absence of king Richard I. in the holy land, the regent (his brother,) together with the barons, met the citizens of London in St. Paul's Church-yard, and granted them "to have a *community*," or select number of citizens, for the management of their affairs. This body, eighty years afterwards, appears to have consisted of only forty persons, belonging to the different wards, into which the city is divided. The number has been since increased, and now consists of two hundred and thirty-six. Some of the charters, within two hundred years from the Norman invasion, call the men of London, "on account of the dignity of that city," *Barones*. 1224 they were allowed to use a common seal.

The great body of the citizens are now termed *Freemen*. They all possess the important privileges, above alluded to, in the charters. Their number is not known. A freeman only can sell goods, by retail, within the city; which right is obtained by these modes: first by patrimony, it being hereditary; secondly by servitude, as an apprentice to some trade, for seven years; thirdly by purchase, at an expense of from thirty to fifty pounds, according to the rank and respectability of the livery company, in which the individual is to be enrolled, as a member. The public functions of the freemen, who are householders within the city, consist in choosing the *Aldermen*, in their respective *wardmotes*, or ward-meetings, and in annually electing members to represent them in *common council*; as likewise *constables* for the preservation of the public peace, and *inquestmen*, who inspect the weights and mea-

tures of retail shop-keepers. They perform, besides, other functions, tending to the good order of their respective wards.

The next constituent body of citizens are the *Liverymen*. Every freeman must belong to some *livery company*, but he may not be a liveryman. These companies are the different *guilds*, or trades, established by early charters, in the infancy of commerce, for the support and protection of each art and mystery, such as goldsmiths, weavers, merchant-tailors, ironmongers, &c. Formerly, it was necessary for every artisan to be a freeman of the company of his respective trade, before he could exercise his calling. This custom, however, in the progress of commerce, became so burdensome, that it has long since been disused. Many of these companies still retain the remains of their ancient importance, in possessing considerable privileges, and revenues, the latter of which are expended, either in supporting public seminaries of learning, or relieving their decayed numbers, and also in celebrating occasional festivals. A few particulars, not to be found in the common publications, respecting the revenue and expenditure of the companies, and of the corporation in general, will suffice to give an idea, how these institutions are interwoven with the other public establishments of the country, and no less with the general system of public credit, and how this mutual bearing of all the parts of the great national fabric on each other, serves to consolidate and strengthen the whole. Thus, dependant on the *Mercer's Company* is *St. Paul's School*, endowed with landed and monied property, to the amount of 5,300*l.* a year, which is principally expended in paying the salaries of the actual, and pensions of retired, preceptors; in keeping up the school-house, and supporting a certain number of the scholars at the university. It should be mentioned, that the monied property is invested in the public funds, amounting to a capital of 26,000*l.* 3 per cents, and is chiefly the result of accumulations from the landed revenue. The rich and respectable company of Merchant-Tailors, which has had to boast among its members several sovereigns, and branches of the royal family, besides a great number of noblemen. (it now includes the duke of York, the illustrious duke of Wellington, the present lord Chancellor, &c.) maintains out of its funds the excellent seminary, called *Merchant-Tailors' School*, founded in 1561; and has, besides, the patronage of a great number of fellowships and exhibitions at the universities: viz. thirty-seven fellowships at Oxford, and seven exhibitions to Cambridge of 40*l.* a year, each for seven years. The exhibitions are in the gift of the master of the school. It has likewise six civil law-fellowships in St. John's College, Oxford, of 50*l.* each. In speaking of establishments for education, under the inspection or patronage of any part of the corporation, it would be improper to omit the munificent foundation of *Christ's Hospital*; the funds of which amount to, or exceed, 43,000*l.*

per annum.* It has large estates, in various parts of England; it clothes, boards, and educates between 1100 and 1200 children, from the age of seven to fifteen, several of whom are sent to the universities, and supported there, from the funds of the charity. This school, founded by the royal charter of king Edward VI., is under the government of the lord mayor, aldermen, twelve of the common council, and various noblemen and gentlemen benefactors.

The lord mayor and aldermen are also governors of St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, Bridewell, and Bethlem hospitals, and of Emmanuel hospital, in Westminster, a charitable institution for children, and aged people, with an income of 3,580*l.* a year, including the interest of 7,900*l.* 3 per cent. stock.† It would lead me entirely away from my purpose, to speak of the 64 charity schools, (each educating 1000 children,) the national and Lancastrian schools, and the numerous other charitable institutions in the metropolis, many of which have landed estates, or money in the funds. My object is to make you acquainted with the corporation of London, and I have, therefore, only to advert to such matters, as are immediately connected with it. Under the head of the expenditure of the corporation, the city-festivities are to be noticed. It is a common observation, which cannot be well contradicted, that nothing is done in London without a dinner. Our most sumptuous feast is that of the lord mayor's day; and the show and pomp which precede the dinner, are amongst our most splendid exhibitions. On that occasion, many of the companies display their flags and pageants, in escorting the lord mayor to and from the banks of the river Thames, when he goes, in his magnificent barge, to Westminster-hall, to be sworn into office, by the Barons of the Exchequer. Several of the richer companies attend his lordship, on the river, in their own barges, which are richly ornamented. On the lord mayor's return to Guildhall, an entertainment is given to the whole of the corporation, who appear in their robes. The ladies of the aldermen, and others, adorn the fête, which is likewise honoured by the great officers of state, foreign ambassadors, judges, and many of the nobility and gentry. Not unfrequently, some members of the royal family are present; and on the first lord mayor's day, after the accession of a new sovereign, their majesties, the king and queen themselves, condescend to be guests of his lordship. In general, about 1000 persons are thus entertained. The great Gothic hall, in the Guildhall, is appropriated to this purpose.

* According to a report made to the house of commons, the exact amount of the income is 43,386*l.* The charters which Christ's Hospital holds, are of Edward VI. and Charles II. ED.

† The report alluded to in the foregoing note, states the income of Emmanuel hospital at 2,990*l.* The charter is by Queen Elizabeth. ED.

But on no occasion was the hospitality of the lord mayor and corporation so sumptuously manifested, as in the year 1814, when the emperor of Russia, king of Prussia, and other great personages, were assembled in London. The joy at the overthrow of Buonaparte, and at the re-establishment of order and peace in the world, was universal, and was no where felt more strongly than in our metropolis. An address of congratulation had been presented by the city of London to Louis XVIII., on his resuming his throne: and it was natural, that sentiments of gratitude and admiration should be expressed to those great monarchs, and their generals, by whose efforts those happy changes were brought about. An unanimous vote was accordingly passed by the corporation, to invite the prince regent, with his illustrious guests, to a dinner at Guildhall, which, being accepted, was conducted with such splendour and magnificence, as to exceed any thing of the kind ever remembered in this country. The expense of this and a subsequent dinner, given to the duke of Wellington, amounted, together, to upwards of 25,000l.*

Besides the great entertainments of the corporation, each of the most opulent companies has frequent dinners in its own hall, to which strangers of note are invited, and where our respectable traders associate with our naval and military heroes, with churchmen, lawyers, and other distinguished persons. This intercourse between the different members of the community, is not without its advantages, by bringing into contact those, who, from their situations, might otherwise know less of one another. You will, perhaps, smile at the gravity with which I speak of our dinners. They are in England of some importance, and almost thought necessary for the well-being of its inhabitants.—I have stated, that the freemen are enrolled in one or other of the livery companies: each of these has a select number of members, who are called liverymen; which distinction is obtained by purchase, varying from 10l. to 100l. These liverymen, about 8 or 10,000 in number, hold their municipal meetings in the Guildhall; where, among other functions, they exercise the important privilege of choosing four representatives in parliament, a double number to that of any county, or other city in the kingdom. They elect the lord mayor, the sheriffs, the chamberlain, and some other city officers. They occasionally assemble with the consent, and under the presidency of the lord mayor, to discuss various political questions, previously submitted to his opinion. All these meetings are called *common halls*, and are to be distinguished from *common councils*. The common halls, especially when political subjects are to be agitated, are usually relinquished by the opulent and well-disposed part of the liverymen, and occupied by such, as have an interest

* There exists a printed account of those festivities, which will remain a memorial of the magnificence of the London Corporation.

or delight in turbulent and factious proceedings. Democracy and jacobinism have frequently made them their resort, and they have served as batteries, from which the government has been assailed. Noise, tumult, and ignorance, are generally the prominent features of such assemblies: and as they are productive of no good, you may be inclined to ask, why they are permitted. But Englishmen are so well acquainted with the character and essence of liberty, that they are not so easily misled, as others might be: and less apprehension is entertained of declamation, and bluster, than of any acts, that might tend to injure the constitutional freedom.

The *common council* is of a very different description. This, together with the lord mayor and the aldermen, forms the system of the city-administration, and is properly called the *Corporation*, or also court of common council. The body so constituted possesses, in common with both houses of parliament, and the two universities, the distinguished privilege of addressing, or petitioning, the king on his throne, and the sovereign always condescends to reply in person. The duties of the common council are, to make bye-laws for the government of the city, to manage its revenues, which amount to less than *one hundred thousand pounds sterling** a year (arising chiefly from ancient grants by the crown, of lands, fines, imposts, &c.;) and also to administer the funds of various trusts, committed by parliament to the corporation. The court of common council takes cognizance of all infractions of city-privileges; and it discusses political questions, with that free-

* Since the above was written, it appears that the corporation funds have experienced considerable embarrassments, chiefly owing to an act of parliament, which passed in 1817, for the abolition of goal fees, throughout the kingdom, which by its operation increases the city expenditure upwards of 10,000*l. per annum*.—Newgate, and the other gaols, have been supported, from time immemorial, from the city's purse. The prisoners from the county of Middlesex, as well as the city of London, are confined there; and although the proportion of the former to the latter is nearly as six to one, yet the whole are placed under the superintendence of the lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen exclusively. The abolition of fees, with the increased allowance of provisions, occasion this additional expense. The Regent's ministers refuse to encourage any expectation of assistance from the county-rates, unless the Middlesex magistrate have a concurrent jurisdiction with those of the city; this is resisted by the latter, and as no hope exists of parliamentary relief, on account of the late violent line of politics, adopted by the corporation, great difficulties exist in deciding, how this annual and increasing expenditure can be borne by its ordinary revenues, especially as they were before considerably deranged by the cost of a new gaol for debtors, the splendid dinners in 1814 to the foreign potentates, the duke of Wellington, and many other extravagant expenses. *A radical reform, and retrenchment*, therefore, appear to be, in future, indispensably necessary, in its own affairs, thereby adding to the innumerable instances on record, that those who profess the most fiery zeal for reforming the state, are usually themselves liable to be miserably deficient in the practice of economy.

dom of speech which the British constitution imparts. It is only required, that the chief magistrate should convene, and preside at, such meetings. It often sets the example to the rest of the country, and influences other public proceedings, so that, it occasionally, may be said to have great weight in the nation, and a decided effect upon the measures of the minister. A striking instance of this we lately witnessed, in the question about the income-tax. The court of common council set the example of petitioning against this tax, as an intolerable burden, in time of peace, and these proceedings were followed up by the meetings of the different wards of the city, under the presidency of their respective aldermen. The result of these deliberations was published in all the newspapers, and echoed from one end of the kingdom to the other. It is well known, that the income-tax, in consequence of the feelings excited in the country by these and similar proceedings, was rejected by the house of commons, notwithstanding the efforts of the ministers to prolong its existence.

The aldermen, with the lord mayor at their head, form a distinct court of record, for appeals on rates, assessments, and other matters. There are 26 aldermen, including the lord mayor. The name of Alderman, or Earlderman, appears to have been of Saxon origin. There is no account of their first institution. They are elected for life, and preside over the respective wards of the city. They are the only magistrates within the city. The wards and aldermen were recognised, in the 12th century, by a charter of Richard I.

The *sheriffs* for London and Middlesex are chosen annually by the liverymen, under the charter of king Henry I. They are not necessarily aldermen, but must be freemen. Their chief duties are, to issue writs, take charge of prisoners for debts and felonies, and to act as returning officers in all elections for the city and county. This office is one of considerable expense; it seldom costs less than 3000*l.* to each person who serves it.

The lord *mayor* is the chief magistrate of the city. He is annually chosen from among such of the aldermen, as have served the office of sheriff. In modern times, the office has not often been served by one person twice. The practice was different in former days. Between the years 1189 and 1385, there were no less than ten instances of *mayors*, who occupied their station, on an average, six years each. From that period, there was no example of the immediate re-election of a mayor, till 1690, when the celebrated sir T. Pilkington served two successive years. On the authority of these precedents, the alderman Wood, was re-elected after his first year; and he now wore two gold chains, in token of his double nomination. The livery, in common hall, possess the right of proposing two candidates for the mayoralty; one of whom is then chosen by the court of aldermen. The lord mayor ranks with the king's privy counsellors, and, like them, has the title of *right honourable*. He does not sit as a peer of parliament; but at a coro-

nation, he officiates as one of the great dignitaries of the crown, and walks in procession next but one to the princes of the blood. The title of *lord mayor* was assumed in 1399, when Henry I. granted the privilege of a mace being carried before him, which badge gives him the rank of a baron. The mace, which is made of silver and gilt, is likewise conceded to the mayors of York and Dublin, who, for the same reason, are styled *lord mayors*. The establishments of the *lord mayor* of London are almost princely. He has a noble mansion-house, in the heart of the city; and officers are appointed to attend him on occasions of ceremony. One of these carries the sword of state; another the mace and cap of liberty, which is not a *bonnet rogue*, but a handsome and sober fur cap. These, together with about twenty gentlemen, who purchase their situations, are, by turns, in waiting at his residence, and accompany him on any solemnity. He has a state-carriage, which, being of grand structure, like that of the king, is drawn by six horses. The expenses for this great office are supplied from the revenues of the city. The sum appointed is upwards of 9000*l.* each year; but this is seldom sufficient, and renders an aid out of the private fortune of the individual, who holds the office, necessary. This addition has sometimes been equal to the original appointment. That great expenditure will not surprise those, who know the wealth of the city. It is calculated, that the collective income, arising from trade in the city of London, annually, among the individuals, who clear the rate of 5000*l.*, or more, falls little, if at all, short of *two millions and a half sterling*. It may thence be inferred, that there are always, in the city, from three to four hundred persons, who, by going very little beyond their ordinary income, have the means of supporting the state and dignity of the mayoralty, on the scale of expenditure, which I have mentioned. Among the principal officers of the city are farther to be reckoned, the recorder, common-sergeant, the town-clerk, and the chamberlain.

The *recorder* is chosen by the court of aldermen. He is always a lawyer of eminence, and supposed to be particularly conversant in the rights and privileges of the city, so much so, that his testimony and authority concerning them are admitted in evidence by the courts of justice. The recorder ranks above every alderman, who has not been lord mayor. He presides in the city-courts, and in the absence of the Judges, at the Old Bailey, both for the city and for the county of Middlesex. In this capacity, he tries more criminal cases than any other magistrate in the kingdom.—The *common-serjeant* acts as deputy recorder, and is elected by the common council.—The *town-clerk*, who receives his appointment from the same quarter, is keeper of the records and charters.—The *chamberlain* is the treasurer, and is chosen by the liverymen annually. All these officers, and several others, who are connected with the various law-courts within the city, have ample salaries. These expenses, together with public improve-

ments, charitable subscriptions, and so forth, absorb the revenues, great as they are, so completely, that they, generally, leave little or no annual balance in the hands of the chamberlain.

Some idea may be formed of the responsibility of the chamberlain's office, from the accounts laid by him before parliament, in the course of the last session, from the year preceding. These accounts relate to funds, constituted under the authority of different acts of parliament. That called the Orphan's Fund, consisting of small duties, on coals, wine, &c. amounted to 71,766*l.* and was applied to pay the interest, and reduce the principal, of the debts, contracted by the corporation, on the guarantee of this fund, for the purposes of building Blackfriar's bridge, making various improvements in the city and its approaches, &c. The principal of this debt, which amounted to 747,000*l.* in the time of king William III, is now but little more, viz. 789,000*l.* notwithstanding the many public works, since executed by the corporation. The expense of keeping in repair Blackfriar's bridge was, in the course of last year, about 800*l.*; that of maintaining the city sewers, about 4000*l.*; that of forming new sewers, moreover of paving and lighting the streets, (which is now partly effected by the gas lights,) above 35,000*l.*; that of improving the upper navigation of the river Thames, above 28,000*l.*; that of improving the port and docks above 14,000*l.*; that of regulating the coal market, 5,800*l.*; that of improving Moor-fields, 1700*l.*; and that of building the New Prison, 15,000*l.*

You will perhaps ask, whether the government of the country appoints any of the officers of this remarkable corporation, assumes the management of its funds, or possesses any influence over its affairs, or direction in its deliberations? All these questions may be distinctly answered in the negative. In a body of electors so numerous, as the freemen and liverymen, it cannot be possible to influence their choice; nor do I believe it to be much more easy to affect the conduct of the members of this corporation. They are generally composed of persons in trade, or in the law, who are removed from all temptations of ambition; and as to interest, it is not recollected, that during the last twenty-five years, a charge of corruption in that respect has been seriously made, except in two cases; in one of which a leading member, who usually supported the ministry, having a clergyman for his son, to whom the lord chancellor presented a city living, worth about 200*l.* per annum, was charged, on no probable grounds with having obtained it, in consequence of his political opinions. The other instance was that of an old member, whose son got a place of inconsiderable value in the custom-house. The father was accused of the same impropriety as the former. It may here be observed, that no alderman, or common-councilman, receives any salary, or enjoys any advantage, as a compensation for his services, with the exception of the allowance, before mentioned, to the lord mayor, and a trifling sum divided among the various committees, for

coach-hire, when the members attend, amounting to a few shillings each time.

With respect to the political divisions, which exist in the corporation, it is admitted, that party-spirit prevails there, as it does in every public body in Great Britain. But this must ever be the case in a free country. Human opinion cannot be uniform; and where there is liberty of speech, such differences will appear. The parties are usually distinguished as ministerialists and oppositionists; though, in fact, there is perhaps, in the corporation, little attachment to the individuals who form the ministry, or lead the opposition in parliament. The ministerial party, therefore, may be more properly said to support the existing government, than the men who compose it. They concurred in the war, on the principle of Livy, *Justum esse bellum quibus necessarium*: and they considered it necessary at once to defend the government against revolution, and the country against invasion. On the other hand, many of the oppositionists, or *whigs*, as they sometimes, though inaccurately, affect to style themselves, (for the old distinctions of whig and tory have long since ceased,) have a strong bias towards unqualified republicanism. There is no question of lord Grey, the late Mr. Ponsonby, and other members of what is considered as the constitutional opposition in parliament: it is only such politicians as sir Francis Burdett, lord Cochrane, and the like, who are looked up to as their leaders. Of late, those parties have been nearly balanced. The doctrines of liberty and equality have still their influence, particularly among the poorer class of house-holders, (who are the most numerous,) in the out-skirts, (or *outwards*, as they are called) of the city; and as a rental of 10*l.* per annum gives a vote, most of the members returned by them are of the democratic cast. Some of the latter possess considerable ability, and often take a lead at the common halls, as well as in the common council. Being sure to have their speeches recorded in the newspapers, they usually touch upon the most inflammatory topics, and are, therefore, deemed serviceable to the cause of radical reform.

On several occasions, the democratic party has considerably preponderated in the common council, which has been owing to the superior tactics of their leaders. It has been their practice, for some years past, shortly before the annual elections, to bring into debate some argument of a popular nature, calculated to inflame the passions of the ignorant. On such occasions, they take great pains to organise their proceedings, by holding previously nocturnal meetings of such of their adherents and followers, on whom they can depend. Each man is not only at his post, on the day of the debate, but he endeavours also to procure the attendance of all, over whom he can exercise any influence. Threats of the displeasure of their constituents are held out to those, who shall venture to differ from what is called the popular voice: their names are noted, and commonly inserted in some newspaper.

These measures deter many, who love a quiet life, from attending these meetings; and thus it happens that men of property, and respectability, are virtually excluded from the common council, and replaced by those, who are distinguished for their violence, and extravagance in their political opinions. It is likewise known, that the republican faction has agents in every ward of the city, who have always a candidate of their party in readiness to start up, when any vacancy occurs. Such candidates are usually elected without opposition, as those, who are well disposed, seldom are inclined, from a love of tranquillity, to encounter the struggle that would be necessary, in order to defeat the purposes of their opponents. Hence those contradictory proceedings are to be explained, which have lately taken place, when measures of government, which were at a former period most highly commended by the common council, touching the conduct of the war, and the conclusion of peace, were subsequently condemned and reprobated, nominally by the same body; an inconsistency which, if the common council were answerable for it, one could not think of without indignation, and contempt.

POSTSCRIPT.

"In the preceding letter, the funds and endowments of some schools, and charitable institutions, have incidentally been mentioned. The editor can add a few data, which he has collected; concerning other establishments that exist in the metropolis: and it may not be disagreeable to the reader to have them communicated. The following statements are derived from the authority of a report made to the house of commons, in 1817.

<i>L</i>			
Grey Coat Hospital	- - -	Income 1,934	Charter by Queen Anne.
Green Coat School	- - -	700	- - - Charles I.
Foundation School, White Chapel	-	452	Will of Rev. R. Davenant.
Parish School, Hemmings's Row	- -	1200	Voluntary Subscription.
St. Luke's Parish School	- - -	752	

There are altogether 64 charity schools, in the metropolis. The parochial school of St. Luke's has 6,300*l.* in the 3 per cent. consols. St. Catharine's charity school has 1,550*l.* in the funds. The Foundling Hospital has about 95,000*l.* stock in the funds: its annual income is about 10,000*l.* from lands, and funded property. The charter-house has estates to the value of 22,000*l.* per ann. besides some money in the public funds, to the amount of between 8 and 9,000*l.* capital. It has 22 exhibitions to the universities, of 80*l.* to 100*l.* per ann. each, and the patronage of 11 livings in the church. Westminster-school was founded by queen Elizabeth, and is supported by the revenue of various lands, and other possessions, with which the Dean and Chapter are invested. It sends off eight scholars annually to the universities, on exhibitions: but the expense of the school is not above 1,200*l.* a year.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America. Part First, containing an historical outline of their merits and wrongs as colonies; and strictures upon the calumnies of British writers. By Robert Walsh, Jr.

Quod quisque fecit, patitur: autorem scelus
Repetit, suaque premittit exemplo nocens.

Senec.

Philadelphia. Mitchell, Ames, & White. 1819, \$3. pp: lvi. & 512.

The following article has been furnished by a correspondent.

THIS is an attempt to show, that the calumnies which have been published against this country, by British writers, orators, travellers, and reviewers, have not only been unfounded, but that Great Britain herself is far more liable than America, to imputations still more atrocious and degrading. And the positions are professedly, and indeed successfully made out, by that kind of evidence, to which the most partial admirer of Great Britain can find no reasonable objection. The work furnishes an example of the *argumentum ad hominem*, urged with the most triumphant effect.

Before we commence our review of this very interesting work, it may be worth while to discuss the questions, whether it be *right*, and whether it be *expedient*, to resort to this system of irritating retaliation in our own defence? Whether any measures of defence be justifiable, that fan the flame of national animosity, and tend to exasperate more than to convince? Whether revenge should enter as an ingredient into our means of repelling calumny, and convert allowable resistance into furious attack? We are well aware that these topics will be first insinuated and suggested, then stated, urged, and pressed by those among us, whose prejudices and predilections are rather British than American; and who still look up with fond admiration to that privileged gradation of rank, and those titular distinctions, which have withered away in the republican climate of this country; and are generally considered by men of reflection every where, as the useless gewgaws—the broken play things of a puerile nobility. There are such men among us, and our press feels it.

Is it right then to use arguments and to urge facts, which can only tend to increase the enmity of our opponent, and to stop by irritation the avenues to conviction? It is a sufficient answer to inquire in return, when or by whom was it ever deemed wrong, to transfer the war into the country of the assailant as a measure of legitimate defence? What obligation am I under, to spare the feelings of him who has no regard for mine—whose constant

amusement it has been, to goad, to irritate, to vex, to harrass, by the most exaggerated sarcasm, the most licentious mockeries of reality by representations wherein truth itself has served as a laughing stock? To whom is the wrong in controversy imputable; to him who attacks with malicious and pertinacious falsehood, or to him who defends with testimony too grave for exception? Assuredly it is not competent for those who voluntarily introduce the evil, to complain of its effects: nor is it worth the while of a triumphant defender, to regard the whinnings and the writhings of men, who have had the lash torn out of their hands.

But further, the intent of such a publication, is not to produce conviction among those who can never be convinced. Every body feels the truth and force of the Spanish proverb, "The man who has injured you, will never forgive you." He who has long ran the career of calumny, acquires an impracticability of understanding, on which fact however true, and argument however luminous, can make no impression. He must be made the instrument by which truth can reach the bye standers; as a parliamentary orator endeavours to flash conviction on the public mind, by an address to those whom he well knows have clothed themselves in voluntary and impenetrable darkness: his arguments may reach the constituent, though addressed in vain to the representative; and may be read with effect, though heard with indifference. As it is with us; the calumnies of England against us have been spread into all countries where their popular literature has obtained a footing; and it behoves us in addressing the deafness of irreconcilable enmity, to ask the candid attention of those "who have ears to hear."

It is therefore no more than justice to ourselves, to expose the weakness of our adversary; and if he bring falsehood to the attack, to bring truth to the defence; and with the aid of Mr. Walsh's book, we may now proudly reply to British invective, *ex ore tuo te judica*.

It is not only right, but it is expedient also to make use of recrimination. We wish to justify our manners and customs, our institutions, our character and conduct in the eyes of foreign nations; in every one of these nations, public opinion is greatly influenced, by the course which popular literature pursues in Europe: in showing the vices of our adversary, we show the weakness of his moral principle, the large allowance which must be made for his desperate assertions, his manifest want of judgment and foresight, and a disgusting spectacle of inconsistency, that may be compared to Clodius preaching purity, and Cataline inveighing against sedition!

Clodius accusat Mæchos, Catalina Cethegum!

Let any of our readers peruse the article on the famous Westminster epilogue first translated for the Port Folio for 1816, and

he will not deem the language we now employ, as too strong for honest recrimination.

It is a singular fact, that all parties in England, those who defend, and those who oppose the ministry—the flying corps of stage coach, and steam boat tourists, in America, who get up a volume in the taste dictated by the bookseller who pays them—the Quarterly Reviewers who uphold the ministry, and the Edinburgh Reviewers who labour to effect a change in favour of opposition, all seek to excite and to gratify the propensity of the populace to decry every thing American: the whigs in parliament unite with the ministry, in this common outcry of defamation: all parties join their efforts to convince us, if we can be convinced, that although Great Britain is our mother country, she is now, as she has been from the beginning, a jealous and a cruel step-mother.

This course has been so long and so steadily pursued in Great Britain towards America, that it is at length high time to lay aside forbearance; to show that the doctrines of passive obedience and nonresistance, are exploded among us; and that we neither want the power nor the will to repel aggressions of any kind, when patience under them has become any thing but a duty. For this purpose was Mr. Walsh's work written; and we now proceed to lay some account of it before our readers.

It is dedicated to Robert Oliver Esq. of Baltimore, and prefaced by some pages of remark, on the nature and design of the volume; and some facts to show the propriety and indeed necessity of a recriminative defence of America, and the American character. This is well urged in the following passage of the preface:

“ My purpose in this undertaking generally, is not merely to assert the merits of this calumniated country; I wish to repel actively, and, if possible, to arrest, the war which is waged without stint or intermission, upon our national reputation. This, it now appears to me, cannot be done without combating on the offensive; without making inroads into the quarters of the restless enemy.

“ I had long indulged the hope, in common with those Americans who were best affected towards Great Britain, that the false and contumelious language of the higher class at least, of her literary censors, would be corrected by the strong relief, in which our real condition and character were daily placing themselves before the world. We expected that another tone more conformable to truth and sound policy would be adopted, when we had on our side the degree of notoriety as to those points, which usually overawes and represses any degree of assurance in the spirit of envy and arrogance.

“ But the disappointment is complete, for every American who has paid attention to the tenor of the late British writings and speeches, in which reference is made to these United States. The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, have, within the twelve-month past, by the excesses of obloquy into which they have

given from the most unworthy apprehensions, put beyond question the insufficiency of any amount of evidence, and of all the admitted laws of probability and reasoning, to work the reformation to which I have alluded.

"It was, too, believed by many, that the British writers would assign some bounds to their attacks, as long as we forbore to re-criminate; and it was thought harsh and uncharitable to touch the sores and blotches of the British nation, on account of the malevolence and folly of a few individuals, or of a party, within her bosom. The whole is proved to be mere illusion. There is no intemperance of provocation, which could have excited more rancour, and led to fiercer and wider defamation, than we find in the two articles of the forty-first number of the Quarterly Review, which treat of American affairs. The whig journals have begun to rail in the same strain: the opposition have joined, with the ministerial party, even on the floor of parliament, in a hue and cry against 'American ambition and cruelty;' and in affecting to credit the coarse inventions of Englishmen who have either visited us for the express purpose of manufacturing libels, or betaken themselves to this expedient on their return home, as a profitable speculation. It is enough, that the desire of emigrating to the United States should spread among the population of England, in an extent deemed invidious, or hurtful; that the territorial security of the Americans on one side should appear about being rendered complete, with some possible danger to the stability of the British empire in the West Indies, to throw the British politicians of every rank, and denomination, into paroxysms of despite and jealousy, and to enlist them in a common scheme of misrepresentation which may inspire the British farmer and artisan with a horror of republican America, and the nations of the world with a distrust of the spirit of her government."

The gross, and clumsy falsehoods of the traveller Fearon, respecting the passengers in the Brig *Bubona* from Amsterdam, are conclusively refuted by the inquiries of Mr. Walsh in p. xxvii of the preface; to which for the present we refer the reader, because we may have some other remarks to bestow on this Mr. Fearon by and by. The other pages of the preface are chiefly occupied by descriptions of the inadequate state of parliamentary representation in England, and in refuting the calumnies of a Mr. James Moore, a surgeon who has written a treatise on vaccination. Mr. Walsh proves completely that vaccine inoculation, received more willingly, more speedily, and more complete patronage in this country than in England; but the voluntary defamation of this Mr. Moore, uncalled for by the subject of his book or the occasion of his writing, puts in a strong light, the style of composition which suits the present taste of British readers, and the prejudices prevailing in that country against this.

"The freedom that reigns in the United States of America, is incompatible with unanimity; consequently, the vaccine had to struggle there with a *long and violent* opposition, which was not much allayed by the exertions of the President, Mr. Jefferson, who patronized the new practice; yet by degrees it spread and was introduced even among the Indian tribes. It was in the year 1799, that this important benefit was conveyed to the United States from Great Britain. Indeed, except the produce of the soil, what that is valuable has not that nation received from us? Certainly their arts, literature, laws, and religion, the model of their political establishments, and even their love of liberty.—Yet when Great Britain was hard pressed by Napoleon, the United States submitted to the threats and depredations of the tyrant, &c. But let England forget this and rejoice in being able to add the vaccine to the other benefits conferred on the Americans. And may our physicians continue to instruct them to cure and prevent the diseases of their country; may our poets soften and delight them; and above all, may our philosophers improve their dispositions, and perhaps, in a future age, their animosity will cease, and there will spring up in that country some filial gratitude!"*

The *First* section of the book, is occupied by proofs of the mercantile jealousy of Great Britain as shown towards her colonies in North America in the early stages of their settlement. For the work before us, professes to be, and indeed is, a very interesting history of the conduct of the mother country, as it is called, toward her North American colonies from their commencement to the present time: and it contains an ample collection of facts, to demonstrate the jealous and irritable feelings which the success of the colonies inspired at home, and the consequent restraints to which they were subjected, at a very early date. For instance:

"We are told by Chalmers, that 'no printing press was allowed in Virginia;' that 'in New England and New York there were assuredly none *permitted*,' and that 'the other provinces probably were not more fortunate.'† When Andros was appointed by James II. captain-general of all the northern colonies, he was instructed 'to allow of no printing press.' In an official report of sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, dated 20th June, 1671, there is the following characteristic passage:—'I thank God we have no free schools, nor any printing; and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government: God keep us from both.' Accordingly, every effort was made to shut out the pestilent tree of knowledge. On the appointment of lord Effingham to the government of Virginia, in 1683, he was order-

* C. 12. † Political Annals of the United Colonies, chap. 15.

ed, agreeably to the prayer of sir William Berkeley, 'to allow no person to use a printing press on any occasion whatever.'

Again: Dr. Josiah Child in his discourse on Trade, 1665, says,

"Certainly it is the interest of England to discountenance and abate the number of planters at Newfoundland, for if they should increase, it would in a few years happen to us, in relation to that country, as it has to the fishery at New England, which many years since was managed by English ships from the western ports; but as plantations there increased, it fell to the sole employment of people settled there, and nothing of that trade left *the poor old Englishmen*, but the liberty of carrying now and then, by courtesy or purchase, a ship load of fish to Bilboa, when their own New English shipping are better employed, or not at leisure to do it."

This is exactly in the same spirit with the present Lord Sheffield's advice, not to annoy or repress the pirates of Algiers and the other Barbary states, because they form one of the most effectual obstacles to the American trade in the Mediterranean.

The *Second* section, is on the general character and merits of the colonists, in which the author expatiates on their love of liberty, their industry, frugality, and enterprize. All this we readily concede, making due deductions for bigotry and intolerance, the vice of those early times; but which sat very ill on persons who preferred banishment abroad, to the religious persecution of which they reasonably complained at home.

"The excesses of bigotry, which were committed by the Puritans of New England, during the seventeenth century, can neither be disguised nor defended. They admit, however, of some extenuation, which is to be found in such considerations as the following, offered by one of their descendants:—"To vindicate the errors of our ancestors, were to make them our own. It is allowed, that they were culpable; but, we do not concede that, in the present instance, they stood alone, or that they merited all the censure bestowed on them. Laws, similar to those of Massachusetts, were passed elsewhere against the Quakers, and particularly in Virginia. If no execution took place here, as it did in New England, it was not owing to the moderation of the church, (Jefferson, *Virg. Query* xviii). The prevalent opinion among most sects of Christians, at that day, that toleration is sinful, ought to be remembered; nor should it be forgotten, that the first Quakers in New England, beside speaking and writing what was deemed blasphemous, reviled magistrates and ministers, and disturbed religious assemblies; and that the tendency of their tenets and practices was to the subversion of the commonwealth, in that period of its infancy. (See Hubbard, *MS. N. Eng. Hazard Coll.* i. 630; ii. 5, 96; and the early historians of New Eng-

* Holmes, in his *American Annals*.

land.) In reviewing the conduct of our revered ancestors, it is but just to make allowance for the times in which they lived, and the occasions of their measures."

It would be well if this intolerant spirit were completely subdued by time and experience; it is fast however on the wane. But whatever it might be in New England, the features of religious bigotry could hardly be worse there, than in England and Scotland. The admirable delineations of this failing by the author of the series of historical novels commencing with '*Waverley*,' will make, it is to be hoped, a lasting impression on the minds of such of his readers, as may still deem religious differences a reasonable ground for civil dissention.

As to the belief in witches noticed by Mr. Walsh, and the condemnations for witchcraft, among the early colonists of New England—the readers of Sir. H. More, Scott, Glanville, Baxter—all those who admire Dr. Matthew Hale, Dr. Johnson, and Blackstone—or who recollect the Ghost of Cock Lane, or the pranks of the girls who were possessed at Bristol, will have no right to cast the first stone.

The *Third* section is on the difficulties surmounted by the colonists; and the treatment received from Great Britain.

The following account, is a most disgraceful instance of deliberate vengeance, which we extract not as a solitary relation, but one among many that exemplify the prevalence of a similar disposition.

"I will transcribe from the *Annals of Holmes*, the summary which he makes, of the evils of the war waged by the New England Confederacy, in 1675, with Philip, sachem of the Wampanoags. 'In this short, but tremendous war, about six hundred of the inhabitants of New England, composing its principal strength, were either killed in battle, or murdered by the enemy; twelve or thirteen towns were entirely destroyed; and about six hundred buildings, chiefly dwelling houses, were burnt. In addition to these calamities, the colonies contracted an enormous debt.'"

"Hutchinson states, that the accounts which were transmitted to England, of the distresses of the province of Massachusetts Bay during this contest, although they might excite compassion in the breasts of *some*, yet were improved by others, to render the colonies more obnoxious."* In fact, in the very height of the calamity—at the moment when New England was putting forth all her strength for the retention of the soil,—the merchants and manufacturers of the mother country were clamorous, and the committee of plantations tasked, for measures of rigour against her, on the ground that her 'inhabitants had encouraged foreigners to traffic with them, and supplied *the other plantations* with those foreign productions which ought only to have been sent to

* Vol. i. c. ii.

England.' While the earth was yet reeking with the carnage of the six hundred brave yeomen, and the smoke still issued from the ruins of the six hundred dwellings, a general scheme of oppression and disfranchisement was projected at the British court. It prescribed, without delay, that no Mediterranean passes should be granted to New England, *to protect her vessels against the Turks*, till it was seen what dependence she would acknowledge on his Britannic majesty, and whether his custom houses would be received."

Section. 4. On the military efforts, and sufferings of the colonists in the wars of the mother country.

Sect. 5. On the benefits reaped by Great Britain from the American trade.

Sect. 6. On the relative dispositions of Great Britain and America from the peace of 1763. The following parliamentary rhodomantade of Col. Grant greatly to the taste of the members, will amuse the American reader of the present day. In the debate of Feb. 2d. 1775, Col. Grant said "he had served in America; he knew the Americans well; he was certain they would not fight; they would never dare to face an English army; and that they did not possess any of the qualifications necessary to make a good soldier: he repeated many of their common place expressions; ridiculed their enthusiasm in religion, and drew a disagreeable picture of their manners and ways of living."

"While the most sanguine friends of American independence scarcely ventured to hope that the colonists would be able to maintain their ground against the forces of the mother country, they astonished the world, by commencing offensive operations. The very first campaign of that unhappy war, was signalized by a successful expedition of the revolvers against the stations of the British forces on the frontiers of Canada; and the gates of that province were thus thrown open to the most formidable invasion, which threatened the total conquest of the country before the end of the same year. The gallant leaders to whom those operations were entrusted, actually reduced the whole of Upper Canada, and were only foiled in their attempts on Quebec, by the ill choice of the season, owing chiefly to the divisions of opinion that constantly attend the offensive measures of governments newly formed upon a popular model; the union of the besieged in defence of their large property, which they were taught to believe would be exposed to the plunder of the rebels; and the extensive powers wisely confided by the British government to general Carleton—powers formerly unknown in any of the colonies, and utterly inconsistent with a government bearing the faintest resemblance to a popular form. Thus had the infant republic of America, immediately at the commencement of separate operations, and above half a year previous to the formal declaration of independence, almost succeeded in the conquest of a British colony, strong by

its natural position, by the vigour of its internal administration, by the experience of the veteran troops who defended it, and by the skill of the gallant officer who commanded these forces; while the only advantages of the assailants consisted in the romantic valour of their leaders, the enthusiasm of men fighting in their own cause, and the vigorous councils of an independent community.”*

In another debate

“The duke of Chandos rose, and moved an address of thanks. His grace began with stating the many public and private virtues of the sovereign, and *the obstinacy, baseness, and ingratitude, of his rebellious subjects in America,*” &c. &c.

“The extent to which this obloquy was carried on one point, is evidenced, even by a protest of the minority, who adduced it as one of their motives to dissent, in the following remarkable language: ‘We do not apprehend that the topic so much insisted upon by a lord high in office, namely, *the cowardice of his Majesty’s American subjects,* to have any weight in itself, or be at all agreeable to the dignity of sentiment which ought to characterize this house. This is to call for resistance, and to provoke rebellion by the most powerful of all motives which can act upon men of any degree of spirit and sensibility.’”

Earl Talbot said, the noble earl who spoke last, has certainly lit off one leading feature of the Americans. His lordship tells you, that even in the midst of their zeal for freedom and independence they were not able to conquer their natural propensity to fraud and concealment.” It would not be worth while to notice these idiot tirades, if a similar spirit, did not still exist.

“The governors of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Florida, in carrying this plan into effect, forgot the utensils of husbandry, but not the fire-arms; and offered them to the negroes, to be used not strictly for personal defence, but *in defence of their sovereign!* The ministry upheld, in the house of commons, lord Dunmore’s celebrated proclamation of the 7th Nov. 1775, of which the following passage is hardly yet effaced from the memory of the Virginians. “I do declare all indented servants, negroes or others appertaining to rebels, free, that are able and willing to bear arms, they joining his majesty’s troops as soon as may be, *for the more speedily reducing this colony to a proper sense of their duty to his majesty’s crown and dignity.*”

“Mr. Burke, referring to this subject in his speech on the Conciliation with America, made some remarks, the last of which may be particularly recommended to the attention of those British critics, who so often discharge upon us, on account of our slave-holding, “the splendid bile of their virtuous indignation.”

“With regard to the high aristocratic spirit of Virginia and the southern colonies, it has been proposed, I know, to reduce it, by

* Book ii. Sect. i.

declaring a general enfranchisement of their slaves. This project has had its advocates and panegyrists. But I could never argue myself into an opinion of it. Slaves as these unfortunate black people are, and dull as all men are from slavery, must they not a little suspect the offer of freedom from *that very nation, which has sold them to their present masters? From that nation, one of whose causes of quarrel with those masters, is their refusal to deal any more in that inhuman traffic?*"

We are sorry to be unable to state, that the following brief account of the employment of savages against us, is far from being the last that America has to complain of. It is indeed devoutly to be wished, that if ever the evil of war should hereafter arise between the British and American governments, this horrible instrument of warfare will not be again employed.

"There was enough to rouse all the energies of his humanity and his patriotism, in the item which the treasury accounts presented, of £160,000 sterling, for the purchase of warlike accoutrements for the savages;—in that phrase, as ridiculous as it was ferocious, of Bourgoyne's speech to the congress of Indians at the river Bouquet (June 21st, 1777)—"Go forth in the might of your valour and your cause; *strike* at the common enemies of Great Britain and America, disturbers of public order, peace, and happiness; destroyers of commerce; parricides of the state;"—and in the proclamation of governor Tonyn of East Florida, offering a reward for every American scalp delivered to persons appointed to receive them."

The continuance of hostile feeling toward this country, is evidenced by the following unimpeachable testimonies.

"In England," says Mr. Baring, "our insensible monopoly of the American trade does not appear ever to have been properly appreciated: the events of a civil war left naturally deeper impressions on the unsuccessful than the successful party, and while every little state of Europe was courted, that afforded limited markets for our manufactures, we seemed to regret that we owed any thing to our former subjects; and an increasing commercial intercourse has been carried on *under feelings of unsubdued enmity*, of which the government, instead of checking sentiments as void of common sense as of magnanimity, has rather set the fashion. To this error, in my opinion, the present state of the public mind towards America is in a great measure owing. Her success and prosperity, though we dare not fairly avow it, have displeased us, and sentiments have been imperceptibly encouraged towards her as ungenerous as they are impolitic."

"I know," said Mr. Brougham, in parliament, in 1812, "the real or affected contempt with which some persons in this country treat our kinsmen of the West. I fear some angry and jealous feel-

* Inquiry into the causes and consequences of the orders in council. 1808. p. 19.

ings have survived our more intimate connexion with them,—feelings engendered by the event of its termination, but which, it would be wiser, as well as more manly to forget.”

“No small part of the English nation,” says the *Edinburgh Review*, “look with feelings of peculiar hostility towards the people to which they bear the nearest resemblance, and willingly abet their rulers in treating them with less respect and less cordiality than any other nation. Neither the government nor the populace of this country have forgiven America for having made herself independent; and the lowest calumnies and grossest abuse are daily employed by a court-faction to keep alive the most vulgar prejudices.—(No. 23. 1809.) “The Americans asserted their independence upon principles which they derived from us.—Their rebellion was the surest proof of their genuine descent. They are descended from our loins—they retain our usages and manners—they read our books—they have copied our freedom—they rival our courage—and yet they are less popular and less esteemed among us than the base and bigoted Portuguese, and the ferocious and ignorant Russians.”

“There is not an individual who has attended at all to the progress of the present dispute with America, (1812,) who does not see that it was embittered from the first, and wantonly urged to its present fatal issue, by the insolent, petulant, and preposterous tone of those very individuals who insisted upon that miserable experiment—and plunged their own country in wretchedness, only to bring down upon it the reluctant hostility of its best customers and allies,” &c.

Yet strange to say, these *Edinburgh Reviewers* observe with the most perfect contempt, in their article on Michaud's travels in America, “their generals distil brandy, their colonels keep tavern, and their statesmen feed pigs.”

Sect. 7 On the hostilities of the British Reviewers.

The *Edinburgh Review*, of which Mr. Jeffrey is the Editor, has for many years been a favourite with the British public, from the sprightliness and spirit with which it is conducted, from the heedless and almost indiscriminate severity of its remarks, from the frequent specimens of elegant sarcasm and amusing irony with which it treats its readers, from the ample, and frequently profound dissertations it affords on the leading subjects of the books reviewed, and from the general ability that pervades every number of the work.

Taking the side of opposition, and espousing the general politics of the new whigs of Mr. Fox's school,—equally opposed to the encroachments of government, and the crude proposals of radical reformers in the republican party of that country, it acquired an influence over the opinions of the reading part of the public, which the ministry found it necessary to counteract; more especially, as until lately, (that is within three or four years) the

sentiments it expressed concerning America, Americans, American institutions, and American prospects of future eminence, were generally flattering to their transatlantic readers. To oppose the influence of this Review, the *Quarterly Review* was set up, under the notorious patronage of the ministry of Great Britain. Mr. Gifford was the editor, and Mr. Southey, the poet laureat, his second in command. The exertions which were made to spread this literary journal, were ample and unremitted; a subscription to it was considered as fashionable among the partizans of the administration; writers of formidable talent were engaged to supply the articles; coarse and virulent invective, what Dr. Horsley calls "the seasoning of controversy," was dealt out with no unsparing hand. In classical literature, in articles on scientific subjects, and in plain, solid abuse, this review excelled; and in our opinion fairly surpassed its competitor at Edinburgh; but in delicate irony, and the keenness of sarcastic wit, it fell far behind.

This was felt by the public, and the *British Review* was set up in aid of the *Quarterly*. This Journal was, and still is conducted with considerable ability, but it holds only a second rank compared with two periodical works already mentioned. It is nearly equal in literary merit to the *Quarterly Review*; but it has not yet attained any decisive control over the popular opinions of the numerous readers of periodical works in that country.

The only publication in England that we are acquainted with, in which something like justice is done to the American character is the old *Monthly Magazine*, from the press of sir R. Philips; and to counteract the liberal principles generally advanced in that useful and entertaining work, a new *Monthly Magazine* has been set up in London, but it does not promise to succeed: *sequitur haud passibus æquis*.

Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* is conducted with great ability, and is daily gaining ground in public estimation; but the tone of the work with regard to our country, seems not yet settled.

This brief outline of the principal periodical publications that emanate from the British press, is of importance in the present question. There are many men of profound learning, and deep scientific research in Great Britain. There is probably more science in England, and beyond all doubt more taste in belles lettres literature, and more classical erudition, than in Scotland; but the periodical publications of the latter portion of that island, rather take the lead. Throughout Great Britain, ninety-nine out of a hundred of readers, and even those well informed men on general topics, are greatly influenced in their opinions, by the periodical journals of that island. This is the class of readers who give the tone to public opinion; whose science and erudition are but superficial comparatively, but who skim the surface of a large extent of literary discussion, and qualify themselves to talk plea-

santly, though not to think profoundly, on many topics that amuse the literary portion of the fashionable world. Hence, the opinions advanced in the periodical works of character, are of prodigious importance in settling the tone of public opinion: and if the fashion of the day induces them to take a part hostile to this country, it is of no small moment to expose the shallowness of their observations, the versatility of their opinions, and the contradictions into which the false views of the subject has necessarily led them. Mr. Walsh has dedicated the 7th section of his book, to these works.

We do not wish to load the pages of this review with extracts to the purpose of Mr. Walsh's complaints from periodical publications so much read, and in many respects so deservedly popular in our country, as the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*: the reader of Mr. Walsh's book will there see enough of their disgusting pretensions, their patriotic egotism, their silly sneers, their impudent sarcasms, and their unblushing contradictions. Their opinions of the literary capacity of our citizens may be summed up in the language of the *Edinburgh Reviewers* (No. 30.) in noticing Mr. Ashe's travels. "It is no doubt true, that America can produce nothing to bring her intellectual efforts into any sort of comparison with those of Europe. These republican states have never passed the limits of humble mediocrity, either in thought or expression. But notwithstanding all this, we really cannot agree with Mr. Ashe, in thinking the Americans absolutely incapable or degenerate; and are rather inclined to think, that when their neighbourhood thickens, and their opulence ceases to depend on exertion, they will show *something* of the same talents, to which it is a part of our duty, to do justice among ourselves. But why should the Americans write books, when a six-weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science and genius; in bales and hogsheads. Prairies, steamboats, and grist-mills are their natural objects for centuries to come." (Walsh. 228. 229.) So much for the *Edinburgh*; now for the *Quarterly Review*.

"An American's first play-thing is a rattle snake's tail—he cuts down a tree on which the wild pigeons have built their nests, and picks up a horse load of young birds."

"Intoxication with the Americans is not social hilarity betrayed into excess; it is too rapid a process for that interval of *generous feeling which tempts the European on*. Their pleasure is first in the fiery stimulus itself, not in its effect—not in drunkenness, but in getting drunk."

"Hence the ferocity with which the Americans decide their quarrels: their rough and tumbling: their *biting* and lacerating each other, and their *gouging*, a diabolical practice which has never disgraced Europe, and for which no other people have ever had a name." (No. 4.—Article on *Holmes's Annals*. See Note R.)"

"Living in a semi-savage state, the *greater part* of the Americans are so accustomed to dispense with the comforts of life which they cannot obtain, that they have learned to neglect even those decencies which are within their reach.' "

"They have overrun an immense country, not settled it. In this as in every thing else, the system of things is forced beyond the age of the colonies.' "

"The manners are boorish, or, rather, brutal. In America nothing seems to be respected: there the government is better than the people. The want of decorum among the Americans is not imputable to their republican government; for it has not been found in other republics; it has proceeded from the effects of the revolutionary war, from their *premature independence*, and from that passion for gambling which infects *all orders of m. n., clergy as well as laity*, and the legislators as well as the people.' "

"The state of law in America is as deplorable as that of religion, and far from extraordinary.' (No. 6.—Article on Northmore's Washington.'")

"Two millions of slaves are now smarting under the lash in the American states: more than *three millions* have been imported and sold in those pure regions since the defeat of Cornwallis.' "

"Every free woman is a voter in America.' "†

"The judges are not independent; but are subservient to the government, and creatures of the President and Senate.' "‡

"No such character as a respectable country gentleman is known in America.' "§

"For the practitioners of law, physic, and surgery, no preparatory course of study, no testimonial of competency, no kind of examination, no particular qualifications, no diploma, no license are required.' "||

"Franklin grinding his electrical machine and flying his kite, did certainly elicit some useful discoveries in a branch of science, that had not much engaged the attention of the philosophers of Europe. But the foundation of Franklin's knowledge was laid, not in America, but in London. Besides half of what he wrote was stolen from others, and the greater part of the other not worth preserving. It would be rating his moral writings very high to estimate them at the same value to the community as his eleemosynary legacy.' "¶

* This allegation was made in 1809, only 23 years from the period of the defeat of Cornwallis: so that on an average more than 100,000 must have been annually imported! By the census of the population of the United States for 1810, the whole number of slaves was then only 1,191,364. Therefore, at least two millions must have perished amongst us since 1781! It is wonderful that the African Association of London has not yet availed itself of this portentous fact, vouched by the Quarterly Review.

† No. 20.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

¶ Ibid.

“The supreme felicity of a true born American is inaction of body and inanity of mind.”*

“Strange as it may appear, the south western part of the New World has already begun to consider the north eastern *as having passed the meridian of life*, and accordingly have given it the name of old America.”†

“The founders of American society brought to the composition of their nation no rudiments of liberal science.”

“America is all a parody—a mimicry of her parents; it is, however, the mimicry of a child, tetchy and wayward in its infancy, abandoned to bad nurses, and educated in low habits.”

After this unequalled specimen of ludicrous egotism, and contemptuous insolence, we hope any apology for recrimination will be deemed superfluous. Mr. Walsh's book will at least serve as a proof, that we are able not merely to defend ourselves, but to turn the tables on our accusers. He might have adopted as a motto for his fellow citizens, whether in literature or in war, *nemo me impune lacessit*. We well know how to prophecy the course these critics will pursue with respect to the publication now before us; it will be read; it will be felt; the lash will be borne in patience and in silence, and the work will be unnoticed. But if it be not noticed in the pages of the Edinburgh or the Quarterly Reviews, it will be noticed on the continent of Europe, where the literary vanity of Great Britain, and her literary thefts and plagiaries, have alternately excited ridicule and disgust. The remaining part of sect. 7 is occupied by retaliatory facts, on the state of pauperism, on the mad-houses, on the prisons of England, on the criminal code of that country, on the game laws—facts so horrible, that if the most unexceptionable witnesses in that country in and out of parliament, did not appeal to the number and notoriety of the instances, an American would consider them as infamous fabrications, too nefarious to be credited. We refer the reader to Mr. Walsh's book for the cases, meaning merely to correct one or two instances where the fact is far worse than he has thought proper to state. In page 242 the number of crimes punishable with death is said to be about two hundred. Mr. Buxton, in his work, on Prison Discipline, a shocking display of negligent and deliberate cruelties, only surpassed by our accounts of the Inquisition,—states them at 237. As to the game laws, we find in Niles's Register for Nov. 13th. 1819, p. 171 the following article. “In addition to the article published in the last Register, we have to insert the following. By a return of the number of persons in custody in England and Wales for offences against the game laws, distinguishing those who have been committed under the act of 57 Geo. 3 cap 90, and specifying their respective sentences under the same, it appears that on the 29th Jan. last, in 189 of the prisons there was no person in custody for any offence against

* No. 38. † Ibid

the game laws: and that in 75 prisons, there were then in custody for such offences 522. Of these, 66 had been committed under the act of 57 Geo. 3 cap 99: of the latter number, the sentence of transportation for 7 years, was passed upon 9; of imprisonment for 2 years, on 20; for 1 1-2 year, on 6; for 6 months, on 12; for 3 months, on 5; for 2 months, on 2; and three remained for trial—28.” The next article to the above in Niles’s Register is the following: “Two men boxed at Ilford, for the amusement of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; at the 70th round, after they had knocked each other down about fifty times, one of them fell *dead*. *Sect. 8* is taken up with the base calumnies and vulgar abuse of the Quarterly Review against this country: and a long examination of Fulton’s claims to the steam-boat navigation of this country. The British writers wish to claim the honour for their own country, through the attempts of Miller and Symington, from the year 1787. Mr. Walsh sums up thus:

“The unanswerable address of an American to a Briton, on this subject, is—‘You conceived the idea of propelling boats by steam, as early as 1698—you afterwards employed yourselves repeatedly in devising methods and making trials to carry that idea into effect—you could never succeed to your ‘satisfaction,’ that is, to any advantageous extent—you relinquished your impotent endeavours—one of my countrymen appropriated your conception; new modelled your plans; scanned and detected your mistakes; and, as you confess, changed in America the character of your invention from mere experiment to extensive practice and utility:—the steam boat issued from his hands as Minerva did from the head of Jupiter—a mature creation; you were content to receive, it, some years afterwards, ‘upon the experience of the Americans,’ neglecting entirely your own boasted constructions of the same name, the utility of which, if not all sufficient for you, upon your narrow geographical scale, could be nothing for the rest of the world. Far, then, from holding so overweening a language, from taking all the credit, you should rather take some shame, to yourselves, that you were not able to improve your notions to the point of general utility. If, with the advantage of discovery, you accomplished, virtually, nothing, in the lapse of more than a century, what must be the merit of the stranger who, in America, accomplished every thing at the first cast? If you did not adopt this mode of navigation, until five years after its complete triumph in America, and then received it with hesitation and a sort of incredulity, when would it have been turned to any account among you, had he not established it there? How long might not the world have remained without this master-piece?’”

Mr. Walsh then gives us a history of the controversy respecting Hadley’s or Godfrey’s quadrant. From this we pass on to the alleged vain boasting of our being *the freest and most enlightened nation in the world*. This was debated more at length

than it ought to have been: it was a debate that did no credit to our parliamentary modesty: but the sentence as amended, and which was carried ultimately without a division, was, "the spectacle of a free and enlightened nation;" an expression certainly not objectionable on the score of violent exaggeration; and which is lost in the insignificance of self approbation, when compared with the disgusting egotism of British panegyric: a panegyric, that seems to increase in loftiness of language, as their actions, laws, and manners, increase in deep and wide-spread depravity. The book we are reviewing, may be referred to for instances, in every section. We pass over the comparative demerits of the two countries in suffering instances of parliamentary indecorum. The English may have no right to accuse us, but we ought to take shame to ourselves for having on any occasion permitted such reprehensible imitations of British impropriety. We cannot well say why Mr. Walsh's devotion to the character of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, should lead him to pass over their drunken scene in the house of commons, when Mr. Fox's good nature procured an adjournment of the house. These are scenes not much thought of as improprieties in the mother country, where they have furnished occasion for the inimitable epigrams in the *Rolliad*. Nor can we in any manner approve of the national apology made by Mr. Walsh, for the demeanour of Matthew Lyon, towards Roger Griswold. We are far from excusing the cowardly insolence of the one, or the vulgar retaliation of the other. It was a disgraceful scene in our house of legislature. But to excuse it by urging that Matthew Lyon was sent to congress, through the influence of *foreigners*, is in all respects a most unfortunate apology. In the *first* place, our readers well know that vulgarity is not exclusively English, Irish, or American. Natives as well as foreigners may be found, whose conduct is not altogether so correct as the rules of decent indignation would exact. In the *next* place, respect to the birth-place of Mr. Walsh's own father, and Mr. Walsh's kind friend Mr. Oliver, both of whom we understand, were natives of the country from whence Matthew Lyon came, might have dictated something like caution in making this strange suggestion; and *thirdly*, some attention to accuracy as to matter of fact, would not have been amiss on such an unpleasant charge. It is manifestly untrue, that Matthew Lyon was sent to congress through the influence of foreigners. He was sent from Vermont, the *Ultima Thule* of the United States: to which, of all other parts of the union, foreigners of any description have been least in the habit of resorting.

Then again, it appears that notwithstanding this outrage, when Matthew Lyon removed to Kentucky, he must have carried all his foreign voters with him; for on his arrival there, so soon as he was capable of being elected, the people of Kentucky sent him back to congress. To be sure, if the people of Kentucky were at that time all foreigners, this cannot be very surprising. Mr. Walsh must have looked at Probability, with a very steady eye of

defiance, when he thus included Mr. Lyon's constituents *en masse* in the sarcasm of this ill-judged, this left-handed apology.

Lawyers say, that when a man comes into court, he must have clean hands; he must not be guilty of the offence against which he complains.

Mr. Walsh has compiled a large thick square volume containing the evidences of British illiberality toward this country. Unfortunately, he has involved himself in his own charge. In this needless, useless, unjust, and sweeping accusation against the foreign electors of Matthew Lyon, (if any there were,) he has equally forgotten the object of his book, and his own character: he has been equally careless of accuracy in fact, and candour in argument: he has calumniated without inquiry, and imputed without proof. Whether Mr. Oliver, to whom the book is dedicated, can approve of this, we know not. To us, Mr. Walsh seems like the man with a flail in one of Hogarth's Election-prints, who, in his zeal to fight for his party, breaks the head of his nearest friend. We hope that in future Mr. Walsh will abstain from thrusting his hand into a hornet's nest for his amusement: if he does so, he must not complain of being stung. He is a very pleasing, and a very elegant writer; he stands in the very first rank of the literature of our country; but a few such mistakes will suggest to the reader, the words of Sallust, *satis eloquentie, sapientie parum*. When a foreigner quits his own country, and settles, with all that is valuable to him, in this, the sooner he is amalgamated among us the better, after he has complied with the terms that we ourselves enjoin. The accident of birth, is a line of demarcation useless and impolitic; but to impute to foreigners indiscriminately, who have shown their good taste, and their attachment to us by becoming citizens of America, a general predilection for grossness and vulgarity, is quite as well founded, and as liberal as the most petulant sarcasm of the Quarterly Reviewers. Mr. Walsh will say that he did not mean any such thing; but no man knows the force of language better than Mr. Walsh, and the reply is, if you did not mean it, you should not have said it.

We come now to section 9th wherein Mr. Walsh discusses much at length the question of slavery in this country and Great Britain, through a hundred pages of laboured apology on the one side, and laboured recrimination on the other. He has indeed triumphantly shown, that with all their pretensions to philanthropy, the British have no more pretensions to merit in the abolition of the slave trade than we have.

We have no inclination to discuss the demerits of negro slavery; we do not profess to coincide entirely in Mr. Walsh's opinions, although we should be heartily glad to see the time when there will not be a negro to be seen out of Africa. Slavery is a greater misfortune to the master than to the slave; and we fondly trust that, ere long, some scheme of gradual emancipation, at once reasonable and practicable, may deliver us from this evil.

On this subject we shall extract two passages from Mr. Walsh, and then add a few remarks of our own. These passages, among many others, are introduced to show that Great Britain has no right to complain of our country in this respect.

“With respect to the many hundred thousand blacks of the British West Indies, the manner in which their manacles have been ‘torn off’ is sufficiently illustrated in the following passage, quoted by the Edinburgh Review, with full approbation from a Report of the African Institution, for the year 1815. ‘In what country, accursed with slavery, is this sinking fund of mercy, this favour of the laws to human redemption, *manumission*, taken away! Where, by an opprobrious reversal of legislative maxims, ancient and modern, do the lawgivers rivet, instead of relaxing, the fetters of private bondage, stand between the slave and the liberality of his master, by prohibiting enfranchisements, and labour as much as in them lies, to make that dreadful, odious state of man, which they have formed, eternal? Shame and horror must not deter us from revealing the truth. *It is in the dominions of Great Britain.* This abuse has been reserved for assemblies, convened by the British crown, and subject to the control of parliament.’

“In the article on Birkbeck, the negro-slavery of the United States is spoken of, and with great truth, as existing ‘in a form *by far the most mitigated*,’ and it is unanswerably asked, ‘Who can compare the state of the slave in the sugar islands with that in North America?’ In the article of the 50th number, on the general Registry of slaves, all idea of emancipating those of the British West Indies is peremptorily disclaimed, in the name of the English abolitionists; and the Reviewer adds, ‘Unprepared for freedom as the unhappy victims of our oppression and rapacity now are, *the attempts to bestow it on them at once, could only lead to their own augmented misery, and involve both master and slave in one common ruin.* The sagacity which provided this just reflection in favour of Great Britain and the West India legislature, might have discovered the same apology for the southern states of America, and arrested the unqualified sentence pronounced upon them.”

“In truth, all this sudden pother about the bare continued existence of domestic slavery in this country, may be at once understood to be mere parade, if not artifice, on a reference to the tenor of the article in the first number of the Review, concerning the Sugar Colonies. The object of that article was to show, that ‘the subdivision of the negroes of the West Indies, under the power of masters armed with absolute power,’ had become an indispensable policy for Great Britain; that ‘the regulation of the treatment of the slaves’ ought to be left to the colonial legislatures; and, principally, that Great Britain should assist the consular government of France (alias Bonaparte) in the attempt to re-

duce the negroes of St. Domingo to their previous state of bondage; to 'their cane-pieces, coffee-grounds and spice-walks.' The champions of universal emancipation, who now, in the fervour of their apostleship, proclaimed it to be 'the consummation of wickedness,' on our part, to tolerate even the existence of slavery in our southern states, had, then, so little presentiment of their vocation, or susceptibility to the impressions which slavery, 'in the most mitigated form,' makes upon them now, as they contemplate this republic, that they were eager for its arrival in its severest form, and on a very extensive scale, in St. Domingo; because the independence of the negroes of that island seemed to threaten the security of the trade which supplied in part 'our (the British) fleet with seamen and our (the British) exchequer with millions.' The article in question calculates sanguinely and argumentatively the advantage secured to Great Britain, on the supposition that 'France had completely succeeded in her colonial measures, and, *with whatever perfidy and cruelty*, restored the slavery of the negroes.' And it is curious to remark the language held in relation to the beings, for whose fate *with us*, so profound and resentful a compassion is now expressed."

"The negroes are truly the Jacobins of the West India islands—they are the anarchists; the terrorists, the domestic enemy. Against them it becomes a rival nation to combine, and hostile government to coalesce. If Prussia and Austria felt their existence to depend on an union against the revolutionary arms in Europe, (and who does not lament that their coalition was not more firm and enlightened?) a closer alliance is imperiously recommended to France, and Britain, and Spain, and Holland, against the common enemy of civilized society, the destroyer of the European name in the new world.'"

"We have the greatest sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of the unhappy negroes; we detest the odious traffic which has poured their myriads into the Antilles; *but we must be permitted to feel some tenderness for our European brethren, although they are white and civilized, and to deprecate that inconsistent spirit of canting philanthropy, which in Europe is only excited by the wrongs or miseries of the poor and the profligate; and, on the other side of the Atlantic, is never warmed but towards the savage, the mulatto, and the slave!!*"

"I aver, upon the authority of some of the distinguished American merchants who trade with the North West Coast, that this statement, so kindly copied from Langsdorff, is utterly false. Were it true, it would not enable us as yet, to dispute the palm of fraudulent ingenuity, with our English *kinamen*. It falls short of such a practice as the following related by Mr. Southey in 'Espriella's Letters,' a better authority than Langsdorff. 'A regular branch of trade here, at Birmingham, is the manufacture of guns for the African market. They are made for about a dol-

lar and a half: the barrel is filled with water; and if the water does not come through, it is thought proof sufficient: *of course they burst when fired, and mangle the wretched negro, who has purchased them upon the credit of the English faith, and received them, most probably, as the price of human flesh! No secret is made of this abominable trade; yet the government never interferes; and the persons concerned in it are not marked, and shunned as infamous.*"*

To these observations and extracts from Mr. Walsh we desire to add.

1, That it was with great reluctance, and not till many years of incessant remonstrance and application, that the British parliament were driven into an abolition of the import of slaves.

2, That it would never have been done by Mr. Pitt, who never acted otherwise than personally in favour of the abolition, and never as a minister, if the question had not been taken up and carried through by Mr. Fox, to whom the whole merit in fact is due.

3, That the importation was not abolished, till due care had been taken that the British West Indies were amply supplied.

4, That the treatment of negro slaves in this country, is incomparably better than in the British West Indies.

5, That the colony of Sierra Leone, was used to supply the black corps in the British West Indies.

6, And lastly, that the pious Mr. Wilberforce never acted in the slave trade question, but in subservience to the politics of Mr. Pitt.

We have before us, the originals of the two following letters from the honourable Charles James Fox, to Thomas Walker, Esq. of Manchester, which may serve in some measure to corroborate the opinions here expressed.

DEAR SIR,

It was with great satisfaction indeed that I received, a few days since, your very obliging letter. My sentiments on the African trade, are just what you suppose them, and I had some thoughts of having attacked it myself in Parliament, if Mr. Wilberforce had not been beforehand with me. There are many reasons why I am glad he has undertaken it rather than I, and I think as you do, that I can be very useful in preventing him from betraying the cause, if he should be so inclined, which I own I suspect. Nothing, I think, but such a disposition or a want of judgment scarcely credible, could induce him to throw cold water upon petitions. It is from them and other demonstrations of the opinion without doors that I look for success, and I am the more happy that the town of Manchester sees the matter in this light, because the cotton manufacturers were one of the classes of men who were expected to think less liberally than they ought upon this subject.

* See also, on this head, Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, Vol. II. c. iii.

I am not at present well informed what are the other branches of manufacture, the want of which is supposed to be encouraged by this infernal traffic, but if the towns and places principally concerned in such branches would follow the noble example of Manchester, it would be of great advantage to the cause, and do great honour to themselves; and I think it will be difficult even for Liverpool, Bristol, &c. to appear openly in support of so invidious a cause as the defence of the trade.

I have still more reasons than I can well mention in a letter for suspecting Wilberforce in the business of the slave trade, which I will tell you when I have the pleasure of seeing you; and at any rate it is certain that he will make his conduct on this as on every occasion entirely subservient to what he thinks Pitt's interest; but yet the more I think of it, the more I think it is lucky that he is the leader in the business.

I am with great truth,
 dear sir,
 yours ever,
 C. J. Fox.

St. Anne's Hill, January 11, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

With respect to the African business, Wilberforce has acted just as I expected, and has completely betrayed the cause, by waving his motion for the present session, in order to have a previous inquiry by the board of trade, or to speak more properly, by lord Hawkesbury. This is what every one *says* he has done, but under pretence of illness, he has absented himself from the house, and consequently given no notice of his intentions. I should be very happy to consult with you and others what is best now to be done; but I incline to think that notice should be taken of Wilberforce's desertion of the cause, and that it should be put into other hands. No man appears to me to be so proper to take it up as Mr. Windham, the member for Norwich, if I can persuade him to it, but I am not certain that he will do it. I shall be very happy to see you in town, and in the mean time I can not help thinking there ought to be more communication than there has hitherto been, between those who have taken the lead in the petitions and subscriptions, and the members who are ready to espouse their cause.

C. J. Fox.

House of Commons, Friday 14th March, 1788.

We had intended to have dwelt on the misrepresentations of the travellers through America, who have requited our civilities by falsehood and abuse. But on reflection, we revolt at condescending to notice such men as Ashe, Jansen, or Fearon. Suppose we were to travel through Wapping or Billingsgate to give

a picture of London, or to select Portsmouth and Liverpool, or Birmingham and Sheffield as furnishing in their general purview, finished specimens of British manners. Suppose we were to say of Birmingham, for instance, as Mr. Southey in Espriella's letters has said of it, that the common people there, have all red eyes and green hair—would this be a fair representation of England?

Upon the whole Mr. Walsh's book, is a laborious, an able, and important collection of facts and observations, amply defending his own country, and severely retaliating on its accusers. It is a work which deserves well of the American public, and we sincerely hope it may be spread widely among us. There are many new coined and strange words interspersed throughout this volume, which we were surprised to meet with, well knowing Mr. Walsh's powers and taste, as a chaste and elegant writer; but the book is so substantially deserving, that we did not think it worth while to indicate specifically these slight blemishes.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN the *Essay on the character and practical writings of St. Paul*, by *Hannah More* we have the same rich and glowing fancy, the same elegance of diction, the same originality of remark, that characterizes the other writings of this celebrated and valuable author; and we have also the same plenitude of description, and recurrence of antithesis, both which last we could frequently spare, as the idea on which it is exercised is occasionally worn out by the multifarious changes that are rung upon it.—Mr. Allinson is a writer of genuine taste, classical imagery, sentimental description, and correct style. His *Sermons* are beautiful moral pictures on the perfections of the Deity; the impressive variety of the seasons; the vicissitude of human pursuits; the wisdom and omnipotence of Providence; the ultimate victory of religion, virtue and moral order, and the tremendous downfall of guilt, however high, triumphant, audacious and uncontrolled; and into these beautiful pictures, we have, not unfrequently, interwoven, a few elegant sketches of the practical duties which should result from such considerations. But here we end, or nearly so. We have little or nothing that peculiarly characterises Christianity: its distinctive doctrines are sparingly introduced, and, when introduced lightly touched upon and rapidly closed,

as though the preacher were afraid of being chargeable with having unpolitely or inharmoniously blended his compositions with subjects which do not naturally belong to them.—

A Greek journal has just been published at Paris entitled ΜΕΛΙΣΣΑ, Η ΕΦΗΜΕΡΙΣ ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ: (*The Bee, a Greek journal.*) It is published by H. Kondos, 1819. The first number contains articles on the following subjects: On Bees; On Agriculture; On Education; On Thucydides; On English literature, &c. vii. & 112 pages. The price per number is 3 fr. 50 cents. From the same publisher we have ΚΑΘΟΛΙΚΗ ΙΣΤΟΡΙΑ ΠΑΛΑΙΑ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΝΕΑ (*Universal History, ancient and Modern,*) iv. & 152 pages. The first volume dedicated to M. Capo d'Istria, contains prologomena, and an abridgment of the history of the Egyptians.—The hypothesis of Messrs. Gall and Spurtzheim has been propounded in turn to almost every country in Europe; and almost under every name that the ingenuity of its learned inventors have been able to hit upon; such as Physiology, Craniology, Psychology, and lastly, Physiognomy. It is specious in its appearance, and of attractive invitation, and has hence been easily listened to for a short time, by gentle and simple, by the grave and the gay; but we have not heard that it has any where been successful in making permanent converts. It should seem indeed on the contrary, that the distich of the poet,

Here shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again,

has never been more completely verified than in the “Anatomy and Physiology, of the nervous system in general, &c. by F. J. Gall and G. Spurtzheim.” 3 vols. 4to. plates, folio. And it is as we suppose, under the influence of this belief, that the masters of the mystery keep moving from scene to scene, and from people to people, as soon as they have experimented so far as to produce delirium, without waiting the return of sobriety and reason. The grand aim of our twin authors is to establish a new origin of nervous power; by distributing its source through one organ of the body as well as another; while the brain instead of being the primary issue of such power, is the mere market-place, bazaar,

or exchange in which its different branches meet to compare notes and barter commodities; for which purpose this central organ, like the aforesaid places of resort, is divided into different compartments, so that every agent may find his appropriate station, and know where to dispose of his peculiar merchandize. In sober language, the great object of our craniologists is to prove that the brain, instead of being a single organ that secretes a nervous fluid for every other part of the body, is a congeries of organs, possessing separate functions and faculties; and that as the liver, the kidneys, and the stomach are appropriated to particular offices in the trunk, and the faculties of sight, smell, hearing, and taste, flow from particular parts or organs within the cranium, so will, memory, consciousness, imagination, a love of morality, religion, thieving, murder, the sentiments of friendship, pride, faith, hope, and a variety of others, are in like manner generated in other parts or organs of the brain, and constitute their respective functions. And having thus conceived in the first place, that nature has marshalled the important region of the brain into a definite number of divisions, and has given to every faculty the command of a separate post, the learned theorists conceived, secondly, as the general mass of the brain lies immediately under the cranium or skull-bone, and is impacted into its cavity with the utmost exactness, that if any one or more of these faculties, or, which is the same thing, if any one or more of these organs, or divisions of the brain, allotted to their control, should be peculiarly forward and active, whether from accident or natural propensity, they must necessarily become more developed, and give some external token of such development by a constant pressure against those particular portions of the cranium under which they are immediately seated; and which by uninterrupted perseverance, and especially in infancy and adolescence, when the bones of the cranium are more easily moulded into a particular shape, become elevated and rendered protuberant. And having advanced thus far, they conceived, thirdly, that as every man has some faculty or other more energetic and manifest than the rest, he must necessarily also have some particular protuberance or protuberances, some characteristic bumps or embossments by which his is distinguishable from all other heads, or, at least, from all others

of a different temper, or attracted by different objects of pursuit; and that thus, when the different stations of the different faculties which belong to the brain are ascertained, it becomes easy, from the external bump, or protuberance, to ascertain their presence and predominance. These premises being satisfactorily established in the minds of our philosophical *skullers*, their next business was to determine the relative parts or organs of the brain to which the different faculties were to be consigned; and having thus settled this important point to their own thorough conviction, they immediately made a map of the outside of the head, divided it into corresponding regions, and adjudged themselves qualified to decide upon the lurking character below with instantaneous ease and expedition.

The progress of societies in Russia, supported by the munificence of the emperor, is very rapid. There are no less than thirty one associations for the purpose of distributing the Bible throughout the empire. The best journals are, 1. *The Journal of Petersburgh*, published by the Academy of Sciences, in Russian and German. This is one of the oldest journals, and is formed on the model of the French *Montteur*: 2. *The Journal of Moscow*, by the University of that city. 3. *The Journal of Kazan*. There are others at Riga, Wilna, Crakow, Astracan, &c. in the German, Polonese, Armenian and Russian tongues. The periodicals in most esteem are, 1. The Imperial Conservator, a Political Journal, in French, under the direction of the department for foreign affairs: 2. *The Journal of the Senate*, an Official Gazette of the public laws, in Russian and German. 3. *The Post of the North, or New Journal of Petersburgh*, a commercial and political paper: 4. The Russian Invalid, or Military Journal; this is devoted to military affairs. It is edited under a commission from the emperor, and the profits are appropriated to invalid soldiers: 5. *Memoirs of the Admiralty*, similar to the last.

Under the direction of Admiral Klmt, an officer justly celebrated for his distinguished talents, the Swedes have made an astonishing progress in hydrography. This gentleman is about to publish an atlas of the Baltic Sea, accompanied by a descrip-

tion. M. de Loewenoern, the Danish admiral, asserts that this atlas is superior to any thing of the kind.

The Royal Accademy of Inscriptions at Stockholm, has offered medals for discussions on a variety of subjects, connected with the history of the country.

The society of Icelandic literature at Copenhagen is gradually augmented, and its labours are crowned with the happiest success. In conformity with its declared object to develop the wealth of a species of literature which is almost unknown in many parts of Europe, they are publishing a collection of the best Icelandic poets. A new Journal has appeared at Copenhagen under the title, *le Politique Historique*. The Editor is J. H. Host. L.L.D.

Der Deutsche Freund [The German Friend.] This is the title of a new periodical publication in the German language, the first number of which has lately appeared at New York and is to be continued if it meets with sufficient encouragement. Its object is to promote the knowledge of German literature in this country, and of American literature abroad. The German idiom, according to the nature of things, must and will soon cease to be vernacular among us, but its existence may be prolonged to an indefinite period as a learned and literary language. This can only be done by encouraging the numerous descendants of Germans in this country, to whom that language is still familiar, to study it in a scientific point of view, and by this means add to the number of sources from which the present generation of Americans and their descendants are to derive instruction. This plan is certainly laudable, and we wish it every possible success. It is understood that the Rev. F. C. Schaeffer of New York, an American of German descent, is at the head of the undertaking, and from the specimens that he has already given of his talents and industry, we think there is no one better fitted for the promotion of the very desirable object that he has in view.

A new weekly literary Journal is announced at Lexington, which is to contain "essays upon modern politics, particularly relating to America, and articles upon miscellaneous literature, both ancient and modern."

The editors are Messrs. Everett, and Mariano. The latter is an Italian gentleman who came to this country, very recently, a fine scholar; and the former, we understand, is the Greek professor in that town.

By recent letters from Germany, the substance of which has been politely communicated to us, we are informed that the Statistical and political situation and concerns of the United States, their improvements in the Arts and Sciences, and their progress in general Literature, become more and more objects of attention in that country. The greatest pains are taken to procure every new work that appears in this part of the American Continent, and the ablest Professors are employed in reviewing them, in which they display a spirit of liberality that does them honour, while, at the same time, this marked attention is highly flattering to us. Such advances from a great and enlightened nation ought by no means to be neglected, and we are bound to pay due return to them. This very laudable task has been in part undertaken by the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer, by means of various articles which he occasionally publishes in the New York Daily Advertiser under the head of "*the German Intelligencer*;" but these succinct notices are not sufficient; more is required to be done to show to the German nation that we are not insensible of the respect which they pay to us. Our men of letters ought to exert themselves to convince them of our disposition to draw a close connexion between the two countries. As an independent nation, we have a right to form literary as well as political alliances, and every reason points to our selecting Germany in this respect as one of our nearest and best allies. Our language is in a very great degree derived from theirs, and so nearly related are the two idioms that we are told of a translation of Shakspeare's works into German, in which the spirit of the author is preserved, although it is so literal, that the sense is rendered almost word for word and line for line; and it is said that German Poetry may easily be translated in the same manner into English. By means of this valuable connection, we shall no longer draw all our literary information from one source; and we shall be enabled to judge for ourselves, of the haughty pretensions of British literature by comparing it

with that of a people, who with less pride, and no envy, hatred or uncharitableness, may boast of at least, an equal share of genius and talents. Indeed, if we consider only the men of the present time, Germany is entitled to claim a high superiority, for what living writer is there in Europe to be compared to the great Goethe?

We are satisfactorily informed that several public spirited gentlemen in this city and New York, and also in Boston and Baltimore, are engaged in active correspondence with men of letters in various parts of the German Empire, and by this means they become possessed of the most interesting publications and Journals of that country. We shall endeavour to obtain occasional translations from them, particularly of such articles as relate to ourselves and our own literature, that our men of letters may not be discouraged from continuing their laudable exertions by the abuse of the British Journals. There are other nations in the world besides Great Britain, and there are those who with equal and perhaps superior talents are not like them unjust, selfish and exclusive. We hope in our next Number to present the readers of the Port Folio with an extract from a Quarterly Journal published at Vienna, containing a review of the latest English and French works on the *Liberty of the Press*.

The *Diario Romano* informs us that the count de Saint-Lewis (Lewis Bonaparte) is about to publish, at Rome, a Memoir on French versification, divided into three parts. In the first, he demonstrates the insufficiency of the reasons alleged by the Abbé Scoppa, in his *Poetical Beauties of all Languages*. In order to resolve the question whether the French language may throw off the yoke of rhyme without injury to its beauty, the author proposes to introduce into French poetry the verses which the Italians call *sciolti*; and by this means, he thinks the absence of rhyme will not be perceived. The second part contains a collection of verses in every measure, composed according to this system. The third part includes observations on the verses which the most celebrated French poets have composed with the new rhythm.

The following specimen of the editorial style occurred lately in Mr. Lang's New York Gazette, from which it was transferred to the columns of Mr. Poulson's paper. "Dreadful hurricane. From our correspondent. Awful effects of a late hurricane in the West Indies, anticipated by the editors of the New York Gazette, through the attention of Mr. Topliff, their vigilant Boston correspondent.——"

The last *Revue Encyclopédique* thus announces the *Literary Gazette*, "a Bookseller's Magazine," of every inferior merit which is published on a quarto sheet in London. "This Journal has been published weekly for two years. Although conducted with sufficient moderation and prudence, it still preserves a little of that intolerable hauteur by which, in England, the writers of the ruling party are distinguished. This spirit is particularly manifested, whenever America becomes the subject of remark. To vilify the United States and to remind their readers incessantly that the people of that nation are descended from Englishmen who were transported for their crimes, is a species of tactics which betrays a little and contemptible jealousy.——"

The Stuart Papers.—A very extraordinary discovery of curiosities, literary, political, and historical, was lately made at Rome, by Dr. R. Watson, author of the lives of Fletcher and Gordon. This gentleman went to Italy to search for any manuscripts or relics of the house of Stuart, which might have been left in the hands of strangers by the last survivors of that illustrious family. After much trouble, he discovered that the executor of the cardinal York, or Henry IX, as he is often called, was in possession of a vast collection of papers, on which he placed so little value, that he suffered them to remain in a garret without windows, exposed to every shower of rain. He therefore readily sold the whole to Dr. W. who took possession of them, and removed them in carts to his own apartments, where they were seen by many distinguished English visitors in Rome. Dr. W. employed some time in assorting and arranging them, and he found that they consisted of nearly four hundred thousand separate articles, of which about two hundred and fifty thousand were possessed of various degrees of interest. Among these were many original letters of Fenelon, many letters of Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, Atterbury,

and other English writers; and a series of letters, continued through a period of nearly one hundred years, of every potentate and statesman in Europe, and of most of the English nobility. The contents of many of these documents were of the most extraordinary character, developing the plans which were adopted at different times for the restoration of the Stuarts, and the names of the promoters and partisans in Britain and abroad. Of course the contents excited much interest at Rome, and the papal government took alarm in regard to the exposure of its own projects and policy. Dr. W. was in consequence sent for by the papal secretary of state, who, from overtures to repurchase, adopted threats; and finally took forcible possession of the whole, and put the worthy owner under arrest. He appealed in vain to the British resident and ministers, who appeared covertly to take part with the papal government; and it appears, that after the Pope's ministers had duly examined the whole, they caused a tender to be made of them to the regent of England; and a British frigate was actually sent to convey them to England. Accordingly they are now in Carlton house, and Dr. W. who, on being enlarged at Rome, set off for England, to reclaim them, has obtained some temporary recompence. A commission has been appointed to investigate his further claims, and it is to be supposed that, however they were overruled by arbitrary power in Rome, they will be duly respected in England. It would indeed be a new era if any power in England were superior to Dr. W.'s plain right to the papers, or to some equivalent, with which he may admit he is fully satisfied.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM PANANTI.

Thus to a sage a king distrest complains—
“I’ve taken, fruitlessly, unwearied pains
“To find a counsellor both just and wise”—
“Sire,” the discerning sage at once replies,
“You’ll find a minister, wise, just and true,
“Search but ’mongst those who never search for you.”

Mrs. Graham, author of a *Journal of a Residence in India*, who is now in Italy, is preparing for the press, *Two Months' Residence in the Mountains near Rome*, with some account of the Peasantry, and also of the Banditti that infest that neighbourhood.

The same lady has also been engaged in writing a life of Nicholas Poussin.

The Rev. George Croly, author of "*Paris*," a poem, is preparing for the press, *Specimens of the Living British Poets*, with biographical notices and critical remarks.

In a few days will be published, a *New Dictionary of Classical Quotations* on an improved plan, accompanied by corresponding paraphrases, or translations from the works of celebrated British poets. By F. W. Blagdon, author of the "*French Interpreter*," &c.

We have the pleasure to learn that the impatience of the subscribers to Dr. Rees's *Cyclopædia*, is daily expected to be gratified by the publication of the conclusion of that valuable work.

In the press, *America and the British Colonies*; or an abstract of all the most useful information relative to the United States of America, and the British Colonies of Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales, and Van Dieman's Island; exhibiting at one view, the comparative advantages and disadvantages each country offers for emigration: collected from the most valuable and recent publications; with notes and observations by William Kingdom, Junior.

The new edition of Mr. M'Lean's valuable *Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, in two octavo volumes, is in a state of considerable forwardness.

The author of "*Letters from Paraguay*," will soon publish, in an octavo volume, *Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili*, with a history of the latter country, illustrated by engravings.

Dr. Watkins has in great forwardness, a new edition of the *General Biographical and Historical Dictionary*, revised and continued to the present time.

Mr. James Hogg, author of the "*Queen's Wake*," is printing *Winter Evening Tales*, collected in the south of Scotland.

Mr. John Wilson, author of the "*Isle of Palms*," will soon publish, *Lays from Fairy Land*.

The Rev. Mark Wilks will soon publish, some *Account of the Present State of France*, and of the recent persecutions in the South.

G. A. Robinson, Esq. is preparing for publication, *Gleanings in Africa*, collected during a long residence and many trading voyages in that country, particularly between Cape Verd and the river Congo.

M. Lavaysse's *Political and Commercial Account of Venezuela, Trinidad, and other adjacent Islands*, translated from the French, with notes and illustrations, is in the press.

The *Sufferings and Fate of the Expedition* which sailed from England in Nov. 1817, to the rivers Orinoco and Apure, and joined the Patriotic Forces in Venezuela and Caraccas. By G. Hippisley, Esq. late colonel of the 1st Venezuelan Hussars.

Volume I. Part II, of *Bibliotheca Britannica*; or, a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland ancient and Modern, with such foreign works as have been translated into English, or printed in the British Dominions; including also a copious selection from the writings of the most celebrated Authors of all ages and nations. By Robert Watt. M.D.

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